

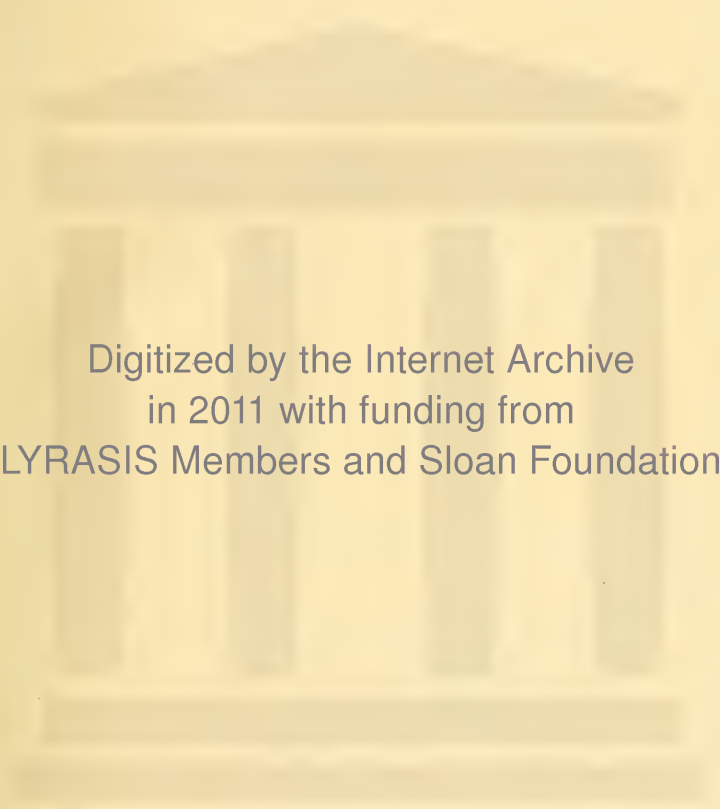
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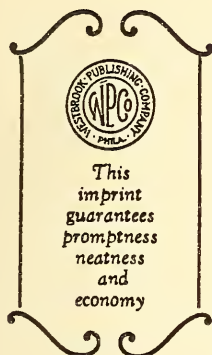
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## Late Autumn

ELIZABETH LINN, '29

Will no clean wind scatter these dying leaves  
Or blow away this air we've breathed too long?  
I say the summer is too old.  
The wrinkles show beneath her gaudy cheeks,  
Her languorous manner hides an outworn heart;  
Will it never grow cold?  
Better too little perfume than too much!  
There is the scent of rotting fruits in this  
And mouldy vegetation—the leaves that sprang  
From the rich earth fall back again to earth  
To be its food. The hot and heavy sun  
Sinks wearily. I know not if 'twill rise.  
The damp dusk is a solid thing that lies  
Upon my heart.  
Will no wind come to lift it?

---

## Love

HILDA WRIGHT, '29

O Love it is a wayward thing  
That asks no what's nor why's;  
If Reason comes and interferes  
It obstinately stops its ears  
Or, listening, palely dies.

## Our Tame Philosopher

NOTE: *This article is the first of a series on significant aspects of campus life contributed by the distinguished philosopher, Diogenes. It describes how he first came to be associated with Bryn Mawr. The second article will appear in the next issue.*—THE EDITORS.

### I

MY PRESENT residence is on the Bryn Mawr campus. When I died, I was not, as some people imagine, translated to the Elysian Fields, nor was I, as the majority assumes, doomed to wander on the banks of Acheron. When I reached Hades they didn't quite know what to do with me; a man who will answer back to Alexander and who is satisfied to live quietly in a tub is something of a problem wherever he goes. Men of my tastes have been few. There was, for instance, St. Simeon Stylites, contented on a pillar, but one can't include Mr. Darling, who was temporarily condemned to a dog-kennel, or the gentleman in the comic strips who is occasionally compelled to resort to a barrel. At any rate, Pluto and Persephone admitted themselves at a loss. They implored me to go back to earth and not bother them. I went, not to be obliging, but because it was dark down there, and rather stuffy.

I wandered around for a while after that and found the Honest Man—a search consuming several centuries and hardly worth the trouble and expense. Then I looked for the Honest Woman. That was too easy. There seem to have been hundreds of them in every age, but they're never the women you hear about. There is truth in the old song, "Really nice women find few who adore." As a member of the Cynic School I'm off women, anyhow.

Then why did I choose Bryn Mawr for my permanent abode?

Some of you may remember that they had a chapel there once, and that it was adorned with some of the noblest examples of classic art. Also there is a course in Philosophy that stimulates me by chatty comments on my old friends and

associates, and one in Archaeology that takes me back to my native shores. They teach Greek, too, but their accent is incomprehensible and they go so slowly that they bore me.

Those are the ties that bind me to Bryn Mawr. I was first attracted thither by the glow of lanterns (I am, by the way, a connoisseur of lanterns) and, approaching, I immediately recognized the words of a song I had been made to learn in my youth—"Sophias philai parōmen." (I don't render the title in Greek because I can't for the life of me remember how the accents go.) We used to sing it to a different tune, but somehow the words got under my skin—though I'm not a sentimental man—and then and there I pitched my tub.

How I came to write for the LANTERN is another story, beginning about a month ago. I was wandering about the lower campus with my own lantern (the hour was eleven at night)—not looking for anyone or anything in my usual purposeful way, but merely scuffling in the leaves and enjoying the smell of wood-smoke, as if I were a boy again. It was a warm night for late October, dewy but clear, with the slightest ghost of a wind agitating the smaller twigs of the trees and bushes. Suddenly, several yards or so away, under a pine tree, I saw the glow of a cigarette. It was extinguished so quickly that I was almost deceived into thinking it a firefly, but the odor of tobacco set me right, and, as I stood still, listening, I caught a sound of light breathing. Raising my lantern, I saw a girl crouching in a heap at the foot of the tree. She realized that she was seen, and stood up.

"I suppose," she said with the calmness of despair, "that you will have to report me to Self-Gov. for being out after ten-thirty."

"My dear young lady," I protested, "however much I may look it, I am not the night-watchman."

She was rather pretty, quite in the Hellenic style, and slim, and simply dressed in a sweater, skirt, shoes, and socks. She reminded me of a Thessalian nymph with whom I used to have a bowing acquaintance.

"Is your name Chloe?" I asked.

"Is yours Daphnis?" she responded.

"As a matter of fact," I admitted rather reluctantly, "it's Diogenes." I should have liked to play the gay young

spark, but realized that it doesn't do when one's age is upwards of twenty-two hundred.

"I think I must have heard of you," she said politely. Then her face brightened. "You wouldn't—you wouldn't consider meeting me out here some afternoon and helping me with my Baby Greek, would you? I'm so discouraged about it that I could commit suicide."

"Dear me!" said I. "And is this discouragement all due to Greek?"

"We-ll," she admitted, "my boy-friend hasn't written to me for all of ten days. I'm worried sick. And then there's the LANTERN. Oh, I wish I were dead!"

"Don't do that," I put in hastily. "I'm dead myself, and I assure you there's nothing in it. But what's this about the LANTERN? Lanterns are my strong suit."

"It seems to be petering out," Chloe complained. "It has no life, no freshness. It doesn't represent the college. It is, in fact, putrid."

"I'm sorry to hear about this," said I sympathetically, "but I'm afraid there's nothing I could do."

"There's nothing anybody can do," said Chloe despondently. But suddenly she gave a jump. "Why don't you write us a series of articles? Sometime, you know, The Philosophy Department is sure to nab you for a lecture in Goodhart Hall, and it will be a great feather in our cap to nab you first."

"What shall I write about?" I asked nervously.

"Be cutting!" cried Chloe. "Be cynical. Tell us what you think of us. Do, Diogenes dear!"

She had almost thrown her arms around my neck by this time. What could a man do—even at the age of twenty-two hundred—but consent?

"You angel!" cried Chloe—an inaccuracy that I passed over. Though deceased, I have never ranked in the heavenly hierarchy.

To seal our compact we smoked a cigarette together. I got smoke in my eyes and almost set my beard on fire, but somehow I felt a millennium younger. In time I shall revert to my normal cynicism, I trust, but for the moment I regret that I'm not a Hedonist instead.

DIOGENES.

# Reformatory

KATHERINE BALCH, '29

Bleak it was: the buildings all washed white,  
With stripling trees naked and shivering.  
The station bus groaned to a halt. "You're here."  
The driver jerked his head: "Just sit inside."  
We climbed the cold, damp steps and clanged the door.  
Here warmth—warmth thick and heavy.  
A smell of antiseptic soap—and sweat—  
Of wet linoleum—clothes drying—starch.  
We sat (as we'd been told) uneasy on  
A mission bench, its seat of imitation leather,

Shiny and hard. Nothing but square,  
Scrubbing angles in the place.  
Pale walls rigid and grim—  
No softness anywhere. Nothing would yield.  
One wanted to strike out with wild, impotent fists,  
And batter lines to curves and mass to pulp—  
But we just sat as stiff and silent as two wooden pegs.  
Bells buzzed—typewriters clicked,  
Incessant strokes forging the fetters fast with weary  
rivetting.

Beyond in the next room low voices murmured.  
"Visitors on Sundays three to five": we  
Dully read the sign. A buzz—we stiffened.  
"Miss Hale, the superintendent," said the clerk.  
Firm steps tattooed across the room. "So glad  
You came . . ." A cool, smooth voice—as smooth  
and hard

As ivory. "See everything—show you  
The workshops and the farm—talk with the girls—  
Strict discipline—two years the shortest term—"  
(My God, two years of antiseptic soap!)  
Her voice, from far away it seemed, went on  
Like drops of water falling to a pool.  
". . . They gain ideals and standards and forget  
Their pasts—mostly sex delinquents—truants,  
Of course, and thieves—grouped by their past careers—



Their own good—yes, some do run away but  
Not much chance—watched every minute—  
Doris will take your bags." A girl,  
Whose eyes avoided ours, stood waiting,  
Her face sullen and pale as dough.  
With hands scrubbed raw she took our bags.  
Cool and aloof and thin the matron's voice,  
As glass reflecting winter sun: "Good-bye,  
Before you go I'll see you."  
Cool and aloof, cool and aloof, she was;  
But we, following our inmate down the corridor,  
We too were inmates,  
Drugged by the heavy blend of antiseptic soap,  
Linoleum, stale air, and white-washed walls.

---

## Absumet Heres Caecuba Dignior

AGNES LAKE, '30

I held my happiness  
Like wine in a crystal cup,  
So carefully lest it should spill,  
Or the frail cup should drop.  
It was white wine  
That sparkled,  
Not joy's deep red.  
I held it in both hands  
And carried it away.  
But as I went,  
Blind to all else,  
I stumbled  
And the cup lay broken  
While dry dust drank up my wine.

## The Ring

BARBARA CHANNING, '29

SUMMER was over. It had left its mark on her, Katrina decided as she surveyed herself in the glass. Tennis and swimming—and other things—had left her noticeably thinner, and the tan still lingered on her face and neck. The plum-colored velvet afternoon dress that had hung idle in the closet since spring brought out the summer's changes. Not until she had put it on did Katrina notice how her maple-brown hair had been bleached a shade lighter, how the freckles straggled across the bridge of her nose and the top of her cheekbones, how a red V marked where her bathing suit had left off. Raising her left hand, Katrina saw on her sturdy brown finger the white ghost of the summer's engagement ring, returned to Johnny a week ago.

It was a comfort, thought Katrina as she revolved soberly before the glass, a comfort to know that in another month the freckles and the V and the ghost ring would have vanished as if they had never been. There would be nothing left then, nothing at all, to remind her of the summer and of Johnny. Both had been horrid, and both deserved to be forever forgotten. If only she could be sure that the memory would fade with the sunburn!

Well, there was no point in mooning over the past. Katrina shook the summer from her as she turned in front of the mirror to see whether her skirt hung straight. As a matter of fact, it sagged a little on the left, but that didn't signify. There would be nobody at this hateful reception to care how she looked.

"Katrina!" her sister Cynthia's voice.

"Well, what is it?" asked Katrina, ceasing to revolve.

"Do hurry up, can't you! The bride will have left by the time we get there unless you show some speed."

Katrina went to the closet for her hat, which she brushed and then pulled on. White gloves, a handkerchief, her pocket-book—she rummaged for these in a chaotic drawer. Then she sat down at the dressing table to powder the freckles and redden her lips.

Downstairs, Cynthia, tired of waiting, had struck up a tune on the piano, jazz of the year before last. Katrina recognized the tune and her hand slipped, leaving the red of Roger and Gallet's lip pomade in a wavering line across her chin. That was a nuisance, wasted more time. But that tune had been played everywhere the winter when she had first danced with Johnny. Pettishly she took cold cream to her chin, then powdered it afresh.

There followed the question of her pearls. Should she wear them, or shouldn't she? They added a finish to a costume but still they emphasized that horrid redness over her collar bones. Absorbed in alternately holding them to her throat and removing them, it was a moment before she realized that Cynthia had changed her tune and was singing Schubert's *Wanderer*. Katrina laid down the pearls and listened; Cynthia's voice was too lovely to miss—not strong, but very sweet and somehow pathetic.

*"Und was sie reden, leeres Schall;  
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall."*

Shaken by the loveliness of the voice, Katrina looked across at herself in the mirror. Something in the song applied to her. Like the *Wanderer*, she was a stranger everywhere, and most of all to herself. Like the *Wanderer*, she had lost her country.

*"Das Land, das Land so hoffnungsgrün,  
Das Land wo meine Rossen blüh'n,  
Wo meine Freunde wandeln geh'n."*

Awful sentimental German stuff, but for some reason or other it seemed to have caught her.

*"Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht ——"*

Yes, whatever was wrong with Johnny—and there was a great deal—he spoke her language as no one else ever had or ever would. That quality was what she had loved in him—that, with his kindness and sweetness. The trouble was his not being big enough for her, too conservative, too unwilling to face issues, too laggard to seize opportunity. Rather a dear when you knew him, but not enough of a man for an enlightened woman.

"For heaven's sake, what are you doing?" Cynthia's voice no longer pathetic as in song, rang clearly up the stairs.

"Coming," answered Katrina. She rose slowly from her chair and drew one white glove over the ghost ring on her left hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Katrina escaped at last to the lawn, where one might breathe. She and Cynthia had shaken hands with the bride's mother, the groom's mother, the nuptial pair, and eight bridesmaids; they had viewed the presents with respect; and they had exchanged civilities with divers old ladies who claimed to be friends of their mother. All, ironically enough, asked the same question, "And did you have a pleasant summer?" Cynthia had a way with dowagers but Katrina evaded them as much as possible. Having promised to convey to her dear, dear mother the love of a melancholy widow with a feather boa, she slipped away, leaving Cynthia to listen sympathetically to asthmatic revelations of the widow's past.

On the lawn a dispirited band was playing to an audience intent only on its food. All the world seemed to have clustered around the refreshment table, and as Katrina hesitated in the doorway a young man came up to ask for the privilege of feeding her. He was a pasty young man with a scanty fair moustache, a young man of no possible importance to anyone in the world except his mother; but as he symbolized lobster salad Katrina was willing to make use of him. He dived gallantly into the throng like a duck seeking water-spiders, while Katrina awaited him at a little distance and powdered her nose. When she had carefully returned her vanity case to her handbag, she looked around for the unimportant youth; but he hadn't yet emerged from the crowd, so she looked away again, tapped her foot and hummed with the band, and, after a decent interval looked back.

This time she found herself looking directly into the eyes of Johnny.

It was almost the worst moment in Katrina's life. For an instant she thought she might faint, so chilling was the shock that seemed to draw all the blood to her heart in one cold stream; but quickly enough she recovered her composure, to find that she had dropped one of the white gloves. Johnny retrieved it but, characteristically, not until a passing waiter

had trodden full upon it. He had reddened deeply, and now was stumblingly begging her pardon.

"What for?" asked Katrina. "For looking at me? I suppose you have a perfect right to do that for nothing. I haven't joined the sideshow yet."

Although she had no intention of being disagreeable, in her embarrassment she couldn't help it. It was all the worse because she had been forced to be so very disagreeable a week ago.

"I—I mean—" said Johnny, "I mean I don't know just what the etiquette is in a case like this."

He shuffled his feet nervously. It was Johnny all over, pathetically indecisive. This time, however, fate decided for him. Fate, in the disguise of a fatherly waiter, proffered two plates.

"Salad, miss?" asked Fate respectfully. "Salad, sir?"

"Some one is getting—" Katrina began but Fate inexorably overruled her.

"There's a nice little unoccupied table, sir, just the other side of the rhododendrons. Very nice and quiet. This way, sir."

Before she quite knew what had happened, Katrina found that she and Johnny had been courteously herded—there was no other word for it—to the nice little table beyond the rhododendrons. The waiter set down the plates, pulled out the lady's chair, and discreetly disappeared.

Johnny (as might have been expected, Katrina thought bitterly) failed completely to rise to the occasion. He merely drooped in his chair, his head sunk between his bent shoulders, and fidgeted with a teaspoon.

"Well," said Katrina finally, feeling that the interview was leading nowhere.

"I guess I'd better go," said Johnny, lifting himself out of his chair.

"Wouldn't it be rather rude to leave me alone?" suggested Katrina. "Especially after inveigling me here."

"I didn't inveigle you here."

"All right then. But aren't you going to eat your salad?"

Johnny slumped back into his chair, leaned an elbow on the table, and stirred up the contents of his plate with a tentative fork. His posture was really dreadful, and Katrina wondered



why his mother hadn't trained him better. Still, it was rather dear of him to sit hunched up like that; it would be a pity when some enterprising girl should get hold of him and make him sit like anybody else.

The enterprising girl was sure to be hard and unpleasant.

With something of a qualm Katrina realized that she had recently behaved like the enterprising girl herself. Poor Johnny, it wasn't entirely his fault that he was so impossible. Perhaps she had been unjust, the other day, to speak so very harshly.

"Johnny," she said suddenly, laying down her fork and leaning forward across the table, "you mustn't take what I said the other day too much to heart. I spoke much too hastily."

"That's all right," said Johnny. "I understand how it was." He still sagged drearily in his chair.

"I don't think you understand at all," said Katrina, leaning forward still farther. "You know there are lots of things I admire in you, Johnny—"

"Oh, yes," said Johnny, "I mean well."

He had ceased all pretence of eating, and was tearing up rhododendron leaves and dropping them, piece by piece, into his tumbler. A vertical crease had appeared between his eyes, Katrina noticed, and new lines around his mouth.

"Don't talk like that, Johnny. You oughtn't to sit back and give in to things. I did hope you'd capitalize this experience by making yourself more of a person—"

"Well, I haven't taken to drink," said Johnny.

"Don't be silly," said Katrina. In a minute, she feared, her voice would begin to shake. Her chin was feeling wobbly already. "You know perfectly well what I'm trying to say. For instance, why haven't you snatched at your chance to go into the District Attorney's office instead of hanging around as Bingham and Kendrick's office boy?"

"Bingham and Kendrick have been pretty darned decent to me," said Johnny.

"No doubt, but you ought to be learning and developing, not vegetating. There's such a lot in you, Johnny, that's frightfully worth while—if only you'll buck up. Here you have a splendid mind, and instead of living in all the rooms of it you keep them shut up and live in one dusty little closet that's never even dusted."

“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,” said Johnny.

Katrina pushed her plate away and sat up in her chair.

“Don’t try to be facetious, Johnny, when I’m trying to tell you that I believe in you.”

Johnny also sat up, squaring his shoulders and putting his hands in his pocket.

“K, my dear, your belief is a waste of time. I simply am not and never will be the big-chested, red-blooded, hundred-percenter. You might as well get over that idea. Now, there’s the man for you.”

He pointed to a popular football hero who was striding purposefully across the lawn.

“Stuff!” said Katrina. “I don’t care about a Greek god six feet high. What I want is a man with a little stamina, a man bigger and wiser than I am, someone who will put me in my place and make me realize what an awful bluff I am.”

“That’s the trouble,” said Johnny. “You want a sort of idealized caveman (which I am not) and I merely want Katrina.”

Her lower jaw was really quivering now, and, even if she had been able to speak, there was nothing to say.

“Don’t take it hard, K dear. As you have already called me down for remarking, I haven’t taken to drink yet.”

Catching his eye, Katrina looked quickly away. Something in his look, as he raised his eyes to meet hers, was too sweetly reminiscent of the past. Summer was over, thank heaven, but autumn was proving a great deal worse.

So Katrina looked away and looking, caught sight of the unimportant youth, at last successful in his quest for lobster salad, hovering uncertainly in the middle distance. She gave him a cold unrecognized stare, and he wavered uncertainly off.

“If you’ve had enough to eat,” Johnny was saying, “perhaps I’d better withdraw. There doesn’t seem to be much more to say.”

Although there was no reason why Johnny shouldn’t withdraw, Katrina’s hand, quite illogically and without any volition on her part, went out as if to detain him. It was her left hand, and as she noticed again the white ring around her fourth finger, she saw that Johnny, too, was noticing it.

“That’s a sort of symbol, isn’t it?” said he, and as he

spoke he took a small box out of his pocket and laid it between them on the table. "By this time next year there won't be a sign of my ring left on your finger, but I'll still have this and remember."

It was the crowning piece of foolishness that Johnny should have kept the ring.

"That's you all over, Johnny," said Katrina. "It's the worst thing you could have done."

"What ought I to have done?" he asked, turning the box slowly about in his fingers. Katrina had always been particularly fond of his fingers, long and thin and clumsy in contrast to the capability and compactness of her own.

"You could have done two things," said Katrina. "For one thing, you could have hurled the ring into the sea. That would have been at least a good gesture."

"Not my style," commented Johnny, smiling faintly.

"Or you could have returned it to the jeweller. Goodness knows you must need the money. But I suppose you're being practical in the long run by keeping it for your next girl."

"That's the idea," said Johnny, acquiescent enough.

But by his face, as he started to button the box inside his coat, Katrina knew that he was more hurt than he would admit. "Don't put it back yet, Johnny," she said. "I want to look at it a minute."

Looking away, he thrust the box across the table. She picked it up, fingered it delicately, opened it to look at the shining thing within. But it wasn't the ring that she was thinking of now.

After all, it had been rather dear of Johnny to want to remember her. He wasn't so bad on the whole. The enterprising girl who was to be his wife would have to make up her mind to be the backbone of the family, to make the crucial decisions. But then there was Johnny's sweetness, his rare smile, the rather attractive way in which his hair grew off his forehead. Perhaps, for a really enterprising girl (a person whom Katrina was finding harder and harder to visualize) the affair of marrying Johnny wouldn't be impossible. If her shoulders were strong enough (and Katrina involuntarily straightened hers), and if she loved Johnny so much that his very faults were laughable charms that warmed the heart —

"You've had your fun now," said Johnny abruptly, and

gently tried to disengage the box from her fingers. But as he felt the tautness of her hand clasping the ring, he looked at her, and a question leapt into his eyes. For a moment they sat thus, with hands touching.

"Johnny," said Katrina, slowly, because her breath was under poor control, "I'm not going to let you keep it. It's morbid, you know."

"All right," said Johnny. Keeping his eyes on hers, he drew his hand away, leaving the box in her possession. As she opened it and slipped the circle of platinum and diamond over the white circle on her finger, a glow came into his face that lit it up like the candle inside a lantern.

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## Yseult

MARTHA GELLHORN, '30

Yseult, gray-eyed, gray-gowned,  
Walked the beach and frowned,  
And lied to herself in a bright way,  
To keep her misery at bay.  
She told herself René would do  
Her father liked him too—  
But she was sick the while,  
Longing for an English smile.  
And when the wind lashed the sea,  
She cried for things that might not be.  
She knew that René, fair and straight,  
Would find her one night cold with hate.

\* \* \*

So she stood with her child-mouth set  
And traced a heart where the sand was wet.

## Sequence at Twenty-One

### I

You say you love me; that's a dream  
That time and knowledge will disprove.  
However real your passion seem,  
It is not I you love.

You see not me; a glass I hold  
Where your own image you survey;  
My tongue leaves all my thoughts untold  
And echoes what you say.

Alas, that sleep should cheat you so,  
And all be dream between us two!  
The only waking thing we know  
Is what I feel for you.

### II

Here on my heart the faggots burn—  
Driftwood that smoulders copper-blue—  
Though you, my dear, may never learn  
That here is home for you.

Here, like a Vestal, do I tend  
The embers of my long desire,  
That only wait one cherished end  
To blossom into fire.

And in my patience I am wise,  
For surely, when the years have passed,  
You will awake, start, rub your eyes,  
And know your *home* at last.

### III

I see a shadow pass and hear  
A sigh, the closing of a door.  
I know you far too well, my dear,  
To love you as before.

There lingers but a wan regret  
For him I rashly thought I knew,  
The paladin whom first I met,  
The marvel that was you.

But still I listen (habit clings)  
Await—in vain—against my will—  
The thunder of your seraph wings;  
And I surrender still.

---

## Antique

ANNABEL LEARNED, '29

Our little hour is spent  
*How white, how white the long-lain snow—*  
Lone to the dark earth bent—  
*How swift to go!*

Dreams there a phantom still  
*Drifted with age against the leas—*  
Beside our templed hill  
*In ebbing seas?*

Spend, spend your treasured ghost,  
*The vanishing alabaster name shall sleep—*  
Lover—till the dream be lost.  
*Deep, deep.*



# Twenty Years After

HILDA WRIGHT, '29

"JOHN, dear!"

"Yes?"

The voice behind the *Evening Journal* was half sigh as though in weary anticipation of his wife's remark.

"Why can't you be a little more pleasant, dear? I'm so tired of your everlasting glumness. Here I stay at home all day cooking and darning while you're outside seeing people, and then you come home and bury your nose in the paper or the *Saturday Evening Post*, and that's the end of you. I'm getting tired of it." Mrs. Hastings' voice, that had a moment before boded tears, became suddenly rebellious.

She was a large, handsome woman of a pleasant, genial temper and a disposition that after twenty years of marriage still failed to understand the inexplicable silences of her temperamental husband, a lean Englishman with a Celtic sadness in his blood.

In reply to her outburst, Mr. Hastings now only moved his foot very fast in little circles—a gesture in him as indicative as the slow swinging of a leopard's tail.

"Why can't you be like other men? They call their wives 'dear' and act like human beings. With your dry matter-of-factness, you're taking all the sweetness out of me. I used to be jolly and full of fun and now—what's the use?" Mrs. Hastings' voice was again tearful.

Suddenly the telephone rang. Mrs. Hastings went.

"Hello? Oh, yes, Anne. How are you?" Her voice rang out pleasantly. "I haven't heard from you for ages. John? Oh, he's all right—only awfully tired. He works too hard and worries, but what can I do? A dinner party? Oh, I'd love to, but I'm afraid John can't. He's not very well, and he's using up all his extra strength on that beastly choir. I wish he'd drop it, but he's too conscientious. He'll be sorry to miss it. All right, Anne. Good-night."

She hung up the receiver, and Mr. Hastings moved uneasily in his chair.

"Well, dear," Mrs. Hastings' voice approached through

the dining room, "more excuses for you and what thanks do I get? People will get tired of inviting us pretty soon. I wonder who you'll find to make excuses for you when I'm dead and gone," and Mrs. Hastings sighed with self-pity at the thought of her ever being in that state.

She sat down and took up her darning. "It wouldn't be so bad being poor, if there were a little affection, but I'll tell you it's no fun when you have neither love nor money."

The old brown slipper was making faster circles now, but the *Evening Journal* did not move.

The massive clock on the mantel ticked loudly and suddenly struck nine. The shrill chime echoed through the silent old house with its high ceilings.

"John?"

"Yes?"

The tone of the voice was as weary as before, but Mrs. Hastings disregarded it this time.

"What I started to say was that Tommy ought to be chloroformed. He's getting too old and wheezy, and I think he ought not to be around the children."

The *Evening Journal* was lowered.

"Tommy?" he exclaimed horrified. "Why, Helen, I couldn't kill Tommy. It would be bad luck." But Mrs. Hastings knew that luck had nothing to do with it.

"Honestly, John, I believe you care more about that wheezy old cat than you do about me. If someone said, 'I think you'd better have your wife chloroformed, she's getting pretty old and gray,' you'd probably say, 'Well, perhaps you're right,' and wave your hand obligingly." Mrs. Hastings had to smile at her own extravagance.

Mr. Hastings compressed his lips over the stem of his pipe, shrugged his shoulders, and re-crossing his knees, disappeared behind the newspaper.

"Well, there's no use, I'm tired of talking to a pump-handle. The andirons are better company," and she plumped her darning into the basket and rose with angry dignity. "I'm going to bed. You'd better let me rub your shoulder when you come up. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Slowly Mr. Hastings' foot stopped describing circles. With a sigh he dropped his paper on the floor and sat smoking

gloomily. Suddenly he roused himself and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, went over to the victrola and put on the second movement of Beethoven's seventh symphony. Then he stooped and picking Tommy up from the hearth settled back in his Morris chair with the old cat on his knees.

The half-burned log in the fireplace broke with a dull crack and fell down between the andirons. For an instant the two parts blazed up with new life and then slowly died out. The automatic stop on the phonograph clicked, and now the only sounds in the room were the ticking of the clock and Tommy's wheezy breathing as he lay happily pricking his claws up and down on his master's knees. And still Mr. Hastings sat there lost in thought, gently stroking the cat's fat, tortoise-shell sides.

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## Calm

JANE LOW, '31

Up the clear, green mountains of the sea  
We climbed at noon,  
And the lazy smoothness of its hills  
Fell back too soon  
From the thirsting belly of the ship,  
Tired with the day.

All the canvas rattles like a drum  
Against the stay,  
And, drifting in the valleys of the sea,  
The sleepy bow  
Grows blind with staring at the sun;  
And no winds blow.

# On a Ruined Greek Temple

CAROLYN LOMBARDI, '32

## I

What are these voices crying separately  
Or woven into one voice with the wind's,  
These sighs far-wandered from death's dynasty,  
Loosed from the mold that clings, the tomb that binds?  
What are these footsteps ruffling the tall grass  
With noiseless tread, that wander to and fro  
As if long-traveled voyagers here pass,  
Seeking in vain a place their youth did know?  
These are the legions of the multitude  
That watched the smoke ascending and the flame  
Tended by earnest priests whose phantoms brood  
In this faint company upon the name  
Of far, spent gods; these thin ghosts, blind and mute,  
Make of the grasses a reluctant lute.

## II

No, no, these ghosts are not awake; they sleep  
Under the drowsy spell of the warm sun,  
Lulled with their memories into a deep  
Slumber through which no desolation's run;  
And if they dream, they dream that still the fires  
Burn on the altar, and the full, soft tones  
Of chanting priests and singing of the lyres  
Weave a sweet raiment for these golden stones.  
It is my fancy makes the empty shrine  
With phantoms populous and echoing.  
Bereft of praise and sacrificial wine  
Do the gods care, being dead, that no priests sing,  
That their stern feet and eyes shall know no more  
The tawny columns and the antique shore?

# Play

MARY OAKFORD, '31

TIME—Now or Never.

## Scene

*A large room which was once the humble home of a decent hard-working artist. Under this new régime, it looks more like the combination of a pawnbroker's backyard and a Fifth avenue fire sale. At the left, running the entire length of the wall, is a white enamel trough which could only have had one possible source of inspiration—five or six bathtubs joined together. It is profusely decorated with a painted assortment of twined and garlanded roses, violets, buttercups and daisies. At each end it curves out to form two small niches containing two small but energetic fountains and on the wall beside them hang two cabinets holding toilet articles. Upon the surface of the water in the tub, if one dare call it such, float the unwashed dishes of several weeks, interspersed with water-lily leaves. At the back left are two windows, and at the right rises a colossal pile some seven or eight feet deep, of multi-colored pillows. Portions of a female wardrobe are strewn over the surface and there are suggestions of still more, buried within the mound. There is a door in the middle of the right wall, to the left of which is a trapeze and a sandbox, and to the right two bicycles and a see-saw. There are toys of every description upon the floor. In the center of the room are two swings suspended from the skylight, and several hanging bookshelves. As the curtain rises, Psyche, a girl of about twenty-four, wearing blue overalls and a pink sunbonnet, is swinging violently. Arethusa, about the same age, wearing a purple dancing costume and sucking a large green lollypop, is seated upon the top of the pile of cushions.*

PSYCHE (*pettishly*): I cannot get my personality properly expressed. It hasn't been right all week. I must be going stale.

ARETHUSA: I was awfully stale for a while last month. Did you notice it? By the way, which personality are you trying to express?

PSYCHE: That sort of brown, square one I got from Eureka



last fall. This is the first time I've tried, and I'm afraid that I've forgotten her directions.

ARETHUSA: Are you sure you didn't steal it? You do, sometimes, you know.

PSYCHE: No, I traded her that old blue crêpe de chine one that I had for years and years. There was only one man who ever liked it, and he's gone to England.

ARETHUSA: My dear, that one will be frightful with Eureka. She'll never be able to use it decently.

PSYCHE: She'll never know the difference and it will be fun to see her make a mess of it. (*She swings very slowly for a minute, then speaks timidly*) Arethusa, do you know that I never expressed my personality at all yesterday.

ARETHUSA: How dreadful! I do hope you aren't going to get another complex. Your psychoanalysis bills are big enough already.

PSYCHE: I'm going to try to cure it myself by meditation before being psyched again. Don't you want to meditate with me tonight?

ARETHUSA: I have a date to meditate with Bertrand Russell at 2:30 and another with Sir Conan Doyle at 3:30, but I'd love to come with you at 1:30. Will that be all right?

PSYCHE: Certainly. Remind me to set the alarm. (*Jumps down from swing, goes over to sandbox and begins to play in it. Arethusa digs awhile among the cushions until she unearths a collection of violent-hued silk stockings. She carefully inspects the holes in them, arranges them in parallel rows on the floor, and climbs back on the cushions.*)

ARETHUSA: I simply must get these stockings mind-over-mattered today. I've just put it off for weeks.

PSYCHE: All right. I'll try not to bother you.

(*There is silence for a few minutes. Then a knock at the door, and three young men enter—the first, Buttercup, is wearing green-checked rompers, sandals and a sombrero. The second—Damon, is wearing a large Turkish towel. The third, Pythias, is in formal evening clothes. Damon and Pythias appear embarrassed, but Buttercup is very much at home. He smiles cordially at Arethusa and Psyche, then he and Arethusa burst into a duet of:*

“Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? O Sweet Content!



Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed? Punishment!  
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd  
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?"

(*Both have fairly good voices. Thomas Dekker's "Sweet Content" to the tune of "Lead Kindly Light."*)

ARETHUSA: Well, Buttercup, dear, how are you? I've been thinking about you and your indigestion a great deal lately. I do hope it's better.

BUTTERCUP: Completely cured! Do you remember that friend of mine who called himself Hiawatha for quite a while—used to play around with a cute little stoic from Wellesley. He died the day before yesterday and so yesterday I went around and got his digestive system installed in place of my own. It's a perfectly splendid one—poor old Hiawatha was always horribly healthy.

PSYCHE (*looking up from her games in the sandbox*): What else have you been doing lately, Buttercup?

BUTTERCUP: Oh, lots of things. I've taken up Christianity and I won the Park Avenue hopscotch championship yesterday and incidentally my law practice is getting better. I think perhaps I'll be able to land the vice-presidency of the United States next year.

PSYCHE: That's fine. Introduce your friends now. I think the one in the towel is awfully cute but the other one looks a little unco-ordinated.

BUTTERCUP: They're both rather new, but I think they show promise. Tell them your name, boys. (*To Arethusa and Psyche*) I've told them all about *you*, so you needn't bother.

DAMON (*after embracing first Psyche and then Arethusa*): My name, is Damon, and I am aggressive, masterful, selfish, conventional, athletic and logical. I have a very good disposition and a strong sense of humor. (*Kisses Psyche again, and begins to play with her in the sandbox.*)

PYTHIAS: My name is Pythias. I am brilliant, cultured, nervous, shy and introspective, but very affectionate. You will find me a charming companion. (*He pats Psyche's head, who tries to bite his hand, and bows politely to Arethusa.*)

ARETHUSA: My dear, I'm sure we're going to be dual personalities.

BUTTERCUP: Now, Pythias, you must give your and Damon's

cards with your real names to Arethusa. (*Pythias produces the cards and solemnly hands them to Arethusa.*)

PYTHIAS: I thought you said we didn't have to use our real names at all if we didn't want to—and I hate mine. It's just horrid.

DAMON: So is mine—just as bad as his. (*He begins to cry. Psyche pats him comfortingly on the back*)

BUTTERCUP: It's just for reference in case they want to telephone or write to you after they have formed their unprejudiced opinions of you. I'll tell you their names if you ever want to know.

DAMON (*borrowing Psyche's handkerchief*): I suppose Pythias and I still seem awfully stupid, but I feel much less like a novitiate than when I first met you, Buttercup. (*to Psyche*) Excuse me a moment, dear—there seems to be something wrong with my personality. (*He seizes a bicycle and rides madly round the room, Pythias and Arethusa go to the see-saw and begin a murmured conversation, Buttercup, after a brisk work-out on the trapeze, digs in the pillows until he extracts a fishingrod and then proceeds to angle in the trough. Damon forsakes the bicycle, excavates until he finds a typewriter which he carries over to the sandbox. He then sits on the floor before it and begins to write rapidly and noiselessly with his toes*)

PYTHIAS (*suddenly*): May I borrow your sunbonnet for a moment, Psyche? I want to see whether it would help me to get one like it.

(*Psyche gazes at him in horror, then begins to sob on Damon's shoulder*)

ARETHUSA (*explaining in a low tone*): You must never ask Psyche to take off her sunbonnet—it always makes her so unhappy. You see she is still trying to forget that she was once May Queen at Bryn Mawr. Her hair is all shaved off now but nothing seems to help as much as the sunbonnet. Won't someone make her happy so she can stop crying?

BUTTERCUP (*coaxingly*): Look, Psyche, see what I caught for you—a nice little goldfish!

PSYCHE (*smiling*): Oh, thank you, Buttercup! Really, Christianity is making you so sweet and thoughtful.

(*She runs over to the nearest fountain, takes a toothbrush*

*from the cabinet and brushes her teeth energetically, then lies face downwards on the floor in the middle of the room.)*

ARETHUSA (*curiously*): I hope you aren't getting a new religion, Psyche?

PSYCHE (*irritably*): Stupid, can't you see that I'm composing a one-act play?

ARETHUSA (*humbly*): I beg your pardon. I'm not feeling very transcendental today.

BUTTERCUP (*jumping up suddenly and going to the door*): I hate to go, but I have an engagement to go angel-hunting with Dean Inge in Central Park in half-an-hour, and after that I must go to see the artist who is doing a picture of my inner life.

PYTHIAS: Are you walking or flying down to the park?

BUTTERCUP: Walking. I had quite a bad fall this morning, when I was practicing flying. I was about twenty-five feet up when I lost faith. Gosh, I hit hard.

DAMON: Don't forget you promised to teach me as soon as you've learned yourself.

BUTTERCUP: I really don't think you're quite ready for it. Just keep on with that half hour of thought after luncheon, and I'll try you out some day next week. By the way, Psyche, may I send you a mental telegram at about half past eight this evening?

PSYCHE: Yes, and I'll try to be more receptive than I was last night. That telegram you sent at quarter past ten came through awfully mixed. I don't know what was the matter with me.

BUTTERCUP (*politely*): I assure you it was entirely my fault. Goodbye, everyone! (*fades through doorway*)

PYTHIAS (*rather embarrassed*): Well, Damon, we might as well pop the question.

DAMON: You do it—I did last time.

PYTHIAS: All right. (*Turning to Arethusa and Psyche*) Damon and I, although we try to appear modern, are really awfully old-fashioned in lots of ways. I don't mean that we're the kind of backwoodsmen who still try to cross the Atlantic in steamships, or who pay their bills in money instead of the currency of acts of kindness and deeds of love. But the whole trouble is this—I've had fifteen companionate wives, and Damon's had eighteen, and we'd

like to try the old-fashioned kind of marriage and see if it really ever was any good. Buttercup has told us a lot about you both, and we thought we'd like to give you first choice.

ARETHUSA: I think I'd like to meditate about it a few minutes.

You must admit it's rather startling. (*Buries her head among the pillows like an ostrich*)

PSYCHE: I think I'd better meditate too (*buries her head beside Arethusa. In a moment raises her head*) Arethusa, can't you compose a poem to suit the occasion? I can't because this is my day for writing plays.

ARETHUSA: I'm sorry, but it's my day for painting.

(*Meanwhile Damon and Pythias are looking out of the window in a waiting attitude*)

PSYCHE (*looking up with tears rolling down her face*): I don't know why, but I really feel as if I couldn't ever marry you, Damon—it *was* you who were going to marry me, wasn't it?

DAMON (*hurriedly*): Oh, yes. I'm sorry I didn't explain. But never mind about marrying me. My second choice only lives half a block away and she'll snap me up immediately.

ARETHUSA (*also appearing in tears*): Pythias, I feel just the way Psyche does. But if you see my friend Mock Turtle—you'll know him, because he wears nothing but blue silk garters—please tell him I'd like to accept his offer of companionate marriage fifteen years from now. And by the way, he's vice-president of the United States, in case you can't find him by his garters.

PYTHIAS: All right, I'll look him up. I must go and tell my second choice that she can marry me after all.

(*He and Damon rush out.*)

ARETHUSA (*sadly*): Why wouldn't you marry him, Psyche?

PSYCHE: Because he reminded me of a boy who once proposed to me years and years ago, before I found my personality. It was when I lived in Kansas City. He lived in the house next door—we played together as children (*begins to cry again*) I hadn't thought of him for years—he was so sweet and his name was Billy Jones.

ARETHUSA (*in a tearful voice*): That's just the way with me. Pythias reminded me so much of a boy named Johnny Smith whom I used to know back in Peoria. We used to go to the movies together and he bought me ice-cream cones.

PSYCHE: I feel just the way I used to when my name was Gwendolyn Brown and I used to get spring fever every spring.

ARETHUSA (*trying to be practical*): We might as well look at Damon and Pythias' real names now. Pythias' ears looked so much like Johnny's.

PSYCHE: And Damon kissed me just the way Billy used to. Well, what are their names?

ARETHUSA (*produces cards from underneath a cushion and gazes at them in horror, then reads in a low dramatic tone*): Mr. John Y. Smith of Peoria, and Mr. William X. Jones of Kansas City (*she walks slowly to the tub, tears up the cards and drops them in*) Psyche, I must commit suicide—I don't care whether my self-originating will transgresses an immutable moral law or not! (*Steps calmly into tub, lies down beneath fountain and quietly drowns. Psyche takes a large carving knife from the middle of a cushion, cuts the ropes of one of the swings, ties it into a noose about her neck and turns to the audience.*)

PSYCHE: For once I shall act in harmony with my character, which is largely the result of complex and uncontrollable causes.

Curtain

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## A Grave in the Snow

CAROLYN LOMBARDI, '32

The snow sifts quietly between the fingers of the sky;  
It blurs the sharp edges of the new-cut stone, it gathers  
around it,  
Until it looks as if old Death were huddled there,  
Hugging his thin knees.



# Trees at Night

SADIE ZEBEN, '31

Trees at night are strange things.

Do you feel their swaying?—

The uncertain trembling of small twigs and leaves,—

Rhythmic sounds long-drawn out.

Do you see them moving?

Awful silhouettes!

Heaven is stirring to and fro

Before your eyes.

Trees at night in winter frighten:

Bare and naked

They quiver and shake.

“Will they never be still?

They're almost breaking!”

The wind yells

Through black branches,

Puffing hard on an ascending note.

Loud, shrill, piercing,

Then dead

In the trees that shelter the inhuman gusts.

Shadows of distorted boughs, —

Discordant harmonies from rushing air released!

Gnarled, eerie arms clutch the yawning blackness;

The frosted moon, veined in ebony,

Burns cold.



## The Illusion of the Centuries

MARCELLA PALMER, '29

Love, love,—hollow and simple sounding word!  
There is no love,—no such thing exists.

You and I in love? It is absurd  
To say so. Babblers say that love consists  
Of sighing 'neath the moon,  
And eyeing i' the sun;  
And crying everyone  
"For shame," that points us out and says, "How dumb!"

You say that you're in love?  
It's indigestion.  
I told you you would eat too much last evening.  
But you said no, and laughed and looked at me,  
And spoke again: "Why this maternal interest  
In me?" and looked again at me, as you  
Would hint that *that* was love!  
I tell you, there is no love; it is only this:  
That I enjoy these evenings spent with you  
Because I like the way you talk  
And tease me out of countenance.

What, Love? He died, oh, years ago,  
When Browning buried his Elizabeth.  
"My love is dead, long live my love," he said.  
What of that? There is no love, today.  
Let's laugh and play some more. There *is* no love, I say.

## Poems

MARTHA GELLHORN, '30

A nonchalant wind philanders in the trees,  
And the leaves, naively,  
Whisper to each other,  
Bragging softly of their conquest.

---

Simplicity in all things:  
My needs are three:  
A spot of sunshine  
To dance wantonly like a  
Geisha girl,  
A leaf full of rain, as a  
Jewel casket for colours,  
And a little wind,  
Somersaulting in the grass.

---

That I sing alone  
Is not pain.  
There is the singing of the rain;  
It is lovely and lonely too,  
A truth I was told by you.

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# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

VOL. IX

FEBRUARY, 1929

No. 2



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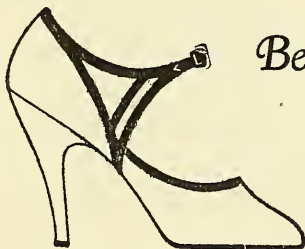
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## Poem

VAUNG TSIEN BANG, '30

I gather you in my arms,  
Autumn leaves,  
And burn you in a pile.  
You go first to warm the earth.  
When my winter comes,  
Will you hold me in your arms?

---

## Transition

ELIZABETH LINN, '29

The day is taut as a thin rope strained by the feet of a tight-  
rope dancer;  
The full wide pools in the fields are still as ice,  
Though not yet frozen.  
The leaves, still hovering on the trees like timid birds,  
Ask but a breath to snap their brittle stems.  
The frosty fields show white from my high window;  
But when I trample through the rattling grass,  
I see it is burnt brown and faded,  
Remembering just the passing breath of frost.  
The world crackles and gleams in all directions like ice on a  
pool  
Which a careless foot has broken.  
I walk on the fine bright edges between two seasons,  
Tiptoe and lightly.

# Big Man

KATHERINE BALCH, '29

THE car was fuzzy with heat and dead, over-stuffed air. The boy by the window yawned, and ran his hand back over his close-clipped curly hair. He was sleepy; not agonizingly, completely sleepy, but drowsy in a pleasant, lazy way. This drowsiness strained through him, a warm, relaxing diffusion. He stretched his long legs out over the suit-cases on the seat opposite, stretched until his knees cracked and his shin-bones felt drawn-out and strong, then wiggled his toes.

Lolling his head sideways on the dusty green plush, he stared aimlessly at the sprawled figure asleep beside him. Stocky was a darn good fellow, but he certainly didn't look so swell. That is, he himself didn't. His clothes did all right. Enviously, critically, he appraised his sleeping friend. Gosh, but it must be wonderful to have all your suits made by an English tailor, to choose any material you liked, to be able to buy snappy socks and ties at good joints. He would look a lot better than Stocky did in clothes like that. Fat, good natured, undistinguished, Stocky certainly didn't look like what he was, Stokes Hallam, Jr., of New York. A guy with a name like that ought to be a big man; good-looking, and good at athletics, and popular, and everything. Stocky was popular all right, but he wasn't anything else.

The boy looked away. He pulled his trousers up a bit at the knees to preserve the creases. His own suit looked pretty well, too. Boarding school was easy. All these rich guys trading off their suits and neckties and shoes for almost nothing. This was made of swell-looking grey tweed and it just fitted him. Ten dollars, and it must have cost Freddie's family a rough sixty-five or seventy. Practically everything he had on was swapped. He got by with it all right. Being football captain and head of the sixth form he could get by with anything now. Everyone knew that he came from a little dump way out in New York State, but he told them that they had to live at Oriskany Falls on account of his father's cotton mills.

Ye gods! if any of the fellows ever found out. He felt himself getting red. Alva P. Bryant, Dry Goods and General Merchandise.

A picture of his father's store flashed into his mind. Dirty show-windows filled with displays of gingham, of stockings, and ladies' underwear; the clumsy sign above, with the letters faded and the paint peeling away. Even remembering it made him feel empty inside, and tight. He frowned and stared out through the streaked glass. At first he focused on nothing. His own handsome face stared back at him arrogantly, unwaveringly.

Gradually the country-side streaming past, caught for a brief instant in the frame of the window, drew his eye. The day was slipping quietly into darkness. Above the brown sodden earth, and the lifeless grey-green fields, blue and pink and silver, innumerable pastel shades, melted into a gentle melancholy haze. Against this soft, sad veil the trees stood black, naked and sharp-edged, save for a few dry, despairing leaves that still clung to the branches. Every now and then a bleak farm-house would flash by, a cemetery, telegraph poles shivering in the empty air, or a village, ugly, and sunk in self-pity.

The unrolling strip of desolation was like that that bordered the vacation journeys to Oriskany Falls. It was all familiar. He shuddered with aversion for the familiarity. For a moment he felt that he was actually going home. Going home instead of to New York. Oneida, Milltown, Roberts, Waverly Junction; inexorably, stop by stop, the train would hack and rumble into Oriskany Falls. "Next stop, Oriskany Falls!" the shabby, embarrassingly friendly conductor would rasp out through his bulbous nose. Oriskany Falls, Oriskany Falls. Oriskany Falls, thumped out the wheels with a solid, mechanical reiteration.

"Say, Porg!" Stocky had waked up and was busy brushing the cinders and wrinkles out of his suit. "Say, Porg, we're almost there. Come out of the trance."

The other boy slowly swivelled his eyes away from the window. He was still paralyzed as to the present. The rhythm of the wheels pounded through him, but he himself, mind and body, was inert. "Hey, big boy, snap out of it!" God, he must act natural. He was going to New York to

visit Stocky. Forget about Oriskany Falls. He shook himself and rubbed his eyes. Then he prodded Stocky in the stomach. "Yea, fatty, who did you say was in a trance? You should have heard yourself snoring and whiffling like the original hippo."

Stocky rose to the bait. "Hippo yourself, you clumsy lout of a football player. I'll show you where to get off!"

They tussled with each other like overgrown puppies, rumpling each other's hair and pulling out each other's neckties. "Honestly, Porg, we've gotta quit. We're almost in."

It was dark. Night had seeped in like a smoke-screen, merging with the opalescent sunset haze, and finally blotting it out. Peering out into the blackness he saw lights sprinkle by: NEW ROCHELLE. "Yuh, well, there's no hurry."

They both slouched back against the seat. The drowsiness was gone. The excitement of coming to the end of a journey took its place. The car began to wake up. Beneath the grinding onrush of the train there was a rustling and a stirring, and the muffled crackle of conversation.

"We'll pull in just in time to change for dinner. Too late for tea, darn it." Change for dinner! It hadn't occurred to him. Did Stocky mean that they were going to get all dolled up in their Tucks just for supper? He had a Tuck with him right enough, but he thought it was just for the dance on Saturday night. It was borrowed from Cutler who, from past experience, he knew to be just his size. "Say, Cutler, could you possibly lend me your Tuck over the week-end? I left mine at home like a dumb bunny. Never thought I'd want it before Christmas." Cutler swallowed the line all right. Ye gods, what would they say if they knew he didn't own a Tuck, that he had never even worn one before?

"Well, lout, stick your lid on. This is the big city." The train was jerking and dragging to a stop. They put on their battered felt hats at the properly nonchalant angle, and maneuvered their heavy bags out into the pressing stream of people in the aisle.

Weaving up innumerable stairs, around corners, under the great golden dome of the main hall, through hurrying, self-absorbed herds of people. He marched along beside Stocky, trailing the porter, feeling important, and superior to the



teeming insects of commuters whose ranks were ploughed open by their passage. He pushed back his shoulders and looked straight ahead with an air of condescending aloofness.

But all this was external. It was somebody else there marching along so grandly, so full of self-importance. Inside he felt very tightly wound up and a bit dizzy. Step by step he was going on to something unknown and exciting. Nothing would stop this forward progress even if he had wanted it stopped. It was foreordained. He was plodding on the treadmill of fate. Each moment brought him nearer the edge, nearer the end, where waited something thrilling and terrifying. It might have been a precipice he was being carried towards so inevitably. It would have been the same feeling. He seemed to have moved through all this before, but he could not remember. The memory had left a dimple on the surface of his mind, but it itself was submerged and lost.

"There's the car. See, porter, that one with the red wheels." The chauffeur jumped out and opened the door. "Hello, Mr. Stokes. How's everything at school?" "Fine, Manning, how's the boy?"

They sank down on soft blue cushions. A furry robe was tucked about their knees. The door clicked heavily, and they were shut away into a small, superior world. Outside, the lights swayed and blared. The noise of the city made a steady, roaring background for the taxi-horns, the rumbling of the Elevated, the shrill piping of the policemen's whistles.

Beside him Stocky chattered away, pointing out the most famous skyscrapers, and the most famous streets. He listened and was interested. Through the cold crystal windows he stared out at the people flooding over the edges of the sidewalks. Shabby people, grey people, black people. They might be his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. The tight dizziness in his stomach persisted and dominated. Resolutely he tried to focus his mind on Stocky's careless words.

"Yea, is this honestly Fifth Avenue, Stocky?" He peered out. Bright shop-windows smiled at him, dazzling in the darkness. Tall buildings filled the sky with calm, self-assured dignity. Far ahead, down the straight ribbon of the avenue, red and green signals blinked from the traffic towers, and below, the lights on the cars flowed along like a solemn procession of glow-worms. This was fun. Being in the biggest city in



the world, driving down its most famous street in a swell car. This was something like. This was the sort of thing he was fitted for, the sort of thing he ought to do all the time.

The limousine slid purring to the curb. "Here we are, old bean. Back to God's country where decent food grows on the bushes. Won't it be great not to have the same old rotten horse-meat flung at us for dinner? Oh, baby! Home, sweet home!" Austere and aloof stood the grey stone house, withdrawn slightly from too close contact with the sidewalk. Light filtered through the iron grille of the door. So this was the sort of palace that Stocky lived in. Some dump!

The heavy door swung open as they climbed the long, serene steps. "Hello, Edwards, how's everything?" The butler took their bags. He was as calm, as massive, as dignified as the house. "Good evening, Mr. Stokes. Dinner will be at seven as usual; only the family."

The solid steps, the butler, were fitting introductions to this great entrance hall which stretched so far and so high. Heavy furniture that had stood impassive since the Creation, and would continue to stand until the Day of Judgment. And a fireplace of carved marble, with cold Chinese vases on the mantelpiece, reflected in the mirror behind, a fireplace that scorned the homely indignity of a fire. Even the polish of the floor was subdued: a dull, firm gleam, not a mere surface brilliance.

Up the broad stairway they padded, the thick carpet giving like a cat's back beneath their feet. "Here's your room, Porg," said Stocky, waving his hand in a vague ushering gesture. "There's the bathroom. Just follow your nose two doors up the hall to find me. You better shake a leg; there's only half an hour before dinner."

"Right you are, Stocky." Left alone he slowly undid his tie, then unbuttoned his vest. Woof, what a room! There was even a telephone in it. As he undressed he strolled about, investigating the bells, the lights, testing all the chairs. It certainly was the berries of a room. A bit of a contrast to his four by nine at home.

Ominous bubbling sounds were coming from the bathroom. "Gosh, my tub." He ran in and turned off the faucets. Tentatively he dipped one foot in the steaming water. Wow! He tried again. Gradually he lowered one leg all the way in.

Then the other. Then very slowly his whole body. The exquisite agony rose inch by inch, and melted off into strong, pervasive heat. He gave himself up to this warmth, letting it flow through him and swirl gently about inside his head. Oh, boy! Languidly and rhythmically as seaweed swaying in the tide he slid back and forth. The bottom of the tub was smooth and white. Pretty different from taking a bath at home. The cracked, yellow paint peeled off the bottom of the tub there when you slid back and forth like this. And there was never enough hot water to more than half fill the the darn thing. However much you scrunched down some part of you was left shivering and naked.

One, two, three! With a supreme effort he leaped out of the warm sleepiness of the water. Energetically he rubbed himself. The bathroom was even niftier than the other room. White tiles gleaming, monogrammed bath-towels and bath rug to match, a little cave cut in the wall beside the tub for the soap. All this made taking a bath seem almost a ceremony.

As he walked into the bedroom he glanced at his watch. Twelve minutes to go! Dress-shirt studs proved a stumbling block. He had never before had to cope with them. Finally he was miraculously encased in his gleaming armor. Somehow the tie did not prove to be such a pitfall as expected. On with the coat, and he was all but ready. As he combed his steam-damp curls, he contemplated his entrancing reflection. The suit just fitted him. Altogether he looked pretty swell. Gently, almost with awe, he ran his fingers up and down the black satin lapels of the coat. He walked over to get a clean handkerchief from his suitcase. It was hard to walk naturally, feeling as he did rather like a wooden puppet. Gingerly he practiced sitting down and getting up again without bulging out the stiff shirt-front. His suspenders simply would not stay back under the coat where they belonged.

Stocky bounced in. "Ready? Well, let's go. I could eat fifteen courses without half trying."

They were the last ones down. As Stocky led him into the big drawing-room he felt suddenly weak with shyness. "Mother, this is the famous George Bryant. Cunning little runt, isn't he? Speak to the lady, Georgie."

His arm started to jerk upwards. He would have batted

Stocky over the head for his freshness; then he realized that it was not the thing to do here. Stocky's mother was smiling, was speaking to him in a smooth, low voice. Every word was shining and polished and perfect. "I am so glad that Stokes has managed to capture you at last. It is not often that we have such lions in captivity."

He shook hands with her, and muttered something about its being awfully decent of her to ask him. He felt more capable of speech now. The wobbly shyness had melted away. Mrs. Hallam's cool, formed self-assurance diffused out, affecting every person, almost everything in the room. Even the curtains at the windows, the design of the rug, seemed more pre-conceived and in their absolute places because of her presence. He himself felt stiffer, and more clear-cut in outline.

Stocky's father was rising from his deep chair, holding the evening paper, loose leaved, in one hand. Tall, grey-haired, ruddy, he was a perfect father to possess. In his day at Durham and Harvard he had probably been a famous athlete. Certainly he had been popular, and right in every detail of background and person. His voice had form and smoothness, as Mrs. Hallam's had had. Each word was like a rounded drop of water; the water of a trout stream, tawny and clear.

"How do you do, my boy? Glad to see you. So this is the sort of football material they have at Durham nowadays. Husky enough, husky enough." He ran an appraising eye over the boy's tall body. "Yes, they haven't turned puny yet. You look almost like the timber they had in the old days. I was on the team myself, back in '89. A jolly good team, too. But *I* never was captain. Old Buck Amory was. That is something to be, let me tell you, my boy. Being captain of the Durham football team is more of an honor for a boy than being Prince of Wales."

George felt gratified. He shook hands firmly with the older man, and, with re-acquired self-assurance, looked him straight in the eye as he did so. He wanted Mr. Hallam to like him. Praise from him was the sort of praise he most desired. It transferred part of the Hallam background to him, drew part of himself into its red velvet security.

"Thank you, sir," he heard himself saying. "You're the Hallam who made Hallam's run in the St. Giles game in

'89, aren't you? It's still the big legend. It's always held up to us as the shining example of football achievement."

The older man looked pleased. "Now, father, let me shake hands with the infant prodigy before you both get lost in football and dear old Durham" "George, this is Sylvia." She curtsied. "How do you do, George? Or should I call you *Mr. Bryant*? Or Captain? Stocky, my baby brother, you know, never posted me about which title you prefer. He is rather an oaf; no manners at all. Simply none."

"What a lie!" shouted Stocky. "I guess I have more manners in my little finger than you have altogether. If you had only let me introduce him properly, instead of bursting in like a young bombshell."

George was relieved to have the girl's attention diverted. He knew just how to take teasing from other boys, just how to thrust back at them in a gentlemanly duelling manner. But girls, girls like Stocky's sister; he had no idea how to respond to her light words. A serious conversation he might have attempted, having been given solidity and security by Mr. Hallam's cordial acceptance of him as another Durham football man. A flippant retort was, however, completely beyond him. He was afraid or not going far enough, of going too far. He stood there feeling hot and puffy inside the unfamiliar stiffness of his clothes. Redness squirmed through him and came out at the top of his collar.

"Dinner is served."

They went into the great formal dining room. George sat very straight in his chair. One had to in such a room. One had to make oneself part of the picture, fit smoothly into place against the background of dim family portraits, subdued candle-light, the gleaming of the polished table, of the silver and the glass, the soft-footed service of the butler. One could not obtrude. It must be low bas-relief with rounded edges and complete harmony of composition.

The dinner flowed on, unrestrained, unhurried. Nothing broke the smooth, lustrous surface of the conversation or of the service. Course after course was unobtrusively offered, unobtrusively eaten. Each mouthful gave the boy intense pleasure. Everything combined to make him feel utterly satisfied and at ease. And always there was the exquisite sense of having room for just one more drop of satisfaction.



For the moment he was completely, without backward or forward glances, the fairy prince: "Would midnight strike? He had forgotten that clocks existed.

"Are you related by any chance to the Hugh Bryants of Mount Kisco?" This pricked above the calm tide of the conversation.

For an instant the shining golden bubble quivered and was about to break. Then firmly, unhesitatingly: "Yes, I believe we are. Third cousins or something like that." As he said it he almost believed that it was true. It was what he wanted. It fitted into the perfection of the composition.

"Nice family," said Mr. Hallam. "Old Hughie Bryant was in my class at Harvard. He and I had to go through the initiation for the Dickie together. I'll never forget the commotion we caused doing our epileptic fits on the Park Square trolley."

The bubble was still iridescent, firm and without a flaw.

In the morning the two boys roamed about the city. George was shown the Woolworth Building, and the Stock Exchange. And then Stocky went shopping. He bought Christmas presents. From one astonishingly expensive store to another they wandered. He ordered a morocco jewel-case for his sister that cost more than the amount of George's quarterly clothes allowance. George played the game. His part was an easy one. With little effort he discussed hitherto unheard-of prices and qualities. "Gosh, but I'd like to get that for mother. But I'm stripped. My allowance isn't due for two weeks—Sure, Stocky, I'd get that. It's cheap at the price." Cheap! Lord, it costs much more than I'd ever think of paying for anything. "Sure, I'd get it if I were you."

They meandered in and out of more stores. Stocky became possessed with the idea of buying a derby. He tried one on. "I'm going to get this, George. All the fellows have them. They're absolutely the berries. And they're darned useful, too. It looks silly to wear an old mess of a felt hat around everywhere."

George tried one on too. The salesman tipped it at just the right angle. It certainly did look like the nuts. He paraded in front of the long glass, trying still other angles. "Come on, George. You better get it. It looks swell on you. Hon-

estly, anybody would think you were a senior in college." He hesitated; "How much is it?"

The salesman answered, sure of his ground. "Only ten dollars, sir, and the very latest model just in from London." Ten dollars for a hat! whew! And he would never have a chance to wear it. "Sure, come on, George. It looks swell. Ten dollars isn't so much, and this store absolutely knows what's what."

He gave in. He wanted to give in. The money was in his pocket. Trust to luck that some more would come in from somewhere. They had their old hats stowed away in paper bags, and stalked out on to the crowded streets, their derbies set at just faintly rakish angles. Proud and self-conscious, they sauntered along with the Saturday stream of insignificant people.

That night was the big dance: Sylvia Hallam's coming-out party. The whole house was transformed. The rugs were rolled away, the staid, complacent furniture removed. Flowers were everywhere. And yet, even with its surface so changed, the character of the house seemed the same. Flowers, and music, and throngs of gaily-dressed people, could not stir its serene self-assurance.

George had never had a better time. He was still the fairy prince. It might have been his ball. He moved in a golden haze. Without being definitely conscious of it, he knew that he was handsome, that he looked well in his Tuxedo, that he was rather a personage. All this streamed through his enjoyment in a shimmering undercurrent. The Hallams all took particular pains to give him a good time. He talked politely, without diffidence, to smooth, smiling friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hallam's. Sylvia and Stocky introduced him to their friends.

"Old man, I want you to meet George Bryant. I guess you know who *he* is." College men, grown-up and sophisticated, treated him as an equal. "How's the team coming along? What are the chances for the St. Giles game? How is the old Rector pulling?" They grew friendly; told him about shows that he ought to see, joints he ought to try, introducing him to the best girls. And always they passed him on as Bryant, captain of the Durham football team. His aureole of fame drifted radiant about his head.



He danced with countless girls, all of them like Sylvia. Small, glittering, darting chatter at him from the surging mist of music. He knew how to treat them now. He tossed their chatter back at them. Lightly he parried and thrust. Gracefully he said the usual graceful things, neither too flippant nor too heavy. He was properly responsive about himself and football, and yet properly modest. When, at fleeting instants, he had empty perspective in which to observe himself, he was astonished. He listened to his smooth-flowing line, watching himself dance, watching himself fill a place in the picture with absolute self-possession. He was admiring, proud of this man of the world who was, strangely, himself. Only for a moment would he be detached. Then swiftly and completely he merged again with this handsome, conquering George Bryant.

He danced with Sylvia several times. It was fun cutting in. It made him feel masterful and a bit condescending. He had forgotten the school-boy. Oriskany Falls no longer existed even as a name. He was a man, a successful man, who knew what he wanted, and got it merely by taking it. He smiled on all these bright feathers of girls from a superior height. He was a man. He catered to them indulgently, soaked up the warm spray of their admiration, and wanted more.

"Oh, Nancy, I want you to meet George Bryant! He's the big man of Durham, captain of the football team and everything else. Treat him gently . . ." "So you are the famous Porgie Bryant. I've heard so much . . ." "Pat! I've captured a big man for you to dance with. George Bryant, captain of the Durham football team. Watch out for him. He has turned out to be a lady-killer."

Sylvia whirled him from one sparkling, rainbow girl to another. Big man! Big man! He danced and danced. The music poured through him ; surging, crashing, foaming rhythm, blue and white and gold. Silver shimmering spray like a geyser in his head. "She's Got—Eyes of Blue—I Never Cared—For Eyes of Blue—But, She's Got—Eyes of Blue—So *That's* My Weakness Now."

They slept late the next morning; and immediately after lunch they had to take the afternoon express back to school. George hated to leave. He liked Mr. and Mrs.

Hallam. He liked Sylvia. He liked the house. They, all together, filled him out, made him feel complete. In wrenching away he left part of himself behind, embedded in this setting.

Again they were swept smoothly to the station in the big limousine. This time the streets were empty. They seemed naked in the pale Sunday morning light.

The porter was impressed by the car, and by the sleek dignity of the chauffeur. Very respectfully he led them through the station, very respectfully he arranged their bags in the parlor car, and touched his cap as they took the tip.

George still felt himself set against a background. Not until the train had clicked past 125th Street, and was clipping the edges of dull suburban backyards, did he relax and slouch back against the soft grey-green cushions.

Dazed from the long stuffy journey, he still moved as though in a dream as he climbed the dark wooden stairs to his room. It was study hour and the hall was deserted. He clumped up step by step, his heavy bag thumping against his legs. The rhythm, the colors, the faces, of the night before were swirling through his head in bright fragments.

He found a letter on his door. Familiar writing. Oriskany Falls, N. Y.; 3 P. M. Grey and solid, something unpleasant was looming up through the golden haze.

“Dearest Son:

Something so exciting has happened. At last I am going to see your school. You remember hearing me talk of Myrtle Foster, who I used to go to school with, she lived on Long Island. Well, she died yesterday of cancer. Of course, it is very sad, but it was better for her to pass on than to linger in terrible suffering. So I am coming up to the funeral. And right after that I shall come to see you. I am so pleased. It seems dreadful to say so doesn't it, with poor Myrtle about to be buried. But I do want to see the school where my great big boy has been so successful. How is the football going? You must be careful dear, and not get hurt. It is a rough game I know. And you must not neglect your studies for anything else. You know the church gave you the scholarship because of your good marks in the high school here. Oh, Georgie! do you know what Deacon Roy West told me at prayer-meeting on Friday night. He said that the committee had

written recommending you for the New York State scholarship at Harvard. He also said that the committee was *very* proud of your record at school. And so are we all. Your father has a clipping about you that he cut from Sunday's paper, and he shows it to everyone that comes into the store. I must stop now. I am right in the middle of fixing over my old black silk dress to go to the funeral in. Poor Mrytle. Goodbye, darling son. I will see you on Tuesday. I will have to telegraph you when I find out what train I can get. I can hardly wait to see you again, and all your friends, and your room."

Your loving Mother.

He slumped down on the window-seat. It couldn't be real. It wouldn't happen; it was all a dream. His mother coming to Durham! He felt the crumpled stiffness of the paper in his hand. Yes, she was coming. What could he do? He had always been so cordial and affectionate in his letters. Why not? It didn't take any trouble: Dear ma, I wish you could see the school; a list of his friends; someday you'll have to come up. If he'd thought for a minute that she ever really would come! Oh, Lord!

The picture of his mother and Stocky's side by side jumped before him. He shuddered and pressed his forehead against the cold, unheeding window-pane. How could he get out of it? Wild ideas raced through his mind, half-formed, tripping on each other's heels. He might run away; telegraph and say he was in the Infirmary; say there was a football game on some other school's field that afternoon. Anything, anything to keep her away. Nothing would work. He realized it with a dull thudding of his heart. If he went to the Infirmary she would come just the same, and he wouldn't be there to keep her from talking to people, to make her act the right way. Scheme after scheme he revolved, worrying them, turning them over, trying every angle. These plans were like great red cubes, standing out against a cloud of smoky black. Over and over each other tumbled the glowing, bloody shapes, now merging into the black smoke, now standing out clearly. He hit his head with hard fists, trying to get through the senseless covering to the seething, maddening whirl inside.

Boys bounded into the room. Study hall must be over. "Hi, Porgie! Did you have a swell time? How was the big town? Did you make a hit with the girls? Give us all the dope!"

Their inrush blew his problem to the back of his mind. He forced himself to act boisterous and easy. "Oh, baby, but I had a swell time. It was a hot dance Stocky's sister had . . ."

Sunday night passed; Monday, Monday night. He could not sleep. He could not concentrate on anything but the dreadful event which stalked nearer and nearer so inevitably. In bed he tossed and twisted from one side to the other. Red-hot waves battered, hammers pounded in his head. During the day he wandered in a grey fog, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his fingers clenched, his eyes unseeing. He played football and was called down by the coach on almost every play. In the second half of the practice game he was sent to the showers, and told to rest for a day and snap out of it by Wednesday.

Tuesday came. Nothing had stopped it. He knew that nothing would, but desperately and without reason he had hoped. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday.

He went to the village by the roundabout back way. He did not want to have anyone say "Hi, Porgie; going to the village? Wait for me!" There was a quarter of an hour to wait before his mother's train was due. Restlessly he hung about the waiting-room, reading all the signs, weighing himself, anticipating the click as each minute jumped away.

The train was coming. There was its impatient whistle as it left Baker's Bridge just up the line. He went out on the platform, looking anxiously to make sure that no one from school was in sight. The train snorted in. There were not many passengers for Durham. One by one they trickled off. Lord, there was Heminway. He stepped back behind a baggage truck. And there was his mother. Small and faded, carrying a straw suit-case, she darted eager glances about the platform.

He went forward. "Hello."

"Precious boy!" She dropped the suitcase and put her arms about him, holding him tightly, intensely. He



stiffened and tried not to draw away "Son, dearest, I'm so glad to see you My, but you've grown tall!"

He bent and kissed her cheek. Soft and loose it was like a horse's nose, only there was nothing to it. It sank away from him.

"Now tell me about everything, and show me everything."

He was uneasy. "Listen, Ma, don't you want to leave your suitcase here at the station until you come back? Then you won't have to bother with it."

Her face was lit up with happiness like a child's. Her eyes, watching him, were soft and shining. "I think I'll take it with me, son. To tell the truth I have a little surprise in it for you."

Resentfully he picked it up. What an awful looking thing it was. Probably there would be any number of fellows in the village to see him carrying the mouldy straw valise, to laugh at him, and to talk about it everywhere.

They walked slowly back towards the school. He tried to keep his attention on his mother's eager chatter, to look completely absorbed, but he could not prevent furtive glances up the street. Two or three times they passed groups of boys. He ignored them, and with his head lowered, talked busily.

"Who were those boys, Georgie? They were nice looking."

"Oh, I didn't notice particularly. Nobody special."

He tried to hurry her across the grounds, to get her in the privacy of his room as fast as possible. That terrible hat and coat. Again the comparison with Stocky's mother. She wanted to know the names of all the buildings. He jerked out information, without letting her stop to look, as she would have liked. "That's the Chapel. It was just finished last year. That's James P. Walker where we have classes. Some old guy gave it. That's the Rector's house. That's the Gym."

At last they were safely in his room. He shut the door and hastily scrawled a "Busy" sign. His mother stood in front of the mirror taking off her black taffeta hat, with its embroidery of jet beads.

"How do you like my new hat, Georgie?" She turned to him and smiled, waiting anxiously for his approval.

"It looks swell, Ma."

She glowed with pleasure for the appreciation. "Do you really like it? I thought it came out rather well. It isn't really new, you see. I didn't feel I could afford a new one what with the expensive journey and everything. It's just my old one that used to have feathers on it; do you remember? I took it down to Cousin Lou, and between us we made it over so that it looks like new."

"Yuh, it looks great. Don't you want to sit here? It's the most comfortable chair."

He tried to appear interested in the conversation, to ask leading questions. All the time he listened anxiously for footsteps outside in the hall.

"Well, give me all the news. How's Pop?"

"Oh, he is pretty well but he's not quite up to par. He had a little attack of intestinal flu and he's not quite himself just yet. And Georgie, he's getting a new suit! He hasn't had one for about three years so it's about time. I knew you'd be glad to hear. You used to fuss so about the old one."

"How's Aunt Emma?"

On and on they talked. At every noise in the corridor he started and was sick with apprehension. Outside the sun was getting low. The yellow and blue of the afternoon faded into the pale discouragement of the December twilight.

"Oh, I mustn't forget my surprise. I baked one of those chocolate layer cakes from Cousin Minnie Barlow's recipe that you like so much. I brought it all the way in my bag."

He tried to be as enthusiastic as he knew she expected him to be. "Gosh, that's great, Ma. You certainly took a lot of trouble."

There was a clatter outside, and in burst a boy. He stopped short, and smiled, "Oh I'm sorry, Porgie. I didn't think the sign meant anything."

"It's all right," said George curtly, without turning around. The boy hesitated, then turned and went out, closing the door with excessive gentleness.

"Georgie, who was that? He looked like such a nice boy. I'd like to meet some of your friends."

"Oh, you wouldn't want to meet him. He's sort of a dumb bunny. All the good ones are busy." Dumb bunny! He was one of his best friends; that was the trouble. "Listen, ma, I'm sorry, and I don't want to rush you, but I've got



the dickens of a lot of studying to do. There's a math exam tomorrow."

He bundled her safely out of the dormitory. It was dark outside now. They walked down to the station together. He no longer felt tightly wound up and rigid. The blackness sheltered him, relaxed him. He forgot his over-wrought apprehension. It was faintly remembered as an old pain. Tenderness for his mother flooded in with its passing. He took her arm. He put her carefully on the train and kissed her good-bye without shrinking, with real affection. Good old ma. It certainly was nice of her to bring him that cake.

At the last minute she pressed a crumpled bill into his hand. "Just a little present for you, precious boy. It was so nice to see you and the school and all. Do take care of yourself." The train grunted into momentum, and he was left standing alone on the platform.

A ten dollar bill. Gosh!

He felt light and free now that she was gone. Something dark and heavy that had been pressing him down had melted away into the night. He tried to deny his relief, but he could not feel really sorry, or ashamed. There was only the abstract realization that he should feel so.

On his way back through the village he stopped at the florist's and ordered five dollars worth of roses to be telegraphed to Oriskany Falls. "Mother. Love from George. Was great to see you."

He stuffed the change from the ten dollar bill into his pocket, and strode back towards the school, whistling "Harvardiana" to the rhythm of his stride. The cold night air shaved his cheekbones cleanly, washed past leaving him sharp-edged and strong.

There was half an hour before supper. Not worthwhile beginning the Latin assignment. He picked up his ukulele and sat on the windowseat practicing chords. Laboriously he placed his fingers on the strings according to the diagram in the directions. Strum, strum. It sounded pretty sour. He tried again. Then another chord.

"For the love of mud, what kind of a noise do you call that?" In clumped three boys, gasping and ruddy from a training run around the circle.

"Oh, Porgie, I've got the goods on you!" One of them

minced up, pointing his finger at George, his voice cracking to falsetto with amusement. "Where did you pick up the hayseed vamp?"

George stiffened, but kept on doggedly plunking away at the ukulele.

"Say, let me tell you that our shy little athlete has blossomed forth into a mean sheik. I was sending a telegram at the station, and what did my chaste eyes behold! There was little Georgie bear-hugging East Cranberry Corner's prize beauty! She was dressed sort of à la the Gay Nineties. Jest in from the country, Hiram. I swear there was straw sticking out all over her. He kissed her, too. Where'd you pick her up, Dapper Dan?"

They were all choking with laughter at the description. George looked up from the ukulele. "Oh, that. That was an old nurse of mine from the corn-belt. She used to take care of me when I was a kid, and she still thinks I'm her darling little lamb. She's always chasing me around, and sending me handkerchiefs for Christmas. I just have to be nice to her occasionally."

The words slipped off his tongue so easily. He was surprised, and at a hot point deep inside, shocked, at his fluency. He felt himself growing red. Dull heat rose through him like a tide, and blazing in his face.

"Oh, look at Georgie-Porgie! He's blushing! He's blushing! Our little sheik is blushing . . . Well, take my advice, old bean, and pick a snappier baby next time."

They found the chocolate cake, and made a dive for it. George methodically and persistently went on picking out chords, fingering them according to the manual.

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## A Jeweler's Window

ANNE BURNETT, '32

Heaven's wrought in porcelain and fitted in a bowl;  
The stars are caught in baskets and hung from Madam's ears;  
The slavery of Africa has chained our Western soul  
With bracelets—silver filigree, imported from Algiers.

## The Statue

BARBARA CHANNING, '29

*The people in the room are Emma Boyd, her bother, William, her sister-in-law, Julia, who is Mrs. Ellery Boyd. The room is the library of a simple house in the country. It has a fireplace, a piano, a center table, and, at the right, a closet door. The shutters are closed and there are vases full of sickly smelling white flowers. Several fine Italian pictures are on the walls, notably a Crucifixion over the mantel. The Boyds are all in the later fifties and all in deep mourning.*

JULIA (*mopping her forehead with eau de Cologne*): This has been most exhausting, and such a waste of time.

EMMA: Really, Julia, I don't think you can call the last act of respect a waste of time, even if—er—

JULIA: After all, Emma, he was your father, not mine. And though of course I'm glad to come, because I know my dear husband would have wished it, you must admit a father-in-law whom one has never seen isn't quite the same as a father.

EMMA: William and I have scarcely seen him either. He left our poor dear mother when we were mere children. Still a father is a father.

WILLIAM: He really behaved disgracefully. Left our poor mother with three young children to support, married again the moment the divorce was made absolute—

EMMA: Mother did wrong to divorce him.

JULIA: Dear me, she did exactly right. I'm sure he was a horrid husband. Look at the will. He never thought of his only grandson, dear little fellow.

WILLIAM: You could hardly expect that, when he never even recognized the existence of his own children.

EMMA: Except, of course, Lavinia.

WILLIAM: And he left her only the pictures. They're no use to her. The terms of the bequest forbid her to sell them.

JULIA: I didn't expect money, being only his son's wife—and the mother of his grandson, but that doesn't signify—

- but I think one of those pictures—as a remembrance—Italy. I met Ellery in Italy. “Open my heart and you shall see graven inside of it, Italy.” Dear Browning.
- EMMA: None of the children of his first marriage seem to count at all.
- JULIA: Now what I want to know—no one ever seems to tell me these things—who is this man Bennett who gets the rest of the estate?
- WILLIAM: Austen Bennett, Dr. Austen Bennett. An archaeologist. He may have been a colleague of father’s; I don’t see any other connection.
- EMMA: We might ask Lavinia. She’ll know.
- WILLIAM (*taking an inventory off the table*): The appraisers set a high value on these pictures. I don’t see that.
- JULIA: William, you have very little sensitiveness to beauty.
- WILLIAM: Hello, they mention a statue. I’d forgotten that. I suppose it’s *the* statue.
- EMMA: You mean the one the papers were full of, his great discovery that he wouldn’t give to any museum? I suppose Lavinia gets that, too.
- WILLIAM: Oh, yes, Lavinia gets that, too. That was a queer scandal, very queer. All the museums hounded him for years, but he wouldn’t give in.
- EMMA: Queer indeed. William, do you suppose—
- WILLIAM: Shh. Here comes Lavinia.  
(*Enter Lavinia, not in mourning, quite beautiful in an austere way.*)
- EMMA: So you’ve seen fit to change your clothes, Lavinia? I should have thought that respect, at least—
- WILLIAM: I think there is reason on Lavinia’s side, Emma. There’s very little reason why any of us should continue to wear mourning.
- EMMA: I shall. I consider it the least one can do. A father is a father.
- WILLIAM: Do sit down, Lavinia—er—my dear.
- LAVINIA: Thank you. (*She does so very composedly, puts on a pair of tortoise-shell glasses, and begins to knit.*)
- WILLIAM: Naturally enough, Lavinia, we are curious to know more about our father, since he was a stranger to us for so many years.
- EMMA: He left us thirty-five years ago.

LAVINIA: Even more than that. I'm thirty-five.

WILLIAM: In the newspapers, of course, he was well known to us as an eccentric. He must have been quite a character, the old gentleman.

LAVINIA: He was very good company.

WILLIAM: He was fond of you, was he? An affectionate parent?

LAVINIA: In his way, yes. He was never a demonstrative man.

EMMA (*whispering loudly in William's ear*): Bennett.

WILLIAM: Eh?

EMMA (*whispering*): Bennett. Who is this Dr. Bennett?

WILLIAM: Of course. Thank you, Emma. Lavinia, we feel a natural curiosity about Dr. Bennett, who must have been such a friend of our father's. A man of about the same age, I suppose? A colleague?

LAVINIA: No, they knew each other very slightly and never worked together. Dr. Bennett is a comparatively young man.

WILLIAM: You know him?

LAVINIA: I used to. I haven't seen him for a good many years.

WILLIAM: Why was our father so much interested in him? Did he look to the younger man to carry on his work?

LAVINIA: Hardly. I can't remember a single subject on which they agreed. Dr. Bennett is one of the curators of the Museum that tried for so many years to get hold of the statue.

WILLIAM: Ah, yes, the statue. This is very odd, Lavinia, don't you think?

LAVINIA: No.

WILLIAM: No? Isn't it strange that our father should leave his estate to a man he couldn't agree with, and only a few works of art, which are valueless because you can't sell them, to you? You, who gave up the best years of your life to him? I, for one, can't understand it.

EMMA: Don't you think it's very queer, Lavinia? Of course, we never expected anything, but *you*—

JULIA: I should have liked just one picture. Oh, that vision of *plein air* that Verrocchio gets into his back-grounds—"An everlasting wash of air, Rome's ghost since her decease."



LAVINIA: I'm perfectly satisfied, and of course, since you never expected anything anyway, you are too.

JULIA: But, my dear child, we think of you. As a parent myself, I can't understand how your father can have failed to provide for you. An unnatural father, and you, who were his Cordelia—

EMMA: His conduct in regard to the statue was rather unusual, wasn't it?

LAVINIA: There's nothing strange in that. He loved it. It was a friend to him.

JULIA: I understand. The spell of beauty—Mayn't we see the statue, Lavinia? Where is it?

LAVINIA: There, in the broom closet.

JULIA: In the broom closet? (*Tries the door.*) But it's locked.

LAVINIA: Yes.

JULIA: Have you the key?

LAVINIA: Yes.

JULIA: Then won't you—

LAVINIA: It's Dr. Bennett's key. I prefer to hand it direct to him when he comes.

EMMA: If you aren't willing to show us the statue, perhaps you'll at least tell us what it's like.

LAVINIA: Oh, certainly. It's a marble figure of Eros, the god of love, three-fourths lifesize, wings and arms broken off, nose slightly defaced, found at Olympia and attributed to the period directly following the Persian Wars.

EMMA: Oh. How interesting.

LAVINIA: Father would have liked to attribute it to Phidias, but didn't feel he could. The treatment of the hair is distinctly archaic, and the eyelids are rather heavy to be Phidian work.

WILLIAM: Quite. Thank you, Lavinia. We can visualize it perfectly. But it does seem strange that Father should have been so fanatically attached to a statue with no arms and a broken nose—

EMMA: A heathen god.

LAVINIA (*pointing to the Crucifixion*): Well, what else is that?

EMMA (*after a shocked pause*): Really, Lavinia, even if you aren't a Christian, you might respect the beliefs of others.



JULIA: I can't hear a thing like that said of the—the Crucified.

WILLIAM: We must make allowances for Lavinia's—er—unconventional upbringing. To return to the subject, don't you agree with us, Lavinia, that our father's behavior has been rather extraordinary?

LAVINIA: No.

WILLIAM: My dear sister, you don't understand me. In your interests it might well be proved—

LAVINIA: Oh, I've understood you all along. But I think you'll have a hard time trying to prove that Father was insane.

WILLIAM: You don't entirely understand me, Lavinia. Don't you realize that your interests—

LAVINIA: My interests don't alter the truth.

EMMA: I can't understand your attitude, Lavinia.

LAVINIA: You wouldn't be likely to.

*(Enter a maid.)*

MAID: Dr. Bennett is here, Miss Boyd.

LAVINIA: Thank you. Ask him to come in. *(The maid goes out. Lavinia pulls off her glasses, but after a moment's hesitation puts them on again. Enter Austin Bennett.)* How do you do, Dr. Bennett? I'm glad to see you.

AUSTEN: Thank you, Miss Boyd. I started as soon as I got your telegram.

LAVINIA: Do you know my family? My sister, Miss Boyd—Dr. Bennett. Mrs. Ellery Boyd, and my brother—Dr. Bennett.

AUSTEN: There seems to be a taxi outside. I hope I'm not detaining anybody.

EMMA: Oh, has our taxi come? We must leave, Lavinia. You and Dr. Bennett must have business to discuss. Good-bye, dear.

WILLIAM: You will hear from me shortly, Lavinia, about the matter we were just speaking of. When you've thought it over I know you'll want to cooperate.

JULIA: Good-bye, Lavinia. I will think of you among your exquisite treasures. O Italy.

LAVINIA: Good-bye. *(They go.)*

AUSTEN: I'm sorry to have interrupted a family conference.

LAVINIA: It's about time you came. They were urging me to help them prove poor Father insane.

AUSTEN: By heaven, I think he was. If you go ahead I shan't contest the action.

LAVINIA: Do sit down. Don't mind my moving around. I've got to throw away these awful floral tributes. (*She throws the flowers into the waste-basket and opens the shutters.*) That's better, isn't it? Smoke if you want to.

AUSTEN: Thank you. But to get back to the point, I really wonder about your father. Why, he hardly knew me, and what he did know he didn't like. The last time I saw him—it must have been all of eight years ago—he told me to go to hell.

LAVINIA: That sounds like Father. (*She sits down and knits.*)

AUSTEN: By the way, I haven't said how sorry I am, how I've thought of your being left alone—

LAVINIA: That's very nice of you, but don't bother to say it.

AUSTEN: It isn't a bother. I'm not good at expressing these things, but I do most sincerely—

LAVINIA (*much moved*): Don't.

AUSTEN: Lord, I'm sorry. I can't seem to say things tactfully.

LAVINIA: It's only that you're the first person who has realized that I might possibly feel a little sorrow at losing my father. My dear brother and sisters aren't awfully perceptive. But they're rather amusing. Did you notice?

AUSTEN: Seriously, though, I think they have the right idea about your father. The way I see this, Miss Boyd—

LAVINIA: Did you use to call me Miss Boyd eight or ten years ago?

AUSTEN: I didn't, did I? I'd forgotten.

LAVINIA: I think you've even forgotten what you did call me.

AUSTEN: Not at all. Your name is—(*he peeks at the telegram in his pocket*)—Lavinia.

LAVINIA: Exactly. It's been a long time, hasn't it?

AUSTEN: A very long time. I don't think I'd have known you again if you hadn't spoken first.

LAVINIA: You can't expect eight years not to make a difference.

AUSTEN: Oh, Lord, another break. I didn't mean that, Lavinia, I meant—

LAVINIA: It's all right, Austen. I know what you meant.

AUSTEN: You know more than I do, then. But you look as if you'd learned a great deal, though I remember you as having always been rather wise for your age. You see it all comes back to me now. But let's get down to brass tacks, Lavinia. You know I can't take your father's estate away from you. It ought to be yours. It is yours.

LAVINIA: It's yours now.

AUSTEN: I won't take it. I've never done anything for your father except pester him about that statue until he was sick of the sight of me. You've given him your life; you haven't any special means of support; you haven't married. I don't need this money; I have a perfectly adequate salary.

LAVINIA: Have you? I thought perhaps you hadn't. I wondered at your not marrying.

AUSTEN: I haven't married because I've never wanted to—that is, since I've been able to afford to. If I'd been left a fortune ten years ago it might have been different. But you know how it is as the years go on. We find life pretty comfortable. We dislike change.

LAVINIA: We seem to.

AUSTEN: Life's ironical, isn't it? Ten years ago, when I wanted money, I didn't have it, and now, when I don't need it, it's thrust upon me. I used to want to marry then. You know, I haven't thought of it for years, but I remember now that you were one of the girls I was rather in love with.

LAVINIA: Oh, really?

AUSTEN: Funny, isn't it?

LAVINIA: Very.

AUSTEN: You were awfully attractive but you never gave a fellow much encouragement. Well, this is just another reason why I can't take your father's money.

LAVINIA: You might as well. I won't.

AUSTEN: Well, neither will I.

LAVINIA: We seem to have reached a deadlock.

AUSTEN: Please, Lavinia—

LAVINIA: Father's wish comes first. Give the money to charity, if you like, but stop bothering me about it.

AUSTEN: Do you know what I should really like to do with it? I should like to buy your statue for the Museum. Why isn't that a good solution?

LAVINIA: Because the will doesn't allow me to sell the statue.

AUSTEN: Oh, damn the will. Lavinia, your father was a raving lunatic.

LAVINIA: I don't think so.

AUSTEN: Do stop knitting and trying to look like a sphinx. Can't you see reason, my good woman? That will must be broken.

LAVINIA: Go and arrange it with my brother William. He'd be only too delighted to help.

AUSTEN: I'd like to shake you.

LAVINIA: Do, if it would relieve your feelings.

AUSTEN: And you go on knitting. Is there anything in that precious will to prevent your *lending* the statue, at least?

LAVINIA: Not in the will, but I happen to know that Father didn't want it lent.

AUSTEN: Then I suppose I can't accuse you of selfishness, though I should like to. Don't you think the pleasure of thousands is of more importance than the wish of one dead man?

LAVINIA: He trusted me to keep it.

AUSTEN: But you can't even keep it properly looked after. You can't afford to pay taxes on an enormously valuable thing like that, or to have it properly cleaned. You know you can't.

LAVINIA: There are ways of earning money, Austen.

AUSTEN: Do you mean to say that you're going to work for the sole purpose of keeping a statue in the style to which it has been accustomed?

LAVINIA: Exactly.

AUSTEN: Here, give me that knitting. Now take off those glasses and look me in the eye. Can you conscientiously tell me that you see any sense in your father's wishes?

LAVINIA: Yes, I can.

AUSTEN: Good Lord, you do really mean it. Well then, will you tell me what he was driving at? I can't make anything of it. He leaves you a statue that's no earthly use to you without money, and he leaves me money that's no earthly use to me if I can't have the statue. Perhaps you'll enlighten my ignorance?

LAVINIA: If you can't see it yourself, I can't tell you.

AUSTEN: And if you don't tell me I certainly can't see it.

LAVINIA: It's a pity, that's all.

AUSTEN: Well, I see it's no use. It's a disappointment, though.

LAVINIA: I'm sorry. I really am. Should you like to have a look at the statue before you go?

AUSTEN: Very much, but I didn't think you'd be willing to let me.

LAVINIA: I'm not quite that selfish. (*She unlocks the closet and discloses the statue.*)

AUSTEN: You beauty. You marvel.  
(*A pause.*)

LAVINIA: I'll have to confess. I'm not all sense of duty. I'm selfish. Don't blame me too much.

AUSTEN: Blame you, for wanting to keep that? I'd forgotten what a wonder it is. I shouldn't have tried to take it away.

LAVINIA: I suppose I'm rather silly about it, but I haven't haven't had much else, you know. I never told you, did I, that I was in love once? (*She talks, matter-of-factly, as she locks up the closet.*) He was rather a shy young man, and he had gentlemanly scruples because his salary wasn't large, and I never dared encourage him because I knew he could persuade me to leave Father.—Here, take it.

AUSTEN: What's this for?

LAVINIA: The key. It's yours. The house and the closet are yours anyway, so you might as well have what's inside.

AUSTEN: You mean you're giving it to me? Giving me the statue?

LAVINIA: Aren't you intelligent to have guessed?

AUSTEN: But your father—

LAVINIA: I dare say he's turning in his grave. It doesn't



matter. He's dead and I'm alive. (*She stands at the piano with her back turned, and picks out the theme of the "Dies Irae" with one finger.*)

AUSTEN: My dear, you've taken my breath away. I can't take your statue, but I shall never forget how sweet you've been. (*He lays the key on top of the piano.*)

LAVINIA: You'll have to take it. I won't.

AUSTEN: But you said yourself it meant so much to you—

LAVINIA: That's why I want you to have it. (*Playing badly, without the pedal.*) This is the Statue Music from "Don Giovanni".

AUSTEN: Do stop that racket and listen to me. We can't have another deadlock, and it's up to you to be reasonable.

LAVINIA: You said yourself, Austen, that the statue was no use without the money and the money no use without the statue. As there seems to be no other practicable way of uniting them, I give the statue to you.

AUSTEN: And I give it back, with the money.

LAVINIA: I decline it. It would give me more pleasure to think of it as yours.

AUSTEN: Lavinia, I think that for these past eight years you've been remembering something that I forgot.

LAVINIA: It's a way we women have.

AUSTEN: But I remember now. Do you think your father had in mind a simpler way of uniting the money and the statue?

LAVINIA: Yes, but I said just now it was impracticable.

AUSTEN: Are you sure? It seems to me your father was a pretty wise old fellow. He saw that when you have two complementary elements that aren't complete without each other you must put them together. Why can't that apply to people as well as to anything else? Why can't it, Lavinia?

LAVINIA: I suppose—it can.

AUSTEN: I think your father was saner than any of us.

(*Curtain*)



## The Gorgon's Head

ELIZABETH ZALESKY, '30

Men have seen Proserpine,  
Artemis, Eurydice,  
A fleeting vision, fading fast  
Into the limbo of the past.  
Those who looked on Helen's hair,  
They, remembering, found it fair;—  
Dreams of thin hands gave relief  
To little thoughts bound up in grief.  
But I wonder what they said,  
Those who saw Medusa's head—  
Features delicate and grim,  
Dead lips smiling, dead eyes dim,  
Tender skin whereon there lay  
The fascination of decay.—  
Did they count their fortunes kind  
To see her once and then go blind?  
Or did they curse with freezing breath  
The vision that brought only death?  
Quiet dead men must forget  
The beauties they once knew—and yet,  
Do memories come to statues stone  
As they stand dreaming all alone?

## The Making of John

TO BE designated as a damn fool is, under any circumstances, somewhat unpleasant, but to be thus specified in strident yells, from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus in the upper nineties, within earshot of a score of the season's debutantes and their wired-haired foxes is worse than unpleasant; it is almost unbearable. It is this kind of thing, precisely, that makes one's flesh squirm.

John Carrington, the ruddy instigator of this foul profanity, stumbled down the bus steps to the pavement, twirled his cane to appear nonchalant, and ruined the effect by bolting up the stairs of a brownstone house squeezed between two apartments, and by making an ignominious retreat therein. In the library he drew a long breath, sank down upon a velvet lounge, and, after settling his new cordovans on one arm, and his head six feet distant upon the other, he folded his hands over a most offensively coloured tie, and slept.

One could not conceive of a harsh voice, or a quick step, or a glaring light, in Miss Matilda Carrington's library. Yielding maroon rugs, heavy, lugubrious tapestries, a stark, black marble fire-place, and a portrait of a sallow, peering uncle, all contributed towards an atmosphere of dismal melancholy. The window shades, drawn down to exclude all the light but three rectangular outlines of yellow sun, exuded an unhealthy, greenish gloam. But John was asleep and unsusceptible to the depression of his surroundings.

A butler shuffled towards him, coughed, and laid a discreet forefinger upon his shoulder. Then he whispered, "Sir," and pushed gently but firmly with three fingers. The perfect composure of John's features was suddenly marred by an ecstatic smile. He breathed a raptured, "*Alice!*" The butler raised his eyebrows.

John awoke reluctantly, and seeing the butler, hurried to the front door, imploring him not to call his aunt.

"But she'll have heard you come in, sir! The door was off the latch while I was polishing the brass. I'd gone in for a clean rag, sir—"

Miss Carrington, herself, swept between the portières.

She smiled at John,—that is, she raised both corners of her mouth simultaneously and let them drop, extended a white hand to her nephew and said, “John, you have been in a public row.”

Miss Carrington had an excellent mind and inflexible moral principles, and she had walked through this vale of tears for fifty years in mauve satin, with her chin high and her heart pure, and not once had she strayed from the straight and narrow, and not once had she committed the semblance of a *faux pas*. She had her frailties,—sudden surges of glamorous and thrilling suspense, and unreasonable feelings of anxiety,—but they all had their source in a curtained book-case upstairs, the insidious fount, which supplied her with a host of vicarious passions, still furtively replenished on stormy nights, when nobody would call.

She had a great affection for her nephew, an affection which began when John, at five, had displayed a profound admiration for a hideous yellow cat, detested by everyone but Miss Carrington. From that time on her affection had increased almost to the point of blind devotion, for it was in his behalf that she was to commit her only moral offense.

She spent her mornings in a rocker in the bay window of the upstairs sitting room, and after thirty years of sitting there, she had accumulated a great store of knowledge.

She knew, for instance, that Miss Deborah Rand had a bad-tempered chow, and that Miss Nancy Crane got her turned-up nose from her father. She knew, too, that Sue Banks had worn purple for the last three Thursdays, and that Molly Bedford always insisted on walking too fast for her mother, until that panting matron gasped a protest, usually just in front of the next door apartment house. She knew that John had been called a damn fool from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

He explained to her that a man on the bus had refused to give him enough room on the seat, that he had requested him most courteously to move over, that he had again refused, that he, John, had socked him on the jaw, and that when the conductor came running up, John had decided to get off.

Miss Carrington did not comment, but asked John why he hadn't come to see her for so long. John knew she knew why, and he considered it extremely bad form of her to ask.

He had been requested to leave college some months before and his father had unexpectedly taken the matter very much to heart.

"Well, Aunt, since I got kicked, we've had some stirring scenes at home. Real pathos stuff! Father threatens to throw me out, Mother weeps; Father weakens and swears. Everybody's damning me for this and that, you know, and I thought you might feel the same inclination." He pooh-poohed the idea with an easy laugh, but upon looking at his aunt, the laugh described a neat transition into blushing anxiety.

He stood up and thought he had better go. His aunt said, "Sit down!" and her voice was ominous and her eyes big with sombre solemnity.

She drew a long breath. "I do feel the same inclination, but I hope for better results than my brother has had. During the past year you have been the source of great shame to me. I dread reading the newspapers. First, it was that ghastly accident on the Post Road and the frightful headline, *Four Killed as Wealthy Scion Drives into Truck after Roadhouse Revels*. Then, when they arrested you in the night club, and when you lost some bet and sat astride the lion in front of the Public Library all morning and had your picture in the *Graphic*. The butler showed it to me and I was so mortified I had to leave the luncheon table. John, you're on the road to hell! It's written in all the papers."

She clenched her hands, and for a moment her whole body trembled, then stiffened suddenly as she made a passionate declaration of faith in her forbears.

"But I'll be the making of you, John! I won't let a Carrington go to hell. A Carrington *can't* go to hell!"

John felt intolerably uncomfortable. His aunt's fierce fervency was suddenly, in quick, dramatic contrast, transformed into wistful and tremulous entreaty.

"Why, John, why, in the name of Heaven, don't you go to work?"

"Because I don't see any sane reason why I should work, Aunt Matilda! I'm a throwback, perfectly plain case. Look at our ancestors, English squires who never did a damn thing but drink and hunt and curse if distemper got into the kennels. They had sense enough not to work, so've I. If it's

the conventional thing now for fellows of my class to hang around an office, is that any reason why I should stick around one, too? And that hell stuff, Aunt, is drivel. You don't know what a bad egg is."

Miss Carrington's knuckles were white and her eyes blazed in supreme contempt.

"It is your total lack of gratitude that astonishes me! Do you never realize that you owe your parents something? They have given you the best of everything, the finest environment at home, at school, and at college, that the country affords, and you have emerged without a spark of ambition in you and with the conviction that it is vulgar to work."

John smiled wisely and sadly.

"I am afraid, Aunt Matilda, that that tendency in parents to give their offspring the best they can afford is but a combination of instinct and conceit. Mr. Read just bought a yacht for his son, Jack, the lunatic. It's pure instinct."

John bent his superior head to adjust the tongues of his shoes, and Miss Carrington studied him anxiously, at the same time hiding unsteady hands under the ruffles of her skirt, gnawing at her underlip, and altogether behaving in a manner totally unnatural to her.

John jumped and looked up quickly at the hard, dispassionate tone which she had suddenly assumed. She was talking rapidly and staring at a point just below his chin. A certain police lieutenant had had the same disconcerting trick.

"—and I have decided to tell you something, something you should never have known had you not convinced me both by your actions and your talk that you are an unreliable spendthrift. I see no reason to think you will ever be otherwise. I hoped it wouldn't be necessary and I gave you six months to settle down, but it would be cowardly to put it off any longer. These parents, John, whose kindness you call conceit, are not yours. They—they adopted you!"

John drew a quick breath and stood up. An intermittent ripple in his cheek indicated that it was his molars that were bearing the brunt of his emotion. Otherwise, he stood stiff and motionless.

Suddenly wheeling upon his aunt he spoke in a curiously hushed and breathy voice. "I want to thank you, Aunt, for



telling me—*very* much!" Then he fled out of the front door.

When a fairly intelligent brain has for eighteen years been accustomed to associate a certain gray mustache, and a particular pair of blue eyes with the familiar titles of father and mother, it cannot, try as it may, dissolve that association in an afternoon. Moreover, John had danced until daylight, and his brain was functioning somewhat more reluctantly than usual.

Possibly, a brain habituated to catastrophe would have grasped something of the situation, something of the double calamity in the loss of both parents and fortune, but John's brain failed completely.

He had, however, by the time he reached Fiftieth Street, accumulated such a store of vicious venom and hatred for his "set" and his "crowd" that he actually found it easier to breathe if he muttered.

There have been innumerable wrathful young men on Fifth Avenue, young men with nothing short of black fury in their hearts and red rage in their eyes, in perfect accordance with the accepted symptoms of anger, but not one of them ever *spluttered* wrath as did John Carrington.

So all this time the crowd had been wagging their damn heads and calling him just another argument for Heredity versus Environment, just one big mistake, an expensive error, and a good lesson to childless parents with the urge to adopt some brat from the slums! Everything money could buy and the guy no good! Well, here's where he'd show them! Here's where he'd smash their rotten theories! Blue blood, eh? Blah! It was hokum, and he'd show 'em! Funny how he'd always hated them,—the crowd that *watched* everything, that fringed polo fields in white flannels and patted soft, pink palms when somebody shot a goal—the crowd that littered observation trains and waved flags at exhausted crews, and murmured appropriate Oh's and Ah's at tennis matches—the eternal gallery. How they loved to *watch* chaps sweat, while they sat around and sucked up iced tea, damn it!

He had never seemed to himself like one of them, these smug, these languid heirs, and now he knew precisely why.

Oblivious to a sudden whine of brakes and the hoarse, bass blasphemy of a taxi driver, he forged across Fifty-fourth



Street, and several young things turned and stared dumbly after him, appalled by the majesty of his wrath.

He was getting groggy. His aunt's portentous news, the heat, the crowds, and the gigantic stride which he had feverishly maintained for two miles were making him distinctly groggy.

But he had to get a job.

No very "parfait, gentil knight" had a vaguer, more shadowy conception of the Holy Grail than had John of his job, and no knight ever coveted with more passionate desire the symbolic cup than did John his job.

Perspectives and proportions became confused and obscured, but above and beyond the tumult soared his job, the one, the main, momentous issue of life, the most desirable object on earth.

Near Fifty-sixth Street he saw an awning labeled, *National Broadcasting Company*. Suddenly inspired, he turned in under the awning and charged into the elevator.

He had decided two blocks earlier that he was the son, bastard maybe, of a Finnish maid, because he had taken a great fancy to every Finn his mother had ever employed, and (more conclusively) he had always excelled at track.

After some delay, John confronted a large, genial gentleman whom he addressed with impressive earnestness.

"I am a Finn, sir, a Finn (he was a little groggily insistent upon his nationality) and I'm familiar with French and Italian."

Some time later the Finn rang his aunt's door bell.

Miss Carrington drew a deep breath at sight of her radiant nephew.

"How are you, John?"

John tried and failed to create an impression of non-chalant calm. He drawled, suspiciously bored, "I'm splendid, thanks, Aunt, but busy, rather. I decided to pick up a job this morning, and they've put a good deal of responsibility on me already. But it's good to be back in harness again."

There was an odd confusion of prides in his aunt's eyes. She was proud of herself and proud of him.

"John, my dear boy, I knew, I knew! Run home and tell your father that he has a clever sister. Don't tell your mother; she might think me hard."

John gaped. "Then you were only spoofing me about being adopted?"

Miss Carrington *giggled*, rejuvenated by her triumph.

"Oh, of course, John, don't be ridiculous! But tell me, what firm have you joined?"

John was eager and vociferous. "I'm radio announcer for WAMC, and I'm covering the fight to-night from a ringside seat, and Father and every guy I know are going to be perched a mile away, and—

Miss Carrington faltered, "You—you mean you're a—radio announcer?"

"For a swell station, W——."

"I understand, John." She rose abruptly and swept, imperious and contemptuous, toward the staircase, where she turned to dismiss the announcer with a curt, "Good morning, it's my rest hour," and proceeded up the stairs.

John walked home in ecstasy, puzzled somewhat by the quaint ways of maiden aunts, but more particularly anxious about the proper method used to get the champion to say a few words to "the folks listenin' in."



## You Are Not God

BARBARA CHANNING, '29

You are not God. Your little world is bounded  
Where prejudice and passion hem it in.  
You're lost ten times a day, perplexed, confounded,  
Not always kind, and never free from sin.  
There's greatness in you, but, afraid to show it,  
You strangle it and trample it roughshod.  
You ache for love, and never even know it.  
Imperfect, incomplete! you are not God.

And yet my spirit, who is God's own daughter,  
Without you lacks the stuff of life entire,—  
Her crust of bread, her little cup of water,  
Clothing and shelter, kindling for her fire.  
God is no use in this necessity;  
Only your need can fill the need in me.

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## Travel

ANNE BURNETT, '32

See the lovely lady there,  
Sitting languid in a chair,  
Looking at the smiling faces  
Of the pictured pleasure places.  
Shall she go to St. Moritz?  
Her preference is Biarritz.  
Oh, lady, do you realize  
The world's bright beauty and its size,  
And that happiness may lie  
In Petrograd or Paraguay?

# The Dynamo

MARY OAKFORD, '31

## SCENE

*(Anything which to the scenery-designer represents the universe. It must, however, have a door, preferably at the back of the stage—an impressive-looking door, since it is to be used only by God Himself. All of the human beings in the play must enter through unobtrusive openings in the wings. During the first part of the play is to be heard a low buzzing sound, like the faint grating of several unoiled wheels against each other. When the curtain rises the stage is empty, but soon a man enters with a sword. He is evidently looking for someone, and while he wanders abstractedly about the stage another man enters boldly and resolutely from the opposite side, not seeing the first. The two meet abruptly in the center.)*

SECOND: Who are you? What are you doing here?

FIRST: I am the Pursuer and I am looking for the Pursued.

SECOND: How do you *know* that you are the Pursuer?

FIRST: I don't. But as long as none of us are really anything, I might as well pretend that I am the Pursuer as anything else, mightn't I?

SECOND (*plaintively*): But, you see, I was going to pretend that *I* was the Pursuer. (*Noticing the other's sword*). Only I hadn't thought of getting a sword. I suppose that makes it easier, doesn't it?

FIRST: Oh, a tremendous help! Having a sword is more than half of being a Pursuer. But you needn't try to be a Pursuer, too, because, I intend to pretend that you're the Pursued.

SECOND: I don't want to be the Pursued. You can't make me be it when I don't want to.

FIRST: I can do it because my imagination is stronger than yours. I can not only imagine myself as a much better Pursuer than you can imagine yourself as, but at the same time I can imagine you as Pursued and make you see what I imagine. For instance, I am going to run around you waving my sword in your face and shouting. It will frighten you dreadfully.

SECOND (*resolutely*): No, it won't. I won't let it frighten me.

FIRST: But I tell you it will. Why, you simply can't help being frightened—I shall look terrific! And besides, everyone always *is* afraid of me—everyone else except myself, I mean.

SECOND (*suspiciously*): I don't believe you've ever been a Pursuer before. That's a brand new sword in your hand.

FIRST (*with a slight and momentary loss of self-possession*): Well, as a matter of fact, this is the first time but that doesn't have anything to do with it, for I could describe to you *exactly* what the others would have done if there had *been* any others. They would have stood still—and turned pale—and trembled—and felt their knees shake—and their hands grow cold—and their hearts beating faster and faster—until—at last—what do you suppose they felt?

SECOND (*his voice quivering with terror*): I don't know.

FIRST: Something sharp, and cold, and STEEL!

SECOND (*weakly*): Your sword!

FIRST (*triumphantly*): Yes. Now watch! (*dances about the other, waving and brandishing his sword in a manner that is truly dreadful. The Pursued stands watching him silent and spell-bound exhibiting all the required symptoms.*) There, what do you think of that? Now are you willing to be the Pursued?

SECOND (*in a feeble gasp*): Oh, I don't see how I ever thought that I could have possibly been a Pursuer myself.

FIRST (*to himself*): Perhaps, if you hadn't believed everything you saw—(*aloud*) Now I shall pretend to kill you! (*lunges at Pursued with sword, but arrests it in mid-air and does not touch him. The Pursued stands still for a second and then proceeds to die, exactly as if wounded by the sword. The Pursuer, after watching his death struggles, drags his body away. The Lover and the Lady enter together, arguing.*)

LADY: But I do not wish to. As you know, I am but human and therefore love only myself and that all too imperfectly. Why should I waste my time in pretending to love you also? Show your make-believe to someone else.

LOVER: But you haven't seen it yet. It's a beautiful one. Really, it is!



LADY: My dear, you must stop swearing. That's the third time today that you have said "really". And you know you *promised* that you'd stop just as soon as I stopped saying "truly".

LOVER: That only shows you how excited I am. But please look now while I show you. (*Kneeling at her feet*) See, I kneel here before you, and you, looking down into my piteous face, feel your heart begin to soften toward me. Presently you decide that condescension would appear very becoming in a lady of your birth, and breeding and you—

LADY (*pushing him roughly away*): Stop, I don't want to hear any more. Yesterday when I was all alone I pretended to myself the part that you want me to take and I didn't like it at all. So if you show me any more I shan't look at you.

LOVER: I can't pretend all by myself—I need someone to watch me.

LADY (*distressed*): Yes—yes—of course you do, I know. But I don't quite see what I can do about it, do you? (*with sudden inspiration*) Wait, I have an idea! I know something that you can pretend and that I can watch and admire you while you do it.

LOVER (*sullenly*): What is it?

LADY: It's this. You can be a *cynic*.

LOVER: How horrid! I don't want to.

LADY: Ah, but you will. You must let me tell you all about it first. It's a very complicated pretense and that's why I wouldn't think of suggesting it to anyone, but you for only an extremely clever man such as yourself could ever do it. (*He radiates pride*) Now, you have just been trying to make me think that I love you, but I think it would be ever so much nicer if I just admired you tremendously instead—and that's the way I should feel about you if you were a cynic.

LOVER (*curiously*): Why would you admire me if I were a cynic?

LADY: Oh, merely because it's human nature for women to admire cynics.

LOVER: What's human nature?

LADY (*impatiently*): Just something you wouldn't understand

so I won't bother explaining it to you. Now, do pretend to be a cynic, that's a good man.

LOVER: I don't know how to be a cynic. I've never tried before.

LADY: I'll tell you. All you have to do is to conceal the fact that you love everyone by telling them that you hate them, beginning with me.

LOVER: Oh, that's easy! Isn't there any more?

LADY: Yes, I forgot to tell you. You must try to look like this. (*She scowls and sneers. The Lover tries and succeeds admirably. The Lady claps her hands delightedly*) Oh, that's splendid! How I do admire you now!

LOVER (*after a few minutes of practice during which he furtively watches the effect on the Lady who is voicing her admiration with soft coos and murmurs*): Well, it seems to be succeeding with her at least. I'm rather glad I thought of the idea. I shall go to try it on the others. (*Exit.*)

LADY (*to herself, and with a sudden change to complete seriousness*): And a moment ago he had almost convinced himself that he wanted to love me. I know I could not have loved him, even if everything were real. How fortunate that we are only pretending, and how dreadful if—(*She seems to hear something and pauses frightened. The grating noise which has been so low as to be almost unnoticeable becomes louder until it is a faint humming. The Lady looks about her in terror and then runs from the stage. Slowly the great door at the back of the stage opens and God enters, leaving the door partly open. Through the door, we have a glimpse of the wheels of a huge machine revolving very slowly. Indeed, the machine has just been set in motion for the first time in millions of years, so that it is not remarkable that it is running very slowly. God, holding in his hand the key which unlocks the machine, is contemplating the wheels, while the Devil comes in unnoticed from a side entrance to stand at his side.*)

DEVIL: I see you have unlocked it at last!

GOD: Yes, as you told me to, and we shall soon see whether you are right, if it will run smoothly.

DEVIL: And I tell you that I do not know. Right or wrong, it can be nothing but an experiment. All I ask is that you attempt the experiment. I have no more knowledge

than you whether it will run smoothly or not. It is a long time since it was last unlocked. .

GOD: Eons upon eons. Time for you to have grown three or more new tails.

DEVIL (*inspecting machine carefully*): The wheels have grown very rusty.

GOD: Yes, and they are much worn down by that continuous grating.

DEVIL: What grating? How can they grate together when they are locked?

GOD: You have not watched the wheels as carefully as I have. I will explain. Although the machine was locked and I held the key, nevertheless the human creatures of whom the great wheels are composed, knowing full well in their hearts that the wheels were locked, amused themselves by a vain pretense that the machine was all the while running at top speed. And so strong was the force of this mortal imagining that it actually resulted in the wheels moving ever so slightly in their place and grating rustily against each other.

DEVIL: And you allowed this to continue so long?

GOD: Yes, they knew only too well that that it was all a poor pretense, and I knew that they would never be able to set the wheels in motion by themselves. And last of all it made little or no difference in their own lives.

DEVIL (*gently*): And it must have been *very* amusing to watch.

GOD: You know that I—(*suddenly suspicious*) Was it you who told them to do it for your amusement? Am I to expect some harm to come of it after all?

DEVIL: The machine is running faster now. We shall soon know now.

GOD: This is strangely like that first starting of the machine so long ago. I remember that it was not long before I soon realized that it was too new and its power too great to run with safety. I was wise to keep it locked until now when the newness has disappeared and it can be again released. But, come, it has almost reached full speed now. We must go and watch it more closely. (*Exeunt. Now the door is closed but we still hear the terrific roar of the machine. In a moment the Pursuer reenters*

*exactly as he did the first time. Then comes the Pursued and he also duplicates the action of his appearance. They meet in the center of the stage with the same surprise as before. They do not speak as the sound of the machine makes conversation impossible, both for the audience and for those on the stage. The Pursuer and the Pursued, who this time has a sword of his own, go through the pantomime of killing one another, each choosing a prominent place on the stage to die. After they are quite dead, the Lover and the Lady enter as before. They too repeat in pantomime their former scene until suddenly an alteration shows itself in the Lover's actions. His face shows rage and passion. Then he notices one of the swords left by the Pursuer or the Pursued, and with it he kills himself, dying at the Lady's feet. She stares at his body for a moment in horror, then sinking down beside it begins to weep. As her first tear falls, there is a tremendous crash from the invisible machine and then silence except for the sound of the Lady's sobbing. God comes slowly and sorrowfully through the door, holding in his hand the pieces of two wheels. He is trying to fit them together but they will not fit. It is hard for him to realize this.)*

GOD (to himself): And now the whole machine is broken. I must toil again to build a new one for a new world. The old one is ruined past all repair. It was a work of the Devil after all and I should have known it. Yet how was I to have guessed it, so lost as I was in anticipation of this, the time when I would at last give back to Man the great gift of the full strength of his emotions? How could I know that, all the while that I was keeping him bound hand and foot for his own safety lest he destroy himself, he would be working toward his ultimate destruction with his imagining, his pretense of reality? (*Once more closely examines the pieces in his hand*) Yes, the wheels no longer fitted and that was the reason for its breaking. It was a deed of the Devil! (*He tosses the broken pieces on the floor and goes out. The Lady, who has been crouching in a corner of the stage, now comes forward. She looks around slowly at the bodies of the Pursuer and the Pursued and of her lover. With a fresh outburst of weeping she kneels beside the discarded pieces of broken wheels and begins to try to fit them together again.*)

(Curtain)



## Our Tame Philosopher

### II

LATELY I've cultivated the habit of dropping in on Chloe just after tea-time on cold afternoons. If there's anything the matter with my tub, it's the draughts, and a hot coal fire in the show-case is not to be despised. On the occasion of my last visit I was in a mixed mood, bitter toward the world in general, but rather tender towards Chloe. I had been to a very boring tea-party, and for the past week I had suffered from a mean cold in the head. Chloe had been very nice to me. Sympathizing with my dread of the Infirmary, she had kept me well supplied with hexamethylenamine, and she had presented me with a dozen pocket handkerchiefs neatly marked with a Delta. In Hellas we never went in for that sort of thing; a corner of the peplos had to do.

"The thing I admire about you, Chloe," I began, "is that you don't care too much what people think."

This was because two ill-bred girls had nudged each other and giggled as they passed the showcase door, and Chloe had merely waved her cigarette at them with good-humored unconcern.

"That's the first compliment you've ever paid me, old dear," she replied with a grin. "I'll have to reward you for it." And she produced from her sweater pocket a mouldy piece of zweiback. It wasn't tempting.

"I've had tea," said I.

"Oh, you went to Hypatia's, didn't you? Was it fun?"

"It was not," I answered. "Stale crackers and no cream for the tea. And weary conversation."

"Hypatia rather flatters herself," said Chloe, "that every party she gives is a salon in itself."

"Everybody there seemed to have that impression," said I. "Poor girls, they were trying their damndest to be clever."

"Didn't any of them succeed? Hypatia's no fool."

"I beg your pardon," I replied. "She makes the biggest



mistake anybody can make; she pretends to be something she isn't."

"Even if she is affected," said Choe, "don't you think her brand of affectation is a kind of art in itself?"

"Certainly," said I. "It's a much more ambitious affectation than you see at other colleges—Princeton, for instance, or Harvard. But isn't any pose a confession of inadequacy? When I see a person like Hypatia, my first thought is that her real self can't amount to much if she's afraid to show it."

"Or else she has an inferiority complex," suggested Chloe.

"That's just another form of inadequacy."

"What was the conversation that irritated you so much?"

"Feeble witticisms aimed at professors," said I. "Long lists of all the things Hypatia is bored by. Her only enthusiasms, as far as I can make out, are Mestrovic and Eugene O'Neill."

"What's Mestrovic?" asked Chloe.

"I don't know either," I admitted. "Anyway, it's something Slav. Apparently you clever women are safe in admiring anything if it's Slav."

"Didn't she try to draw you out?" asked Chloe.

"Oh, yes," said I, "but only to show off her own powers of conversation. When she talks to you, you know she isn't interested in the ideas under discussion, or in you, only in the tinsel of her own wit. There's no heart in her. Her eye wanders."

"I think you're hard on her," said Chloe. "Just because you were one of the original cynics you don't like other people to steal your thunder."

"Not at all," I said. "I regard Hypatia with profound pity. Do you notice that she has only two kinds of friends? There are some exactly like herself, so absorbed in their own acting that they never really know her. They're no use. And there are a few girls of limited intellect who look up to her because she is what they want to be. They're only mirrors that reflect her posturing. Think of her life as she grows older! There'll be nothing in it but striking attitudes."

"I wish you'd stop," said Chloe, shivering in spite of the fire. "This is too depressing for words."

"Very well," said I. Rising, I blew my nose and draped my peplos about me as statuesquely as possible. "I must go,

Chloe, and write up this little conversation for THE LANTERN.

"Isn't it too serious?" Chloe suggested anxiously.

"It won't hurt them," said I, "especially as nobody will read it. I gather from the *College News* that I'm not approved of."

"I approve of you," said Chloe. "Sure you won't have the zweiback?"

"Positive," said I.

"Don't feel badly about *The News*," said Chloe.

"I don't," I replied. "Considering that English isn't my native language, I think I do very well."

And so to tub.

DIOGENES.

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# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

VOL. IX

MAY, 1929

No. 3



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# Our Tame Philosopher

## III

I WANT to ask you a serious question, Diogenes, old thing," said Chloe the other day. She was lying sprawled out on the grass, which was damp, smoking her eternal cigarette. I sat beside her, on a cushion. Dead or not, I can't afford to take chances of rheumatism at my age.

"And what's that?" I asked.

"Having been young once," said Chloe, "you may be able to give me the masculine reaction to a problem that's been occupying me recently. You see, I'm having a boy down for the play."

"Yes," said I.

"Now do you think," asked Chloe, turning over on her stomach and waving her naked legs in the air, "that it's more of a compliment to dress up for people, or to be yourself?"

"Which is yourself?" I inquired. "The neat young lady with the handsome fox fur whom I occasionally see starting off for the concert, or the—er—slattern I now behold? Forgive me if I use strong language."

"Well, I am rather a mess just now," Chloe admitted. And indeed she was. Her hair had not been cut since Mid-years at least, her nose was unpowdered, her sweater had a hole in one elbow, her shoes had reached a mature age without having made the acquaintance of Blanco. And beneath her creased skirt, which was rather too short, appeared an unmentionable nether garment bereaved of its elastic.

"Should you like your friend to see you at this moment?" I asked in a paternal tone.

"No," said Chloe.

"The moral," I said, "is obvious."

"I know it," she said ruefully. "I just wanted to know what you thought. I've decided that I'm a case of dissociated personality."

"Why?"

"Well, because when I see Corydon I want to look too utterly lovely, and when I'm around campus I want to feel too utterly unfettered."

I laughed.

"I wish you wouldn't laugh at me," she said indignantly. "I'm dead serious about this. What I've decided is that it's insincere to make any more effort for Corydon than for anyone else. It's deceiving him, and anyhow I don't want to be loved for my clothes. I'm going to go down and meet the Paoli Local just as I am, so there."

"My dear child—" said I.

"I'm not your dear child," said Chloe, waving her legs rapidly, thus conveying the illusion of having several pairs of them.

"Don't you think you're being a little quixotic?"

"Well, what's the use of having theories if you don't live up to them?"

"As a Cynic," said I, "I am delighted with your idea of self-simplification, but the older I grow the more I realize that it doesn't pay to be a freak. Now I can go around in my old chiton and himation because I'm dead and everybody knows it, but if I weren't a shade I should give up some of the extremes of my youth. I'd buy a Christian suit of clothes and live in a cosy little apartment with a good furnace and running water, hot and cold. You may laugh, but I'd even have curtains in the windows."

Chloe seemed taken aback.

"Oh, Diogenes, you wouldn't really!"

"Wouldn't I!"

"Another illusion shattered," she sighed. "Do you seriously advise me, then, to deceive Corydon?"

"Not that," I answered. "But why do you assume that your only choice is to be always a mess? Why not be always so beautiful that you wouldn't mind Corydon's walking in the door at any minute?"

"Stockings?" cried Chloe. "Garters? Oh, impossible! Still, it's not such a bad idea. But even then I wouldn't be nearly beautiful enough."

"Men like their female friends to make a little extra effort," I said. "Now take a fellow I used to know, Krates. He was a Cynic philosopher and a very good one, a pupil of mine, in fact. A girl, who took his lecture course—her name was Hipparchia,—fell madly in love with him. She was a bright, attractive girl, nicely dressed,—came of a good Theban family. Well, they were married, and she dressed herself in



rags and followed him around the country. Krates didn't cease to care for her, of course, but it was perfectly obvious that some of their romance faded when she took to rags. And remember that Krates was a Cynic philosopher."

"Corydon isn't," said Chloe, shaking her head thoughtfully. "Well, there's a lot in what you say. Suppose I meet you here tomorrow afternoon if it's nice? I'll bring my mending basket and you can translate my Homer for me."

We met the next day as we had arranged. Chloe had cleaned her shoes, had her hair cut, and restored the missing elastic to the place where it belonged. Under her arm she carried her basket and some pink gauzy stuff.

"What's all this?" I asked. "I thought you were going to mend your stockings."

"Oh," said she sweetly, "I did that last night. This is going to be a set of curtains for the tub."

Pink has no place in the life of a Cynic philosopher, and I dislike it anyway, but what is a man to do?

DIOGENES.

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## To Lesbia

(from Catullus)

ELLEN H. SHAW, '32

### LI

He is a god, and even more,  
Who sitting near you sees your face  
And hears your gentle laughter.  
For when I gaze on you, my love,  
No power remains, my tongue moves not;  
A subtle flame creeps through my blood;  
My ears resound with echoes loud,  
My eyes are veiled with black of night.

### LXX

Her heart, she says, is mine forever,  
Neither man nor god our love can sever;  
But a woman's words to an ardent lover  
Are as fleeting as wind and running water.

## Barbara Gayley

EVELYN WAPLES, '31

SHE was running the first time I saw her. The long verandah of the hotel was deserted except for me, and I was effectually concealed by a row of wooden rockers. I watched the white hat and dress emerge from the woods, cross the brown, flaked, and glistening road, and run awkwardly up the steep bank that led to the steps of the hotel. I remember that I had just arrived, and was enjoying to the full that quality of Maine that is at once harsh and mellowed, familiar and limitless, but sharpened with the scent of pines and salty sea. It was hard to realize that only yesterday I had shut my typewriter for the last time, walked home through the sultry, penetrating air, and had sat with collar loosened before the electric fan, wondering morbidly whether I should survive the trip. I was annoyed to see that the girl was pretty as well as very young, and my mind quickly reviewed the list of hotel guests, wondering how she would fit in. We had all been coming there for years and it was really unheard of for a young girl who did not join up in some way with the old families to come to Sunset. I watched her curiously. She waited an instant to intercept the banging of the screen door, realized that it closed automatically, and disappeared. But it was then, in the slight gesture of disgust at having anticipated a bang, that I knew I had seen her before. I tried to think where, enjoying the mystery and lazily trying to prolong its solution. Then I tried in earnest, but the face was evasive and I had lost my impression. I gave up and went inside to look at her registration. It was written in a bold round hand:

MISS BARBARA GAYLEY,  
120 West 68th Street, N. Y. C.

I had never heard the name before and felt keenly disappointed, nor was there any sign of her now in the large, brown, sun-filled lobby that served as the ballroom, parlor and library. Harlan Craig called to me from behind the *New York Times*.

"Congratulations."

"What for?"

"Your stock's going up."

"Don't tell me. I'm not looking at a paper for a month."

I began cautiously to fill my pipe. Craig was an under-standing soul; he leaned back and grinned.

"Nice Maine."

"Been deep sea fishing?"

"No. There isn't the old concentration. Tried taking a party the other day and before I knew it I had the whole hotel on my hands—all but Miss Gayley. They were too excited to hold the rods for the first hour and all of them the color of their slickers at the end of the second."

"Why didn't Miss Gayley go?"

"My deah! Why should she?"

"You never told me she was pretty. Is she proud too?"

"So you've seen the lady. Yes, she's fond of herself and hasn't the grace to conceal it. But whatever happened to you? The last time I heard you were insanely in love. I never knew the good woman's name."

"I showed her too much of myself and she couldn't cope with it."

"I imagine not."

"That's God's truth. Never let a woman know you're in love with her."

"Oh, really?"

I clamped the pipe in my teeth and sat down on the piano stool.

"Buck up, Annie Laurie. Don't blame yourself because a girl has no insight. So you think Miss Gayley is pretty."

"Don't you?"

"At times."

"Doesn't anyone know her?"

"No one knows her or anything about her. I have my own theory, of course."

"What?"

Craig drew his hand mysteriously across his throat.

"Murderess."

"Is that all?"

He clapped his hip-pocket.

"Boot-legger! I caught her once on a rock signalling to the coastguards."

"Why the coast guards?"

"Ah! Put them on the wrong trail."

"Was she embarrassed?"

"She tried to pass it off lightly. Said she was drying her handkerchief in the wind."

"Is she beyond all hope?"

"I think if we explain to her that it is wrong she will never want to do it again."

"You fool! Tell me, are we having a dance tonight?"

"The quaint custom has prevailed in spite of your absence."

"Is everyone back?"

"Everyone. The Colonel has given up his cottage, and they are living in the hotel. The other cottages are the same. What do you hear from your family?"

"Very little. They are still in Europe."

Craig pulled out his watch. "It's just five. Would you like a swim before dinner?"

"Unfortunately my trunk hasn't been sent up yet."

"I guess you can still wear mine."

"Well, let's go."

The water was cold and hard. We swam far out, taking our strokes together as we had done for years. The solemn sort of bliss that I had felt earlier in the afternoon deepened. Maine air—Maine water, and although I was not going to look, my stocks were going up. And there would be fresh lobster for dinner—and maybe I should remember of whom that Barbara Gayley reminded me. When I got back to the hotel I found a small, grey letter waiting for me. I hesitated, expecting the old sensation of suffocation to ensue but this time I was conscious of a vague contempt. I can only describe that little grey letter as extremely distasteful, and I tapped the desk with it pensively, trying to make up my mind to burn it. Craig watched me with a curious expression around the mouth. I opened it.

. . . "My poor, poor Boy, Why did you run away?"

Hell! What a letter. It made me feel shameless and sick. I pushed it back into its sleek grey case and in my own room tore it into a thousand minute squares. It somehow didn't belong to Maine, I thought as I recklessly dumped the contents of my suitcase into a bottom drawer and started to dress for dinner.

Downstairs they were hanging lanterns on the porch and

in the long room. Martin was tuning the piano and setting up the traps. I felt insanely happy, and when Billy Conklin ran screaming to me from the other end of the room I tossed him extravagantly on my shoulder, although, with an eye to future persecutions, I had made up my mind to be very distant.

"Hello, there, Sam!"

I wheeled around, almost spilling Billy on the newly waxed floor, to shake hands with Colonel McGlinn and his two daughters.

"Won't you put that young terror down and come into dinner with us? Mrs. McGlinn will want to hear all about your mother."

"I'm waiting just now for Mr. Craig," I lied cheerfully.

"Bring him along too—I always say there're never too many at a round table. Jessie, shall we go on in?"

Pauline McGlinn lingered, playing with a thin gold chain on her wrist and humming a tune behind her teeth. There was nothing to do but wait for Craig.

"Just get here, Sammy?"

"Yes.—I hear you've given up the cottage."

"Well, Mother wanted to live nearer people. She was frightfully lonely down there in the cabin when father was away. But then, who was it that was saying there was no place like Maine for feeling alone?"

I felt my chivalry should have been stirred but she was not taking the right tactics.

"I would say independent," I remarked.

Pauline was taken aback and at the same time I felt remorseful and foolish. What a hell of a way to start the evening. Mercifully Craig's six feet three appeared on the stairs in a suit of grey tweed. Pauline called up to him:

"We are to have the honor of your company at dinner."

Craig actually managed to look like the little match girl on Christmas eve. My grin became even rather sweet.

"Now isn't that just my luck, Polly," Craig was saying. "I've asked Miss Gayley to sample the new tea house with me, and tonight seems to be the only time. It's not often I get two such chances at once, either." He gave me a paternal slap on the shoulder as we went on into the dining room.

"I was put on the right of Mrs. McGlinn, who is a deaf old lady in lavender, and we had a dreary meal of it, in spite of the



Colonel's noisy sallies at the expense of Pauline, Jessica and myself. After supper we strolled out on the porch for a cigarette and discussed the relative prevalence of mosquitoes this year. I felt bored and injured and had difficulty in keeping my eyes from the road. But the orchestra had begun with an energetic clang of brass before Craig's old Ford had clattered back. I remembered that Jessica was an excellent dancer, and rather from a sense of my own incompetence than from any natural kindly feelings I chose Pauline. She managed to follow my haphazard guiding, and over her shoulder I watched the old familiar faces which nodded and smiled and seemed so incredibly unchanged. Phil Randall was dancing with his sister. I had not spoken to them yet and when we stopped for punch they came up and we exchanged partners. Sally Randall was one girl with whom it was a pleasure to talk. She listened to you with a solemnity and interest that never failed. It bordered on the ridiculous when you reduced her to a state of nervous hysteria over the weather in Germany, but it was a remarkable and charming trait nevertheless. Tonight her large eyes looked more sympathetic than ever.

"Tell me, Sam, weren't you rather in love this winter?"

"Do I look it?"

"If you ask me, no."

"Well, I was rather taken with a little debutante. It's the first time I've really been on my own, you know,—the family all away—"

She did make you tell the most ridiculous things.

"A debutante of New York?"

"Olive Genung."

"Oh, yes, she's the one. Did you know her sister Janis?"

"Janis? No one really knows her. She's a quiet little thing. I've seen her once or twice." Sally was silent for a while. Then:

"Did the news surprise you, Sam?" Her serious eyes were more sympathetic than ever.

I found myself laughing down at her.

"Oh no. Was it in the paper?" Why hadn't I read her letter? What a damned fool I'd turned out to be. Of course Carpenter must be the man.

"Didn't you see it?"

"I beg your pardon?"



"Didn't you see it in the *Times*?"

"No."

"But wasn't it a shock? You say no one suspected it!"

"No one." Her interest was becoming morbid.

"But you knew?"

"H'm? Oh—I knew. Come on, Sally, let's talk about something else, if you don't mind."

Her troubled eyes became instantly wise and solicitous.

"Of course, Sam." She gave me a glance that oozed understanding.

Someone cut in.

The evening wore on and still there were no signs of Craig and Barbara Gayley. Then I found Pauline talking to the old ladies. I asked her for the next dance. She had that and twenty more. We were undeniably stuck. In vain I suggested a cigarette, a stroll down to the beach, even punch; she would have none of them. I had never been so hot in my life. Polly's tired face with its perpetual smile was full of misery; a fellow couldn't just leave her. I wiped my wet face, praying for honorable deliverance. On the porch some lucky devil was drowning his responsibilities in a pocket flask. Was this the tenth or eleventh dance I had had with her? Suddenly I saw Craig. He was dancing with Miss Gayley at the other end of the hall. I had shrunk from advertising Pauline's unpopularity to the other men, but Craig would understand if I could only get to him, and then I could meet *her*. The music suddenly wound up and we stopped moving from force of habit. Polly began to clap nervously in a way she had that made me want to scream at her and when I looked up again I had lost sight of Craig. I looked frantically, rotating round and round, but Craig was a hard person to miss. He had gone out again and taken Miss Gayley with him.

The next morning was Sunday and I lay in bed for long hours watching the hard sunlight slip around the polished surface of the bowl and water-pitcher on my dresser, chewing at my pipe and soliloquizing. Was it possible that Craig had found a spark of passion in his clumsy make-up after all these years, or was he trying to annoy me? He certainly had succeeded amazingly. I thought of the countless messes we had been through together; he had always led and I had followed his hard-headed ideas blindly. He was several years older,

several years more uncompromising than I, and most of the world either hated or were afraid of him. Had the traditional woman hater fallen at last? I got up, filled the bowl with hot water, and spread the warm, creamy lather over my face. Someone knocked.

"Who's there," I yelled, chin high in the air.

"Who do you think?" Craig pushed the door open and walked in, flung his long body into a chair and gazed at me.

"You're a nice friend to have," I said peevishly.

"Why, dear?"

"I come up here all set to agree with you that all women are terrible and find you practically engaged to be married."

Craig gave a long, low whistle. "Gently, gently, my boy," he said. I looked at him in the mirror, comparing my pale face and arms with his dark, healthy tan.

"I look like a girl," I said suddenly. "Well, what did you and Miss Gayley do last night, if I may ask without seeming inquisitive?"

"Talked—She told me her life history."

I wanted to ask about it, but something in Craig's attitude restrained me. I said instead:

"Aren't you going to give me a knock-down?"

"Oh, maybe—"

"You really like her though, old man; out with the truth."

"What is truth?" Craig was staring cheerfully out of the window.

"Be a big, fine American boy and admit it."

"Didn't you ever meet her? She lives in New York."

"Probably. Her face is faintly familiar."

"But you don't remember where?"

"No. It might have been almost anywhere."

Craig got up and stretched.

"Why, did she say she'd met me before?"

"You flatter yourself, little one. Come on down and meet the lady when you're ready." He sauntered out of the room. I got dressed, feeling subdued. If Craig was in earnest, the only decent thing for me to do was to clear out of it. The whole thing was too ludicrous. Harlan Craig in love with a mysterious and exotic lady! When I finally went down it was with a curious feeling of helplessness, an almost fatalistic depression. I recognized it as a mood that went with Maine and Craig, a

sensation I had forgotten during the restless months in New York. I crossed the long room which was almost deserted, and pushed open the screen door. Miss Gayley was sitting alone on the steps, staring across the road to where a grey patch of sea was just visible, and Craig was nowhere in sight. I was so surprised that I stammered, "Where's Craig," before speaking to her. She turned her head slowly, looked at my feet and the hem of my trousers, and turned again to the sea, while I stood uncomfortably still and waited. As she showed no signs of ever moving again, I started down the steps intending to play her own game, whatever it was, but halfway down I was forced to turn around; the thing was too deucedly silly. I intercepted her view, grinned, and held out my hand.

"Miss Gayley, I believe."

She smiled slowly and it seemed to me her face was inexpressibly sweet when she smiled.

"Mr. Forster?" She did not offer to shake hands, and I dropped mine self-consciously. Now what was there to say?

"I expected to find Mr. Craig with you, which may partly account for my rudeness."

"No, he deserted and left me to face you alone." As she said this she looked me straight in the eyes, and a slow painful blush came over her face and neck. She seemed to be the victim of intolerable embarrassment; the deep-set blue eyes that watched me were sharp with a terror of self-consciousness as painful as anything I had ever had to witness. In my astonishment and concern I could only stutter,

"Why—Miss Gayley. I—I'm terribly sorry—What did I say?"

Her apparent nervousness committed itself to me so intensely that I felt my own ears tingling. How she managed to get control of herself so quickly I will never know. She seemed to have made a supreme effort for the flush faded leaving her white and calm. I swallowed miserably,—feeling somehow too thick and bulky for this scene. Miss Gayley rose.

"If you will excuse me, I think I'll go inside."

"Oh, not at all." I sprang to open the door for her.

She barely glanced at me as she passed in, and something in the disdainful way she held her head nettled me. I called after her,

"Oh, would you tell me where I can find Craig?"

She turned slowly round with an expression of weary patience that was infuriating.

"I think you'll find him on the tennis courts."

"Thank you, Miss Gayley." I had seldom felt more irritated.

Craig was in almost as unhappy a state of mind as myself. I found him playing tennis with Pauline against the elder Miss McGlinn and her father. The game had never appealed strongly to Craig, while the Colonel was a tireless fanatic, and as Jessica was far more agile than poor Pauline, it was a morose and scowling man who finally drew on his coat and started back to the hotel. As Craig's humor can always carry him through a crisis, I was surprised to feel a heavy hand on my arm as I turned into my room, and to hear him say quietly,

"Wait a minute, Sam. Come in here."

Mystified, I followed him into his room. He shut the door, motioned to me to sit down, and leaning against the wall, intelligently proceeded to fill his pipe. I watched the tall, muscular figure as he leaned down for a light, and waited.

"Well, Craig, this is all very seductive, but what's up?"

"Did you see our little friend?"

"The rum-runner's daughter? Yes."

Craig actually winced.

"What did she have to say?"

"She had almost nothing to say, and fainted with embarrassment at one point."

"Kindly explain, will you?"

"Honestly, Craig, I don't know what's the matter with the girl, but she just looked at me in a sort of brazen way, and then suddenly turned red, not a blush, you know, but a tortured, agonizing embarrassment, as though—well! don't laugh, but it reminded me of a small child at her first party; it was really a horrible look, Craig."

I stopped; Craig was concentrating on his pipe.

"And then she snapped right back into the most sophisticated horror I've ever met. It was incredible. Who in the world is she, Craig?"

Something in the way Craig shrugged his shoulders, and then gazed at the thin white-blue smoke rising from his pipe made me suddenly apprehensive.

"Tell me what she's done. Why are you so dignified



and secretive about it? If you've gone completely mad and are shielding a criminal, like a ham actor in a stupid melodrama, you're letting a woman make a fool of you, Craig, and you're old enough to know better," I finished weakly.

Craig was regarding me with an amused, cynical stare.

"My lit-tle baby boy," he groaned at last, "it isn't good for me to be scolded this way. Oh dear—I promise to behave."

"But who is she?"

"Miss Barbara Gayley."

"Well, there's something unnatural about her. Did I tell you that when I first came down I found her sitting on the steps staring into space with no Craig anywhere in sight?"

He suddenly became more serious.

"You know, those McGlinns are a shade more unpleasant than we suspect. They came out on the porch with their rackets, and Jessie looked over the chairs, the steps, and Miss Gayley, and then asked me if I wouldn't join them in a game of tennis. And before I could get around to remonstrate, the Colonel had me by the arm, and was saying,

"'You don't mind if we take him, my dear, I'm sure. It's a standing date, eh, Pauline?'

"Of course Miss Gayley froze and turned away without saying a word, whereupon Jessie snickered and hurried off without giving me the opportunity to explain."

"Well, that hardly accounts for the stupid embarrassment, my dear man—"

But all I could get out of him was an expression of distaste for the clan McGlinn.

They were blissful days that followed. I can't remember ever having had much conversation with Miss Gayley—There was always something or someone else, but it seems to me that she was in my thoughts most of the time. And yet, while I was admiring her the most, I was so conscious of my own timidity and of my experience with women of her type, that I continuously held back.

Once I remember we had gone down to the fields back of the hotel to pick blackberries, and Craig was called on to take several members of the party back in his Ford. Miss Gayley and I were left to walk back alone through the clinging brambles and soaking uneven pasture. Miss Gayley walked slowly,



picking her way with cautious steps on the tufts of grass. I could think of nothing to say. She looked at me with curious eyes.

"You know, you're a difficult person to know."

"I am?"

This, from her, was strangely flattering, but it suddenly occurred to me that Olive Genung had started off with much the same technique, and I cooled down.

"So that is your line."

She stiffened a little and walked on more quickly. I was amazed to see that she was unable to pass off my thoughtless remark with an equally light rebuke.

"How did you happen to come to Sunset?"

The question came out before I thought. I had not meant to appear interested.

"Perhaps I was tired of men and dates and dances."

"That's not very tactful."

She gave me a smile that was slightly patronizing.

"No, you are soothing."

I never met a man yet who liked to be called soothing, and my old annoyance returned.

"So I'm soothing, am I?" I repeated stupidly as we approached the back of the hotel.

She did not answer and I said nothing more but went immediately to my room. That evening she spoke to me at dinner. I looked through her at the Colonel who was just coming in. It was a childish act and I could not help glancing at Craig to make sure he had not noticed. He went on eating for a minute and then said quietly:

"What's the idea?"

"What?"

"Miss Gayley spoke to you."

"She needs taking down a peg."

He surveyed me coldly, disgustedly.

"Stop worrying about yourself, Sam."

"I don't, you idiot., What's eating you anyhow?"

"I happen to know that she's rather fond of you."

It was my turn to laugh in his face.

"Well, she doesn't show it."

"Just be yourself, if it's not too unattractive," and that was all I could get out of him.

Then one afternoon the long-talked-of visit to the lighthouse came about. Since it was cloudy, many dropped out at the last minute and when we gathered down at the dock there were only enough for one boat load, made up of Sally Randall, Miss Gayley, and Jessie McGlinn, Craig, and myself.

An old man whose one name is "Pike" keeps the lighthouse with his son, an unhappy youth who gives you the impression of holding something between his lips. Pike led us up the winding stairs, to the little round room with its bright, perfect reflectors. They had always fascinated me, and I had spent many long hours up there with Craig, talking to Pike's shy, backward son. I was inordinately disappointed to see that Miss Gayley did not fall under the spell of their enchantment. But later, as we went up still higher and saw far, far below us the plunging, creamy water, opaque green and white, so thick and yet so rapid, she hung over the railing with just the same incredulous anxiety to which I am subject. The clouds were gathering and I noticed that Craig was nervous and would stay only a short time on the roof. But we talked again to Pike, who insisted on showing us his little store of food and plants, and we were completely electrified on hearing a sudden, ominous roll of thunder. Sally Randall screamed and put her hands over her ears. Craig looked sick with disgust, but Miss Gayley seemed suddenly alert and excited.

"We'll have to stay here," she said.

Craig snorted.

"Don't look so pleased, Miss Gayley. It's a long distance from here to Sunset, with only a half-baked Evinrude to push five people."

Jessie was indignant, sarcastically demanding if we thought we were acting out a dime novel, or what? I myself had been caught there once before, and had been obliged to spend two endless days and nights in Pike's hut, while the sea raged endlessly about the little island of rocks. It had been too lonely and too elemental then, but the excitement of the girls cast an illusioning glamour over the affair this time. It was the sort of adventure you always hear about but never have, and I easily shifted the responsibility for it to Craig. Miss Gayley started to laugh.

"Craig, can't you enter into the spirit of the thing?"

I had never seen her so alive or so pretty. Craig looked at

our little group with a fairly humane expression, and tolerantly hunted through his pockets."

"Wait till I wire back to the hotel that we are safe."

The rain had begun to fall in heavy, scattered drops. We watched it sweeping inland in great white clouds of mist. It rushed upon us suddenly, beating against the window panes and bouncing like nickels on the water, while the waves rode up over the whole island and threw themselves against the base of the lighthouse. There was a wild abandon in the wind and sea that contributed to our excitement. Even Pike's son stood still and grinned, staring from one to the other of us. I sat down on the floor and reached for a cigarette, but Craig solemnly took them away from me and counted them. There were eleven; only Sally, Miss Gayley, Craig and myself smoked, and he divided them among us. Jessie was withering about the affair, calling it a beastly hole to get stuck in. There was a covered walk leading to Pike's wooden hut, a few feet away. There we found a stove, and the supplies were kept in a small cellar under the lighthouse. We found some jars of dried beef, canned peas and fruit, and some ancient, dust-colored potatoes. Sally took over the cooking, which only served to broaden the grin on Pike's son. Pike himself bustled around with pails of water and assisted Craig to make coffee. The delicious odor of oil lamps and coffee filled the little cabin, and Barbara Gayley was extraordinarily, rapturously happy. Craig watched her and considered. We ate supper in an hilarious mood, that tended to make Jessica even more sour and unpleasant. Craig took to imitating Pike's son's grin, catching his pleasant expression so exactly that I was rendered speechless, and Sally had to order him to stop. Once Jessie said tartly,

"You all don't seem a bit worried about the sleeping problem."

Craig looked up. "Are you a brave girl, Jessica?"

Jessie surveyed the little hut miserably.

"Yes."

"You three girls will have to make out in here. We will sleep with Pike in the lighthouse."

There were plenty of blankets, two beds and a couch; in the lighthouse we slept on the floor. After supper Craig washed the few smoke-stained dishes, and Sally and Jessie

wiped them, but I looked around the room for Barbara Gayley. She was standing by a window, involuntarily retreating when an unusually large wave plunged against the glass. I was weary with the tedious rôle of nonchalance I had played for so long, and it seemed to me that this common misfortune should simplify things.

"Do you know, Miss Gayley, I've never seen you look so happy."

She half turned and slowly closed her eyes at me. It was a bad beginning but I was not going to retreat.

"Would you like to go up to the lighthouse and watch the storm from there?"

She would. We escaped from the room unobserved, and I helped her up the steep, iron stairs. The wild endless roar was muffled up there and we could talk without shouting. The little room was bright and hard as cut steel, permeated with the warm, clean stench of burning oil or kerosene. Now and then a sudden, jagged crack of white light staggered across the sea, quivered and disappeared, followed by a dull roll of thunder that seemed to shake the island from its rock foundation. Miss Gayley seemed to be tightly strung and nervous, but not frightened. The waves looked slower and blacker, breaking to an edge of seething white around the lighthouse.

"Have you ever been in a lighthouse before?" I asked her.

"Not in such a storm."

"Doesn't it fascinate you?" I ran my hand over the smooth unblemished curve of a reflector.

"It is beautiful." She was still looking at the sea.

We sat down on the circular iron bench and she pulled out a cigarette which I took away from her.

"Have some sense," I growled.

I don't believe any one had ever addressed her roughly before. She shrank into herself so completely that I was contrite, but I thought it was good for her.

"Don't make me unhappy," she said finally.

"What are you doing here, Barbara? Just drifting?"

"No. I was tired of drifting."

"So you came to Sunset for the heavy work."

"I was tired of using up every day and then breaking it off wanting to forget it. They ought to fit into each other and lead somewhere—"

"To the grave."



She did not respond for a while. When she did it was to say, "Do you remember that More excluded all poets from his Utopia? I sometimes think he had the right idea."

I laughed, "Are you hitting at me or yourself, my dear?"

Again she was silent. She seemed to have faded a little. She unwound a thin wispy blue scarf she wore around her neck and smoothed it out on her knees, and I remember that I was afraid it would catch in the revolving bowls of light. She said slowly, "Do you suppose this all means anything?"

"What means anything?"

"This—our being caught this way."

"It means that its damned lucky for me." I was still watching the scarf.

"Will it last long?"

"I was caught up here once for three days, but that was late in the year."

"What did you do?"

"I was nearly reduced to the state of idiocy of Pike's son."

She sighed. "He scares me a little."

"Why?"

"To think that your mind could deteriorate so from living alone."

"No. He was born a greater fool than he is today." She turned away. All the light seemed to have gone out of her face.

"Now what's the matter?"

"Another day to tear off."

"Don't go highbrow on me. I can't bear it." It occurred to me to yawn visibly.

"Let's go down," she said.

"That's a start, at least," I thought as I opened the little gate in the wall.

The next morning Craig and I were the last to waken. When we went into the house we found that the girls had already made coffee, and potatoes were frying on the stove. The storm was over and there was nothing to prevent our returning to the hotel at once. I confess that I was disappointed, but there was a long summer ahead. Back at the hotel it was a relief to take a hot bath and shave. Then I filled my pipe and sprawled in the chaise longue, thinking, needless to say, of Miss Gayley.



There was a sudden knock at the door and Billy Conklin stamped in. The infant had a letter for me, unsealed and unposted.

"Miss Gayley said for me to give this to you."

I took it feeling strangely unstable.

"All right. Beat it then, Billy." I gave him a nickel and he marched out a little doubtfully.

I had not had time to open it before Craig burst in holding out a copy of the *Times* and looking more worried than I ever seen him.

"What the hell's the matter with you?"

"She's gone."

"Who?"

"Barbara Gayley."

"What!"

"No, not Barbara Gayley, her real name is Janis Genung. Here—read that." He held out an old newspaper clipping.

"Miss Janis Genung, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pierce Genung of 345 Park Avenue, N. Y. C. and the older sister of this year's most popular debutante, Miss Olive Genung, disappeared from her home between one and five A. M. last night. The family is distracted. Nothing has yet been heard—"

He handed me another clipping.

"Miss Janis Genung has been staying with friends in Milwaukee. A letter from her reached Mrs. Genung this morning and brought tears of relief to the eyes of her sister, Miss Olive Genung, the popular debutante of this season!—"

He gave me the *Times*.—"This is yesterday's paper."

"The truth about Miss Janis Genung's strange disappearance from her residence at 345 Park Avenue was revealed yesterday by her friend, Mrs. Kenneth McBride of Milwaukee. Mrs. McBride, who was the former Miss Mary Barnard of this city, was an old schoolmate of Miss Genung. Mrs. McBride, at the request of her friend, has been forwarding letters to Miss Genung's family and until yesterday succeeded in disguising the hiding place of the lost girl. Mrs. McBride on receiving no word from her friend for over a week, telegraphed the story to Mr. Genung yesterday afternoon. She had transferred the letters received to other envelopes and re-addressed them,—as directed by Miss Genung. The letters were posted

from Rockland, Maine, and a search is being made in that vicinity for the missing girl. Mrs. McBride professes ignorance of the motive for Miss Genung's disappearance. At the same time her letters prevent any suspicion of mental disorder."

I put the paper down and glared at Craig.

"The blind fool I turned out to be!"

"Not to recognize her?"

"Craig—I was in love with the girl's sister."

"She told me."

"Then she knew me!"

"All along."

"Well can't you come clean, man? I'm still in a fog." I jerked myself toward him and Miss Gayley's letter slid to the floor. Craig picked it up.

"What's this?"

"A note from her."

"Read it."

My hands shook foolishly as I took it. Craig opened it steadily. He read it through without a word and then handed it to me. It was a short letter written in a delicate hand.

"Dear Mr. Forster,

"You will perhaps think even less of me when you read this than you have done before. At any rate I will be several miles away by that time and I can write the things that I could never say. Craig will tell you my foolish little story if you ask him. Perhaps I was the victim of a sudden attack of egoism which made my life at home insufferable to me. I was terrified on seeing you at Sunset and found it hard to believe that you did not remember me. For awhile I was happy with you all and I want to thank you for it. Perhaps Craig will understand when I say that I no longer curse the self-consciousness and timidity to which I have been a prey all my life. I could not keep up the pretense after our conversation last night, even to myself. I am going home again—I think it is men like you who have made me want to burn my days behind me."

It was not signed.

With a pang I remembered my conversation with Sally Randall on the night of my arrival.

"What is the story, Craig?"

"She was tired of acting as a screen to set off the brilliant personality and charm of her sister, who strikes me as a dull sort of person. She wanted to get away from home and try—before she lost her nerve. That's all."

I looked up at Craig, expecting to find an infinity of scorn in his eyes for me. But he only looked at me with a half grin.

"Poor Sammy," he said, and added abstractedly, "The poor little kid." He kicked the washstand heavily, his hands in his pockets.

"But how in hell was I to know?"

"There was nothing you could have done."

"You mean we just wouldn't hit it off? You think I'm going to sit back and let her go. Don't stand there grinning, Craig; isn't there a night boat I can catch from Rockland? Wake up, man, can't you!"

"What a happy, happy scene, my cherub. Of course. I'll take you down. But come on and play a set of tennis now, will you?"

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## Smoke Screen

CELIA DARLINGTON, '31

I HAVE a smoke screen, a wall shadowy and tall, deep and dusky. Here are wreaths of words and phrases, sheaves of well-turned phrases, of sentences pattering, coiling, and flattering, for social stimulation; here are thick sooty patches of simulated sincerity; evanescent snatches, too, of almost real feeling, like a mist stealing over the impenetrable blue sky, then imperceptibly retreating into the pale grey horizon of lies. But my screen is thick and warm and white on every side—on the outside.

\* \* \* \*

"No, he's away . . . Indeed I cannot say; Monday perhaps . . . (Oh, God! He's left me, deserted me forever!) . . . Just for a day or two . . . (Why must the woman wear the rue?) . . . Yes, surely, that will do. We'll both come Sunday . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . We'll both come some day soon . . ." (Thank God for my smoke screen, thick and warm and white.)

"Come into the garden now. (It's warm there, where the bees swarm, where the lilies-of-the-valley blow, and the hyacinth is purple, "like your eyes you know," he said once.) I must not be sentimental, but just see for yourselves, my dears, the pale purple of the hyacinth—a treasure. (God give them pleasure of it . . . What will they ever see?—Calendulas drooping pendulous lily-cups . . . the royal pomp of poppies . . . all my lovely lilting larkspurs? This is for none but me. What will they ever see?) And the ferns (I must return. I have too much to bear.) No, they are not rare, but I love them. (I love them, I loved him; but what shall I say about him?) This way, now. No, do not go. Wait one moment till you know what I must tell you: it is I who go. I go tonight at midnight. (White screen of secrecy, keep me unseen; bright cloud of safety, make me a shroud.) Yes . . . God knows what it is . . . but he is very ill. I know I must go to him. No, do not comfort me. (If you knew!) I have decided what to do. You still insist? You are kind. Stay behind then and help me. (Smoke screen, quick; come between us white and thick. Be warm, be warm—on the outside.)

"There's nothing more now. It's time for the train. (And where can I go now?) Good-bye. Good-bye. (Good-bye, and I send a curse to follow after you, for a time when you rack your brain in vain for what to do, and find like me, no friend to turn to but instead a polite and faintly hostile acquaintance . . . But perhaps if I had told her she might have seen. Are you really warm, smoke screen? Do you hold me lovingly in your embrace? Are you thick and soft and white on every side?)"

\* \* \* \*

I have a smoke screen that is like a cloud, from the outside; but within (and I am inside, irrevocably) it is a cold raw mist melting into rain: I can never tell the whole truth again. I can toy with phrases, playful, petulant, and mocking; I can be confiding and convincing with the rest; I can come a hair's-breadth from revelation, and miss by so much more, atonement and rest. But I must live alone from now on. Cold comfort at the best to think (as I think even now) that my screen is thick and warm and white—from the outside.

# Pagan Night

CAROLYN E. LOMBARDI, '32

Where the white petals of the moon  
Fall between the olive trees,  
And the sea's many voices spin  
Their faint and subtle harmonies,

In the wide temple of the night  
The years are shed like falling rain  
Till only the smooth bones are left  
Of the old pagan years again.

And the full silences release  
Those echoes gathered carefully  
From wood and stream and valley's edge  
In some lost lovely century.

A distant pipe's thin shining tune  
Is drawn across the watching night;  
Fragments of laughter break and ring;  
A song resumes its old delight,

And from the dust arise again  
Feet that go stumbling through the dark  
Stirring pale flowers which unfold  
Where death had set his dusty mark.

Then some roused night-bird's sudden cry  
Rends the frail web of witchery;  
The air is emptied of all sound,  
And the deep dust relentlessly

Takes back its own again and folds  
The past in its old ragged shroud.  
Silence stands on the shadowed hills,  
And Time walks, desolate and proud,

Where in slow cadences the sea  
All night monotonously grieves,  
And the gold honey of the moon  
Drips from a thousand heavy leaves.



# A Home For Freddy

BARBARA CHANNING, '29

*(The library of a New York apartment, freshly decorated. The maid, Martha, a middle-aged woman, ushers in Freddy Brinker, a youth of twenty. Outside is heard a noise of female chatter.)*

FREDDY: Look here, Martha, I've got to see that aunt of mine right away.

MARTHA: Now be a good boy, Mr. Freddy, and you won't have to wait long. That lunch party can't last much longer.

FREDDY: A hen party, is it? Gee, it's nearly tea-time. I could eat.

MARTHA: I'll get you something after they've gone. I think that's them leaving now.

FREDDY: I hope to God it is. Hello, she's done this room over, hasn't she?

MARTHA: She's done the whole apartment over since you was here last. You'd better take your feet off that sofa, Mr. Freddy, or your name will be mud around here.

FREDDY: It couldn't be any muddier than it is now. Frederick Barnevelde Brinker Mud. How does that sound to you, Martha? Would you be Mrs. Frederick Bar—

MARTHA: Here's an ash-tray. She don't like ashes on the carpet.

FREDDY: Tell me something, friend of my youth. What's the mood of my lady aunt today? Fatted calf and so on?

MARTHA: She's been looking right pert and chipper lately.

FREDDY: Hm. Sounds hopeful.

MARTHA: But she didn't eat a mouthful to speak of at lunch today.

FREDDY: Not so good. Martha, the old song is only too true,  
"He put on rubber boots,  
And a dozen union suits,  
But the wind blew through his whiskers just the same."

Martha, I'm in a hell of a mess.

MARTHA: That don't surprise me none. The way you carry on! And the way Miss Elizabeth puts up with it! But

you'd better mind what I say, Mr. Freddy, and take your feet off that there sofa.

FREDDY: Tact, you mean? Make a better impression on the aged aunt? It takes a woman to think of those things. I'll sure hand it to you, Martha, for being feminine.

MARTHA: If you think you can keep me here talking while I have my work to do—

*(Exit. Freddy puts his feet up.)*

FREDDY (*moodily*): "But the wind blew through his whiskers just the same."

*(He puffs at a cigarette. Soon women's voices are heard outside and he jumps to his feet.)*

VOICE: It's adorable, Elizabeth, the way you've done this hall.  
*(Enter Elizabeth Brinker and Hester Summerfield, both between thirty-five and forty.)*

ELIZABETH: This is my library.—Why, Freddy! Freddy dear, I didn't know you had got home. Hester, this is my nephew, Freddy Brinker. This is Mrs. Summerfield, Freddy.

HESTER: So this is the nephew. How do you do, Freddy? I've heard so much about you from your guardian, Barneveldt Brookes. He's a great friend of mine. Is he any relation to you, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH: Not to me. He's a kind of a cousin of Freddy's on his mother's side. I never realized that you and he knew each other particularly.

HESTER: We never did until this year. But we got quite intimate on the *Mauretania* this spring. He's such a delightful person, Barney Brookes. It was such an amusing surprise meeting again in the Pyrenees.

ELIZABETH: So you met again in the Pyrenees?

HESTER: Yes, one of those coincidences—So nice to know he'll be back today.

ELIZABETH: You mean tomorrow.

FREDDY: She's right, Liz, it's today. I got a cable this morning.

HESTER: So did I. It was very careless of him not to cable you, Elizabeth. I'll speak to him about it.

ELIZABETH: You needn't bother. Cabling Freddy amounts to the same thing.

HESTER: Well, I must run, my dear. It's dreadfully late.

This delicious room! It's been so nice to see you. We must meet oftener. With so much in common—knowing Barney so well and everything. You were one of our chief topics of conversation, you know.

ELIZABETH: Oh, really?

HESTER: I'll call you up soon. We must meet for lunch. Will your young man see me down in the elevator? I'm perfectly helpless with elevators. Good-bye, dear.

ELIZABETH: Good-bye. So glad you could come. (*Exit Hester and Freddy.*) Today! (*She rearranges a cushion displaced by Freddy and empties the ash-trays into the fireplace. Then she looks at herself in the mirror over the mantel and prinks her hair. Reenter Freddy.*)

FREDDY: Gee, you'd think a fellow could come home on a perfectly legitimate vacation without running into hens all over the place. (*He sinks into a chair.*)

ELIZABETH: I thought your vacation began tomorrow.

FREDDY: Well—er—yes, as a matter of fact it does. But you see, Liz, old thing, it's this way. I got that cable from old Barney this morning saying that he was getting back this afternoon, and I sort of had to get here and see you first.

ELIZABETH: What is it, Fritz? Another mess?

FREDDY: I've got to have some money. I've got to have it right away. So if you could fix it up with old Barney to let me have an advance—that's all it is, an advance—

ELIZABETH: What's it for, Fred?

FREDDY: Well, it's sort of hard to explain,—

ELIZABETH: You've been betting. Oh, Freddy, and you promised me last time it would never happen again.

FREDDY: But gosh, Liz, I thought it was a sure thing this time. After the football Harvard had been playing all fall, you couldn't very well expect a fellow to know they were going to lick us. Now could you? If ever there was a gilt-edged bet, you'd think it would be that one. All the odds were on us, so when they won it was simply a bust. A bust.

ELIZABETH: But you'd promised me—

FREDDY: Oh gee, Liz, this was something special. Only I wish I'd put my money on Harvard.

ELIZABETH: I don't care about the money, Fred. It's the principle of the thing.

FREDDY: Well what's the use of crabbing now? It's all over and done with, isn't it? Now, if you'd just speak to old Barney—melt his heart, play on his feelings,—you know the sort of thing I mean.

ELIZABETH: I don't know why you think I have any influence over him.

FREDDY: I know darned well I haven't any, and somebody's got to. Somebody's got to explain to him it's my honor that's involved. When it's a case of a man's honor—

ELIZABETH: I think you'd better explain to him yourself.

FREDDY: Oh, but gee, Liz, you know what he's like. Crabby as the devil.

ELIZABETH: That's your fault, not his.

FREDDY: Oh, you know. He's so damn just. Now old Shakespeare had the right idea about the quality of mercy—its not being strained and all that.

ELIZABETH: Fritz, you're a young devil. (*She sits down at the desk and takes out a check book.*) How much?

FREDDY: Five hundred. Liz, you're a white woman. But I sort of hate to take money from you. Old Barney wouldn't ever miss it.

ELIZABETH: I don't want to bother him, Freddy. There you are. But understand this, old man. This is my Christmas present to you, and it's all you get. You shan't have another thing.

FREDDY: Gee, Liz, you wouldn't gyp me out of my cornucopia, would you?

ELIZABETH: Wouldn't I? Ring the bell for me, will you, Fred? I must order tea for your cousin Barney.

FREDDY: Then it's me for a quick fade-out and a snack in the kitchen.

(*Enter Martha*)

ELIZABETH: Martha, I find that Mr. Brookes is getting back today, instead of tomorrow, so I suppose he'll be here to dinner. He usually dines with us the first night. And you might bring in tea as soon as he comes.

MARTHA: Yes, Miss Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: He likes cinnamon toast.

MARTHA: You don't have to tell me that. And isn't it lucky you decided on the steak tonight! I'll press the green evening dress for you. You'll look lovely.

ELIZABETH: I'll do it, Martha. You have enough to do.

MARTHA: No. You lie down and get a little rest. I can see that Mr. Freddy has been pestering you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Freddy. Miss Elizabeth, you make Mr. Brookes take him in hand.

FREDDY: That's a thoughtful suggestion, Martha.

ELIZABETH: It's rather a good one.

MARTHA: Mr. Brookes hasn't done a quarter of his share. You ought to have a chance to go abroad yourself. You ought to get married.

ELIZABETH: That's impossible. Besides, perhaps Mr. Brookes wants to get married himself.

FREDDY: Oh, come, Liz. Can you imagine a woman being willing to touch him with a ten-foot pole?

ELIZABETH: Yes, I can. Barney isn't unattractive to women.

FREDDY: That Mrs. Summerfield does seem to like him all right.

MARTHA: And she isn't the only one, Mr. Freddy.

FREDDY: Oh, he's a good enough guy, I guess, when you know him, but I wouldn't much care to live with him.

ELIZABETH: I'm sorry you feel that way about it, Fred, because you may have to.

FREDDY: What do you mean?

ELIZABETH: I think I'll take Martha's excellent suggestion and go abroad.

FREDDY: Why, Liz—Why, I never thought you'd let a fellow down like that.

ELIZABETH: So you think I'm letting you down?

FREDDY: Yes, I damn well do.—Gee, Liz, I can't tell you how I feel about this.

ELIZABETH: Think of it in another way, dear. For one thing, I can't help you much any more; I wish I could. And you must remember that Barney isn't used to boys. He's shy. It would be the best thing in the world for him to have you with him.

MARTHA: He don't know it, though.

FREDDY: It isn't that I mind old Barney, Liz. I realize he's a good egg and all that. But gosh, Liz, you're my home and family. I didn't think you'd go and lie down on me.

ELIZABETH: You don't understand, Fritz.

FREDDY: Sure I do. You're sick of the graceless nephew who's



always in hot water—not that I blame you. All right, don't worry. I'll be the little ray of sunshine in old Barney's home. I'll shed sweetness and light like an ultraviolet lamp. But don't think you're fooling me, because you're not.

ELIZABETH: Freddy—

FREDDY: Oh, go to hell. (*He dashes out.*)

ELIZABETH: Poor child! I feel like a worm.

MARTHA: It's all for his own good, Miss Elizabeth. You know you spoil him something awful.

ELIZABETH: He does need a heavy father. (*The doorbell rings.*)

MARTHA: That's him. (*Exit. Heard outside*) Well, Mr. Brookes.

BARNEY (*outside*): Hello, Martha. Miss Brinker in? (*He enters.*) Hello, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: Oh, Barney, it's so nice to have you back! Come over by the fire; your hands are frozen. Did you find the Atlantic chilly?

BARNEY: Yes, it was rather a cold crossing. Elizabeth, haven't you done this room over?

ELIZABETH: Imagine your noticing!

BARNEY: I've begun to look for it now. The last three times I've got back from Europe I've found your apartment turned upside down, in a different way each time. (*She offers cigarettes.*) No, thanks, I'll smoke my pipe. What I don't see, Elizabeth, is why it wasn't all right before.

ELIZABETH: It was. It was very nice.

BARNEY: Then why couldn't you leave it alone?

ELIZABETH: Oh, well, I was a little bored with life. Don't you like it this way?

BARNEY: Oh, it's very nice. Very nice indeed. But I haven't got used to it yet. You know, this apartment is the nearest thing I have to a home. I'm not in New York enough to have a real place of my own, and you can't really be comfortable in a club, no matter how hard you pretend. It gives me an odd sort of feeling not to know whether the room I walk into is going to be peagreen or magenta.

ELIZABETH: That's the principle of suspense, Barney. It makes life so much more interesting.

BARNEY: I don't like suspense. I'm getting to the age where I like finding things where I left them.

*(Enter Martha with the tea.)*

ELIZABETH: Well, I've stuck to the same brand of tea. And cinnamon toast. Isn't that all that matters?—Thank you, Martha.—*(Exit Martha)* One lump, I believe! And lemon?

BARNEY: Cream, please.

ELIZABETH: You never used to take cream.

BARNEY: I've changed in that respect. I want to be soothed now, not stimulated.

ELIZABETH: And then you blame me for changing a minor external like wallpaper. Now I, myself, haven't changed at all.

BARNEY: You've done something different to your hair.

ELIZABETH: How do you like it?

BARNEY: It's interesting. I hadn't noticed the shape of your head before. Distinctly dolichocephalic.

ELIZABETH: Oh. Well, the point is I want to be flexible. When you get to be an old maid like me it's so easy to keep on living and dressing in exactly the same way.

BARNEY: You're not an old maid.

ELIZABETH: Yes, I am. I got it rubbed into me today when a lot of my married friends came to lunch. The only topic of conversation that interests them is obstetrics, which I know comparatively little about.

BARNEY: I should hope so.

ELIZABETH: And the worst of it is that they're so much more uncomfortable than I am. They suddenly remember that there's a chaste young virgin in their midst, and there's a long pause—Another cup?

BARNEY: If you please. Exactly like the first.

ELIZABETH: Ten years ago my friends used to say, "Of course, my dear, you'll understand all this when you get married." Now they say, "You would have understood this if you had got married." I'm an old maid all right.

BARNEY: You never look a day older. Dye your hair?

ELIZABETH: No.

BARNEY: Paint your face?

ELIZABETH: No.

BARNEY: I'd like to know how you do it.

ELIZABETH: Do the apartment over every year.

BARNEY: That sounds to me like plain restlessness.

ELIZABETH: Well, who are you, Barney Brookes, to talk of restlessness?

BARNEY: I'm over it now, Elizabeth. I'm going to settle down. I've even got a job.

ELIZABETH: I'm awfully glad, Barney.

BARNEY: I can't stand these suspenses any longer, Elizabeth. When your apartment starts erupting into magenta I'll be able to watch the symptoms. And when you get married I'll know it's coming. Those are the two great suspenses of my life.

ELIZABETH: I suppose I am capable of magenta, Barney, but I have no expectations of getting married.

BARNEY: Would it surprise you if I had?

ELIZABETH: Engaged, are you?

BARNEY: I hope to be. I've been rather a casual suitor, I'm afraid, but—Yes, I think there's a chance.

ELIZABETH: I'm not surprised.—Barney, do you mind if I change the subject rather abruptly? Before Freddy comes in I want to have a talk with you about him.

BARNEY: A brief talk, if you like. I've got to get back and dress to go out to dinner.

ELIZABETH: Oh, you're not dining here, then?

BARNEY: I've had this date with Hester Summerfield for several months.

ELIZABETH: I see. Well, to put it briefly, Barney, I want you to take a little more responsibility about Freddy, now that you're going to—settle down.

BARNEY: Why, what more can I do than I always have done?

ELIZABETH: You haven't done much but sign the checks and tell him what not to do.

BARNEY: What more do you want?

ELIZABETH: Try to think yourself back to his age. Talk to him sympathetically about his problems. I'm not up to that. I've never been a singularly irresponsible boy with dissipated tendencies.

BARNEY: Neither have I.

ELIZABETH: But you must have experienced some of his temptations. I haven't.

BARNEY: Tell me just what's wrong.

ELIZABETH: It's his attitude more than anything.—Well, if you must have concrete details, he's extravagant.

BARNEY: He hasn't overdrawn his allowance for two years.—  
Oh, I see. You've been giving him money. Well, what can you expect, Elizabeth, if you encourage him by helping him each time he's in a mess?

ELIZABETH: You see. A maiden lady with very little experience isn't the person to bring up a boy. I'm going to hand him over to you, Barney, entirely.

BARNEY: What do you mean, entirely?

ELIZABETH: I've decided to go abroad in about a month. I shall stay over for quite a while, two or three years, perhaps.

BARNEY: Why,—Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: Well, do you see any reason why I shouldn't?

BARNEY: But you've only just done your apartment over.

ELIZABETH: I can get more rent for it.

BARNEY: Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: Yes.

BARNEY: May I ask a rather impertinent question? Has this decision of yours—it seems awfully sudden—has this decision anything to do with what I just told you? About my plans for the future?

ELIZABETH: What a ridiculous thing to ask! Of course not.

BARNEY: You might just as well tell me the truth. I'm sorry you don't like my plans.

ELIZABETH: Barney, you have the silliest ideas. I've known Hester for years. I'm very fond of her.

BARNEY: Oh. (*He gets up and walks about the room, then returns to his seat, smiling to himself.*) But hasn't it occurred to you that I might hesitate to take on an encumbrance just now? I don't know whether Hester cares for boys.

ELIZABETH: It would only be for a year or so, you know. Next year Freddy will be of age and able to look out for himself. After all, I've had him for fifteen years. Even if Hester doesn't like boys, she won't have such a bad time. I had him when he was five and had to have his nasty little nose wiped. He can wipe his own now.

BARNEY: It's nice to know that.

ELIZABETH: And I had him when he was ten and brought live frogs home in his pockets, and when he was fifteen and broke out in pimples. I should think Hester could put up with him now that he's comparatively nice.

BARNEY: At any rate, that's something I shall never ask her to do.

ELIZABETH: You think it's a bit thick to ask the woman you love to live with Freddy?

BARNEY: Not at all. I think it's a bit thick to ask Freddy to live with Hester.

ELIZABETH: Then you're—you're not in love with her?

BARNEY: I can't imagine where you got the idea that I was.

BARNEY: But you cabled her. You're dining with her.

BARNEY: I promised her I would several months ago. As a matter of fact, I'm going to break my promise, if you'll let me stay here.—Elizabeth, I think you were jealous.

ELIZABETH: How vain men are!

BARNEY: I wasn't vain a few minutes ago, was I, when I thought you were going abroad just to escape my odious attentions? I had a nasty five minutes until you mentioned Hester.

ELIZABETH: Hester is really a rather good creature. I'm afraid I've been unjust to her.

BARNEY: It's understood, then, that we are to make a home for Freddy?

ELIZABETH: You seem to take a lot for granted. But I suppose one must be altruistic.

*(Freddy bursts into the room.)*

FREDDY: Liz, have you seen my hat anywhere?—Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't realize you were here.

BARNEY: Will you do something for me, Fred? Call up Mrs. Summerfield and tell her I'm very sorry not to be able to dine with her tonight.

FREDDY: Sure.

ELIZABETH: Freddy, will it relieve you to hear that I'm not going abroad after all?

FREDDY: You're not! Gosh, Liz, that's swell.

BARNEY: She's going to marry me, Frederick.

FREDDY *(to Elizabeth)*: You're going to marry *him*! Old Barney!—My God!

*(Curtain)*



## *The Books of Mary Webb*

CHARLOTTE EINSEIDLER, '32

A secretary once slipped a copy of *Precious Bane* into Stanley Baldwin's travelling bag, and the act was typical of the unobtrusiveness with which Mary Webb, the author of the book, has made her way into English literature. Although she once shyly entered a statesman's presence, and although he, and the few others who have read her work, now delight to do her honour, to the great majority of readers she remains unknown. Almost the sole distinction she received during her lifetime was the Femina Vie Heureuse prize, which is awarded only to an author whose merit has not been recognized.

This talent, which the world has for the most part passed by, is a great one. Some of the writing which it has produced is so beautiful that to read it is a great joy. It is to follow a narrative finely and vigorously told; it is to have a rich emotional experience,—to pity deeply and to love exaltedly. It is to find reality made romantic, and to see the life of the Shropshire farmer take on the colorings of mingled magnificence and gloom. It is to linger in an enchanted country-side, whose strange, bewitched atmosphere never seems a fantasy, but reality at last discovered. It is to see nature and man merge into one; the ploughman has the vast, bright background of a cornfield and its light is in his face, or else he is in shadow and the gloom of the forest is around him. And sometimes the writing of Mary Webb holds even more than this, for it becomes glorious with a mystical emotion. It is as if we had tidings of some marvelous truth. We feel as if we had found again a world that we had lost, a world known and yet unknown. It is as if we heard things said which have forever been waiting to be said, and saw things we had been always seeking. Into these woods and fields of Shropshire we have long been destined and eager to come.

We are at home here, and the rich smell of the soil is pleasant to us. During the day we breathe the fragrance of corn, and the nights are sweetly scented with water and moss. We hear the "dry-throated son" of the oats, and the "cool cropping of sheep, which is as refreshing as the sound of run-

ning water." It is the authentic atmosphere of rustic England, which is like no other in the world. There are the inns, to which come the wagonners and the men from the hills, there are harvest homes and fairs, and country towns, whose quiet life is a contrast to the fearful stillness at Sarn lake.

"For there was summat about Lullingford," wrote Prudence, who lived at Sarn, "as if a different air blew there, and as if there was a brighter sun and a safer daylight . . . At the top of the street was the church, long and low, with a tremendous high steeple, well carved and pleasant to see. Under the shadow of the church was the big comfortable inn." Together with this sort of atmosphere, there is another,—and enchanted one. Shropshire is on the Welsh border, and the Celtic fairy legends are on the lips of every farmer. There are tales of flowers which bloom in the forest on the stroke of midnight, of men who have been "cotched" by the fairies and whose white faces appear at the window on stormy nights, of charmed cities that lie beneath the surface of the lakes and whose faint bells chime at evening. The whole country-side is under a spell; the very grass is bewitched and elves laugh in the wind. The faery atmosphere becomes real. Even the Mermaid who swept up to the tavern named after her becomes an actuality, for on rainy days, the hostelry seems to be a castle under the sea. And at times, as Robert Rideout says, the inn and all might sink into Faery. People may easily fall through into that other land, and hear the singing of the birds of Rhiannon, and forget who and where they are. But in spite of having this eerie, unearthly air about it, the Shropshire countryside is rich and joyous. "The larches spired up in their quick green, and the cowslip gold seemed to get into your heart."

It is a life of many colors that is lived against such a background. No drabness enters the farmer's life. Prudence Sarn decks her oxen with yellow catkins, which look like gold plumes, and the act is symbolical. Even more than the fresh, strong coloring of the settings, the emotional life that is within the characters give the novels their richness. The people of whom Mary Webb writes are brilliantly colored within themselves; some, like Gideon in *Precious Lane* have a certain dark power; others like Robert Rideout, in *Seven for a Secret*, have a fiery love and pity within them of which it is both thrilling and purifying to read. Prudence Sarn speaks of warming

herself at the hearth of the weaver's great kindness. In most of the characters there is a satisfying goodness and greatness of heart. Even those whose natures are not lovable, are remarkable for their vitality. There is Gillian Lovekin, for example, so full of life and egotism that she does not like to sleep and thus forget her identity for ten hours,—nor would we have her sleeping and silent.

The story of the Shropshire farmers is told with vigor and unlagging movement. Meditation and commentary and the relief of comedy enter in precisely the right proportions. There is life everywhere, and drama in what the characters think as well as in what happens to them. The passages which make perhaps the deepest impression are those in which Mary Webb writes of the emotional life of her characters. She achieves authentic reality of mood and rare intensity of feeling. The love of Prudence Sarn is something to remember with a thrilled heart. This is the way in which she writes of her meeting with him who is "her lover and her lord":

"There was a quick footfall without, and a rush of fresh air, and a long ray of sunshine from the door to me, and he stood there in the light looking upon us.

" 'He,' I say, as if you'd know him out of the world as I did.

"He stood in the doorway, and I rose up from my seat as if he was my own bidden guest."

And later on she writes down in her book the text, "The Maister be come," and after it this:

"All night, in the attic, I could hear those words, very triumphing and yet sad. And when the dark thinned, and shapes began to steal out from the blackness, and the smell of dawn came in, and our game-cock crowed loud and sweet because it was the beginning of spring, I still heard those words, with kindness in them and a shiver of dread—"The Maister be come."

"The words made such a murmur, and were so piercing-sweet that I wrote them in my book."

These emotional experiences are almost always perfectly blended with their settings; man and nature are in perpetual sympathy, and each adds to the significance and beauty of the other. There was the same mystery in Gideon as in the lych-gate yew. And to Robert Rideout, Gillian and the moor on which she lives are almost one; he wants to touch the very heart of them both, and find their meaning, and turn it into song. And when he stood at one spot on the hearth "out of nowhere, like

the faint lament of a sheep from cloudy heights, came the knowledge that this place was prepared for him." There was something which he must do for it, but which he did not know. In all inanimate things there is the same mystery and meaning as in man; they hold a secret they will not give up. Trees and grasses and lakes are under a spell, living in another world, lost in a strange dream. And thus the Celtic fairy-lore has its mystical truth, for legends ascribe to every valley and hill its elfin spirits, symbolical of their secret significance. It is the same sort of perception which makes Prudence say of the weaver's house, with its curious, unexplained atmosphere of peace, that it seems to be built of stone from the Better Land. It is this kind of spiritual intuition which made Mary Webb a mystic. Her power is shown even more distinctly in the scenes describing Prudence Sarn at her attic window, and the world growing suddenly and startlingly lovely before her:

"There came to me a most powerful sweetness that had never come to me afore. It was not religious . . . It was beyond that. It was as if some creature made all of light had come on a sudden from a great way off, and nestled in my bosom. On all things there came a fair, lovely look, as if a different air stood over them. It is a look that seems ready to come sometimes on those gleamy mornings after the rain, when they say, 'So fair the day, the cuckoo is going to heaven.'

When we read such passages, there seems to be an actual light on the page.

Not all the writing of Mary Webb achieves such high things. The woman who wrote *Gone to Earth* had to be capable of tremendous growth in power in order to write *Precious Bane*. The first book has only tiny, darting suggestions of the splendours of the later one. The characters are rather shakily drawn; the hero seems indistinct, and the picture of his mother is a caricature more than anything else. The descriptions are in many ways crude, and the story itself is told with almost incredible harshness. The philosophy of the book is distorted and bitter. Nature is either pitiless or offers only sensuous delight. In the very first scene the clouds, streaked with blood, are torn upon the fangs of the mountains, and such pictures follow one another in horrible succession, interspersed with others describing May mornings as "caparisoned in diamonds." Frequently the effect is ugly as the clash of breaking china, and then again it gives an impression



of pink lace-paper. The writing is on the whole florid, tortured, jagged.

Such faults, however, are in their way good faults. They are the results of a luxuriant, untrained imagination and much emotion. When she wrote *Gone to Earth*, Mary Webb was so shaken by her feelings that she forgot all conscious artistry and judgment. She poured out her emotion in a sort of vast and muddy Mississippi, but despite the lack of beauty and clarity in the way she expresses herself, her love of nature and her pity for suffering are not for one moment to be denied.

The theme of the whole book is that the one power in the world is cruelty, which never ceases to hunt down and kill the creatures of earth. Nature is hostile,—the pines look ironic, and the wind is forever mocking. From the very beginning there is no hope; small and suffering humanity has not long to wait and it is crushed to earth. Hazel, the heroine, is helpless before the strength of her own instincts and the crude power of Reddin, and later the savage hostility of society overwhelms her. But she is so wild, untutored a creature that she does not seem like a real person, with all the thoughts, the reactions and the resources of an ordinary woman, and therefore her tragedy can hardly be taken as the universal one. Her personality must have been rather odd, for, as the author explains, she gave her husband the impression that the very thing which would save her and for which she unconsciously longed would be an injury to her. So the one man who is kind steps aside through a misunderstanding and makes way for the cruelty which finally crushes Hazel. There is, however, a second theme, one which was a favorite with Mary Webb, that of redemption through a purer love. At the beginning we are told that Hazel is not spiritual, but of the earth, earthy, but at the end she becomes in effect the spiritual bride of Edward Marston; she has become finer. Pity for the hunted is the dominant note of the book and finally drowns out everything else:—Hazel dies saving a fox from the hunters' dog. The book is all a protesting cry against the grinding, implacable power that drives the universe, and sometimes it seems almost to shriek aloud. At the end it rises to a horrible crescendo of pain; the hero becomes almost unbalanced in his frenzied hatred of the world and its conventions; goodness is declared to be actually only a mask for evil. "There is no God," say



Hazel and Edward, "and Christ was but a poor, hunted creature like the rest." They come to the conclusion that it is not only useless, but even an absolute tragedy to be compelled to live.

It seems strange that *The Spring of Joy: a Little Book of Healing*, was published in the same year with *Gone to Earth*. In the small volume of essays all the bitter of the previous book seems turned to sweet. Nature is now the source of all consolation and all hope. It is pure air and green dewy grass and friendliness. It gives clear water to drink, and cool, ripe berries to eat, and it spreads over all the earth a sky of fresh and friendly tints. Long summer days of meditative observation have gone into the making of these essays, for they are full of delicate detail. Mary Webb sees even the "round filigree boxes of the pollen grain" and hears the whisper of the growing grass. Sometimes we feel almost physically tired because of the unflagging intensity of her observation. The essays may be a little over-weighted with their rich detail, and the metaphors occasionally a trifle over-done, but on the other hand they have frequently a restrained and perfect imaginative quality. The spirit of pastoral England is in them, and beyond this, they contain the quiet fervor of a mystic at peace. "Death is a gate at the end of the field, up against the sky-line . . . At each breath drawn in this eternal atmosphere, now and forever are one; today and in a million years, here and beyond the uttermost star, we are in the heart of God." Though published in the same year, *Gone to Earth* must have been finished long before this serene, hopeful sort of writing.

The essays are like a pleasant by-path in the literary career of Mary Webb. Her next published work was again a novel, *Seven for a Secret*, which has to do with the strife of good and evil. But the ugliness of *Gone to Earth* is smoothed away, and the story has a purple bloom about it like the moor which is its setting. There is quickness and deftness in the descriptive writing. One sentence, for example: "It was a cold blue afternoon, with the first powder of snow on the hills", gives us the whole feeling of the day,—wind on our cheeks, and a vast dimly-colored country around us. The book has also the atmosphere of the land of Faery, and it often seems as if Gillian's home were in a legendary country. The herbage

crackles in an elfin way when the sheep rise, and her voice comes over the meadows "thin and wistful as that of a lost fairy." There is also the pure pastoral atmosphere, even in the mind of Robert Rideout, for he expresses his thoughts in figures of rustic beauty. The book shows Mary Webb's increasing power not only in creating atmosphere, but also in drawing character. Although some of the figures are a little blurred at the edges, they nevertheless approach a sort of magnificence and have a fine largeness and unself-consciousness of spirit. Robert Rideout continues the tradition which Edward Marston of *Gone to Earth* rather feebly began,— that of heroes who have warm hearts and "sternness and stately righteousness" and who seem besides to be the most hard-working in all English literature. There is a great advance on *Gone to Earth* also in the treatment of the idea that love purifies and redeems. Gillian Lovekin, so ambitious and so wrapped up in herself that she prays in this fashion, "Oh God, please keep my aunt safe so that she can take me to Silverton" learns to love Robert Rideout, so that at the end she is "blind to herself and deaf to herself." *Seven for a Secret* also contains the infinite pity for suffering which characterized *Gone to Earth*, for when Robert Rideout looks into the eyes of Ruth he sees the spirit of all stricken humanity in them and he feels "the immense, wild pity that drove Christ to Calvary and has since driven men mad." His sympathy with the dumb woman is contrasted with Gillian's feeling for her. "It must be so cruel hard," she says, "never to be able to answer back." There is also in *Seven for a Secret* the feeling of fatality,— the doom that waits at the "unket" place, and the smooth and terrible inevitability of Gillian's marriage to Elmer,—but there is never the feeling which runs through *Gone to Earth* that nature is a cruel power before which man is helpless. Instead it is in sympathy with him, it completes him, and under its influence his spirit opens out in its fullest beauty. To Robert Rideout it seems that the moor has laid a task on him, and to fulfil its need he must become heroic. But even deeper than this is his mystical certainty that he and the moor and Gillian whom he loves are all bound up together in one sacred life. "He mingled his heart with the moor and knew that out of it he must make something lovely and unfading." Gillian was its fragrant, dark-hued flower which he must gather. "Touch

not, taste not, handle not, is no text for lovers or for mystics. . . . He is not content with looking. He must eat of it and drink of it. He must absorb it, be nourished upon it." But Robert Rideout does not always hunger and thirst, for he finds fulfillment. Gillian has suffered; her spirit has grown purer and mingles with his. But her marriage would still keep him from her were it not for a piece of almost impossible good fortune. Here Mary Webb's fervor carries everything before it, and the melodramatic happenings which bring the lovers together are forgiven her. "When Love, the scarlet-mantled, comes in, can the author help being dazzled?" she asks, and aptly characterizes her own failing. But there is something more than this happiness on earth, which for the moment seems to fulfil all longing and answer all questioning,—there is still some never-explained, immortal secret:

"Out in the early summer morning, listening to the silence, you know that there is more, that in and beyond the purple earth and the silver sky there is a mystery so great that the knowledge of it would be intolerable, so sweet that the very intuition of its nearness brings tears."

"He will mow us down . . . because it is best for us that we leave growing in the meadow, and be brought into his safe rick-yard, and thatched over warm with his everlasting loving-kindness."

These same thoughts, these same moods, and kinds of beauty absorbed Mary Webb all her life. We see them appear in one novel after another, and since her power in writing gradually increases, one book seems to be the outgrowth of another. The climax is reached in *Precious Bane*, with its fullness and richness and imaginative glory. It mingles tragedy and joy and gives to each such magnificent color that the two strands seem to be one of shining black and one of gold. It is the story of Gideon Sarn which is the shining black, and that of Prudence, his warm-hearted sister, which is the gold. The ruin caused through loving wealth (the precious bane) over-much is one theme, and the other is again that of exalted love coming into its own. The words "The Maister be come" strike the thrilling note of accompaniment near the beginning, until at the end love at last rides on to its triumph. The character of the "Maister" is the creation of enthusiasm, but although he is nearly faultless, he does not lack warmth and humor. The impression one receives that *Precious Bane* is on the whole a hopeful book is due to the fact that he, and people

like him do not meet tragedy, and that good is not frustrated. Although Prudence compares the universe to a madly spinning top, and believes the doing of evil to be fated, since some men are born evil and cannot help themselves,—nevertheless she has always the feeling that there is a God and that he is kind.

The lovely rustic metaphors in which she expresses her thought blend in with the pastoral setting of the book. It is in *Precious Bane*, more than any other of the books of Mary Webb, that we feel the strong reality of the Shropshire atmosphere. Its earthly and unearthly qualities are at their most distinct, and also the mingling of the Christian and the pagan in its people. There are real bells ringing in the church, but the faery ones under the water always answer. And then at times there comes the sound of deep-toned mystical bells of love and nature.

The background is one of extreme beauty, never-fading. In the morning the birds-eye flowers on the hedges watch Gideon and Prudence go by “very simple and innocent, like thousands of blue-eyed children.” Then at mid-day Gideon and the oxen move about on the rich brown of the ploughed land like the carved black oak figures on the tops of the Lullington houses. The evenings come, “long and green sifted with gold,” and then on July nights the corn shines and makes its own moonlight. Nature is friendly; the lakes are “kind-seeming.” And sometimes there is a breathlessness about the world, as if it were waiting for a miracle, and to Prudence comes the mysterious mood which is the mystic’s joy. The apples in the attic “crowd round . . . to see a marvel” and Prudence knows “the glory that came from the other side of silence.” The novel is of the sort which we are forever after glad to have read.

Mary Webb’s last book was *Armour Wherein He Trusted*, a historical romance left unfinished, and in this her art, as art, perhaps reached its highest point. It has an entirely different setting from the rest of her novels,—its background is England in the days of the crusades—and yet it has exactly the same emotional and imaginative quality of all her work. The difference lies all in the atmosphere, which in *Armour Wherein He Trusted* is quaint and medieval. But when the castles and the towns are left behind, the woods and the fields are under



the same spell as they were in Shropshire. Gilbert, the knight, feels as did Prudence Sarn the tremendous beauty of the world, which is like a weight upon the heart, and he is glad when the spring is over and he is at rest with his spirit no more a-strain, drinking it in. Gilbert also has pity for the hunted deer, and his mother shows the sudden fierceness in the protecting of the weak which creeps even into Prudence Sarn.

In *Armour Wherein He Trusted* there is again the contrast made between the love that is purely earthy and that which is spiritual. There is also the idea that one may be purified and become the other, for when Gilbert feels called upon by heaven itself to go with the crusaders, he knows that nevertheless he need not deny his love for Nesta, his wife. It is only that she has some evil in her, which she could not help, being of a sort of elf-lineage, and she must be ransomed and made one of God's folk. A kindly helping Lord, who had "to take a deal of trouble" over Gilbert, as the knight himself admits, is always looking down from the town of heaven with his "grey-misted", "hyacinthine" eyes. He promises Gilbert that Nesta shall be given back. "I shall keep her in guard," says His voice. "In that spring which hath no autumn thou shalt wed with her,"—words which it is pleasant to linger on, for they are both sweet and strong. They are the expression of the pleasantest sort of religion, sure and simple and quaintly poetic. The whole book is like them, and also like one of the pale pink flowers in Nesta's shaded garden cut in the gray rock of the castle, a bloom which, although seemingly fragile, has much vitality.

When one looks at the books of Mary Webb as a whole, one is struck by the fact that she found the most poetry in the common people,—weavers, cowmen, shepherds. She calls the simple-hearted the Magi of the world. Her finest story is told in the words of a woman who has spent almost all her life in ploughing. Simplicity is not dullness, and to the common people comes often the mystical message "from the green ends of the radiant day." Their life is the ideal life. To be truly happy one must live in a rustic way, watching the shadows across the grass from the cottage window, listening to the bees; and then some go out to work all day in the open fields and the rest of us wait for them to return in the quiet of evening. The watching for the beloved at the window at the end



of day is symbolical of happiness; wherever Mary Webb writes of love in its joy she makes a picture of this sort, whether of the knight's lady or the weaver's wife.

In the rustic life one is near to nature and to love, which teach all that needs to be taught. Nature makes us worshipful, and refreshes and sometimes sends us the miraculous "visitation". And love is ever purifying us, and the soul filled with it beautifies the flesh, and makes all the rest of the world lovely. "For I do think," writes Prudence Sarn, "that the spirit makes herself busy about the body, and breathes through it and throws a veil over it to make it more fair than it is of itself."

These same ideas found thier way also into Mary Webb's poems which contain exactly the same sort of beauty as her novels in more brief and concentrated form. There is first of all the joy of walking through the woods with cheeses and milk and mushrooms for market, and being refreshed with berries on the way. Then there is love blended with this pastoral atmosphere; the meek heart blossoms with its two or three daisies, waits for its beloved. He must be there to make the spring complete; the meadows and the woods are all expectant. And when he has once come, even in the November of the year, he makes warm summer about him. But should he die, it is again to nature that one turns; there is hope in the color of the winter dawn:

"All colours from the frozen earth have died,  
And only shadow stains the cold white snow:  
But in the air the April tints abide;  
Intangibly and radiantly they grow.  
There bloom immortal crocuses, beside  
A life-rose hedge, and irises that grow.  
Along a far green inlet—circling wide  
Anemone fields where none but stars may go.  
The ardours of a thousand springs are there.  
Through infinite deeps they quicken, bright and tender.  
In that sequestered garden of the air  
No icy pall is heavy on the splendour.  
Since you are not in the wintry world to love me.  
How softly painted flushes death above me!"

And then we do not fail to pass again into faery-land, for the elves are omnipresent in Mary Webb's poetry as well as in

her novels. But then there are also the ancient river-gods, which can still be seen passing behind the trees in the morning sun, kingly and undisturbed. Legend inspired also the poem *Colomen*, which is the tale of a lady of long ago, who stood like a tree weighted down with bloom among her pink and grey doves with their "velvet-warm" voices. She loved and suffered and died, and the doves still echo her grief. The tale has the colour of dim, far-off castles under the faint rose of a pale morning, and it has an eerie, wistful music about it. Another poem of the past is *Virocon*, which opens with a roll of drums:

"Virocon—Virocon  
Still the ancient name rings on"—

and goes on to chant of the pathos of the long-dead conquerors.

In Mary Webb's poetry, not only a historical or a legendary past seems to linger about the present, but also a mystical past, a thousand ages of still living enchantment. There are presences in the woods and on the hill-sides which have been there since earth's beginning. Flowers seem to belong to another world which is outside space and time, which was forever and continues still, and within which all is cast under a spell:

"The fox-glove bells, deep, deep in wizardry  
Will not reveal what peals were rung  
In Faery, in Faery  
A thousand ages gone . . .  
Should they startle o'er the land  
None would know what bells they be . . .  
Each crimson bell, down slanted  
Is so utterly enchanted."

This is the mystic's sense of timelessness, of being lost to himself and to this world in another of perpetual wonder. It may be entered through the most minute bits of beauty, which in their smallness are gate-ways to the infinite:

"So fair . . .  
So mystic-frail the tremulous pollen worlds,  
Divinity itself seems slumbering there."

But the most satisfying poem of all is *The Vagrant*, which in rustic symbolism expresses, as it were, the heart of Mary

Webb's thinking. It links her love of the countryside, of the simple people who labor there and of the legends which they hand down, with her mystical creed. She sees a god who wanders over the land, piping, with a wooden flute and sun-burnt hands:

"In the dark aspens  
Hark! a flute note; so still he's at his playing.  
Tawny the furrows lie—his homely vesture.  
Labourers pass; I see his very gesture—  
Vigorous, tranquil, with his music straying.

"Now I know surely  
Who set the birds a-fire, and touched the grain  
Silent, without a foot-print, no shade showing  
Infinite worlds his shadow; all things growing  
Stir with his breathing, follow as he passes."

When we read it we have the feeling of thrilled recognition which great writing gives us, as if we discovered at last a dim, beautiful thing which had long been living in us as well, forever seeking a voice, finding it at last.

Mary Webb died a year and a half ago, in her forty-sixth year, and one of the last things she wrote was a strange unconscious prophecy. It is a passage near the end of *Armour Wherein He Trusted* which Gilbert wrote about himself and which came true of Mary Webb, even to the brilliant cover on the volume of her poems recently published. If we think of her as a sort of Joan, there is no incongruity in the mention of a knight. The passage is strangely and beautifully appropriate and particularly appealing because of the fair glimmer of hope in the end:

"Afore you, good gentlemen, that read this say of mine, have even glimpsed the painted cover of it that I have made of vellum, with rich gold and vermeil . . . I shall have heard the sudden bell, pealing through the brisk dawn, and laying down my quills and brushes, I shall hastily depart from this dark valley of Time, going out as a young knight bent on new conquest."

## Saxe

SYDNEY SULLIVAN, '31

THE long, low, touring car, its refulgent glory dimmed by the white dust of the Virginia roads, drew to a stop by the station that shimmered in the heat of the June afternoon. The liveried chauffeur stepped out and vanished in accordance with previously received instructions within the small building to ask the way. His employer, Mrs. George A. Kohler, moved heavily forward and gazed approvingly on the sun-baked street and shabby buildings.

"Ah!" she enunciated, "*c'est tout à fait charmant.*"

Mrs. Kohler had spent the winter in taking a course in diction and doing what she referred to as "brushing up her French," though anyone who had penetrated to the pale green sanctity of her almost Louis Quinze bedroom would have seen a well-worn copy of "A Self-Pronouncing Phrasebook of French for Beginners." The results of her Herculean efforts were as obvious as her rouge.

Mr. Kohler who had no ideals towards understanding French, shifted his large cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, pushed his large plaid cap back on his head, and grunted ambiguously.

An infinitesimal child, rivalling in blackness Mr. Kohler's cigar, pulled up short beside the automobile and stared open-mouthed at Mrs. Kohler's august figure. Mr. Kohler would probably have received an equal share of attention except that his wife's visible majesty completely filled the small spectator's field of vision. Mrs. Kohler shifted her myopic gaze from the Bon Ton Women's and Children's Clothing Store—luckily, as it had visibly suffered from trying to live up to the quaintness she expected of it—and approved the child.

"George," she said, "give the little girl a quarter. What's your name, little girl?"

Galvanized into action by the sudden forward thrust of the large, bright-coloured face so near his own, the child held out a black paw faced with dull tan and whispered.

"Washington Vernon Johnson."



With a broad, firm smile Mrs. Kohler amended herself.

"George, give the little *boy* a quarter."

She handed the coin to the official representative of Virginia quaintness, who clutched it and scuttled down the cobblestone street as fast as his three-year-old legs could take him, propelled to some extent by the driving force of that head-of-the-committee smile.

The chauffeur returned, and hearing the agonized squeaks of the springs as Mrs. Kohler resettled her portly form, additionally weighted by a Lady Bountiful halo, he started the car. They bounced down the rough road and clattered across a long and loosely built bridge, then turned in at wrought iron gates to climb a shaded hill and stop before Saxe, the estate of the Fitzhughs, of the Lacey, of the Custises, of the Howards, and now of the Kohlers.

Meanwhile Nancy Howard, who had until now ruled over Saxe, was having tea on the white-columned porch of the Braxtons' house. Everyone in Stafford knew that Tom Howard was in jail for stealing fifteen thousand dollars from the First National Bank, but all Stafford including his wife pretended to believe that he was taking the rest cure which had been reported at that difficult time. There had been of course no vulgar publicity about the affair—a Howard could not have had his name stained by any newspaper in Stafford county. But rumours are no respecters of names; besides, after Tom Howard's too sudden breakdown the grass had grown longer about the gravelled walks at Saxe and there had been less of the rare old silver in the heavy sideboard. Soon three young men even brisker than the most modern of Stafford young men had come to the Armistead Hotel, motoring with photographic apparatus to the old house and taking notes and pictures as they walked through the grounds and through the house. Then the Braxtons, Nancy's cousins and closest relatives, had said that she was going to pay them a long visit, that the strain of looking after so large a house was too much for her, that she might even let it go. And now the Kohlers had rolled through the town. Nancy Howard knew very well who they were and where they were going as soon as she caught sight of the car, so opulent and unusual in the little town. The Braxtons knew too, and knew that Nancy knew, but they continued calmly sipping their minute glasses of sherry and



nibbling the sponge cakes and making effortless, faded conversation about the Ladies' Auxiliary Bazaar.

Finally Nancy broke the web of simulated ignorance spun from figure to figure, by saying,

"Well, I see they've come."

The three Miss Braxtons, Miss Sally Lee, Miss Mary Custis, and Miss Page Randolph, made polite sounds of surprise and, respecting their own ideal of courtesy, inquired as to the source of her information. They didn't quite venture to pretend ignorance of who "they" were—"they" had been the subject of too many formal discussions.

Nancy joined in the pretense—

"I saw a strange car with a man and woman in it and bags in back, and I recognized them by the agent's description. Besides, they turned toward the bridge."

The Misses Braxton made more polite sounds of surprise. Miss Page, who was only sixty and so considered a trifle impulsive by her staid older sisters, said,

"Did they look like nice people?"

"Now, Page," murmured Miss Mary, implying that nice people considered everyone else to be nice people until proved otherwise. Her next word was a concession.

"Anyhow, we'll call on her very soon."

Four days later Mrs. Kohler, exhausted by the exertion of watching a horde of servants move furniture, was resting on the terrace of what she referred to as "our new little home." The flagstoned terrace, level with the lawn, stretched the length of the house—two hundred and fifty feet. The white-wash on the walls was peeling in patches showing the red of the bricks beneath, the colour augmented to diffuse glow by the bars of the setting sun slanting through the heavy air. The low wings at either end were covered with ivy—only in the central two-storied portion of the house were the walls white. A semi-circular fan of shallow steps led to the great door through which one entered into the glory of Saxe—the three great rooms each twenty-six feet square that made up the ground floor in the main part of the house. These rooms were panelled in white; exquisite panelling brought from England in the time of Queen Anne and raised by English hands for the black-sheep son of a great family sent with money and sword to the young and tolerant colonies. Be-

yond these rooms on one side lay bedrooms, all opening onto a long corridor, and on the other a duplicate corridor ran past the steps to the pantry, library, and a maids' room.

As Mrs. Kohler creaked in the wicker rocker which had been brought from New York to replace the heavy mahogany which was a trifle too quaint, she was considering this maid's room. The housekeeper would obviously have to have it, and six maids would go into the three-room servants' cottage at one end of the house—let them share the rooms, she'd done enough for them bringing them here to her lovely place. She sniffed with possessive pride the scent of roses and boxwood permeating the late afternoon, and began to consider the question of the chauffeur. She was, however, interrupted, for figures appeared around the corner of the house. They must have come on foot then, by the path that she had seen stretching down the hill. Four women, shabby, and tired looking. The climb up that hill must be hard. They were very close to her now. She stopped rocking and sat up.

"Yes?" she questioned.

The tallest and youngest stepped forward.

"I'm Mrs. Howard," she said. "We came to see how you were getting on with your moving."

As she stood up, Mrs. Kohler noticed that she pronounced the prefix to her own name almos as "Miz." Her elocution teacher would not have approved. Conscious of this, she spoke with a metallic clearness that gave her the effect of speaking to a distinctly subnormal ten-year-old.

"It was very kind of you, I'm sure," she said with a condescending smile. "Won't you come inside?"

Nothing would have pleased Nancy more after her long hot walk than to stay in the open, where the air was redolent of the great gardens and where the wood-doves were calling, but she and the Braxtons expressed their pleasure and trailed into the house after the ponderous and brightly silk-clad figure of their hostess.

The square room glistened in the late sunshine. The white panels, the line of moulding on the ceiling, the broad dark boards of the floor—these were the same. But wicker furniture replaced the old mahogany, and the rose damask curtains at the windows were transformed to flaming chintz. Instead

of the Saint Memmin on the wall hung a copy of Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*.

Nancy's first thought was for the Braxtons. They must not see the horror that had been done to the house they loved. She stopped for a second and then, realizing that it was hardly possible to marshal the old ladies out, moved forward. Mrs. Kohler, over-punctilious, was pushing the immense wicker sofa forward. When the three Miss Braxtons were perched like uneasy crows upon it and Nancy had been encased in a wicker rocker, she herself took possession of a complaining chaise longue and of the conversation.

She told them her plans for the house and showed a singularly obtuse pleasure in the improvements she had already effected. She mentioned her difficulties with each servant and how much she paid them. She spoke of her desire to get acquainted in the town and of her many friends in New York. All this was embellished with poorly pronounced French.

Nancy asked if they would see Mr. Kohler soon, to which his wife replied that he was outside, that he just loved to take long walks *en plein air*. She described her husband's interest in the gardens and finally offered to show them over the house, refusing to take "no" for an answer, although her guests exhibited an obvious reluctance. She herded them into the living room, furnished in much the same style as the entrance hall with the addition of a radio and a victrola. Mrs. Kohler now offered the explanation that all the furniture including the old square piano was stored in the attic, that she and her husband intended to make it just a cool simple little country home. As the funereal procession headed by the militant lady of the house started down the corridor to "what is known as the George Washington room,"—Nancy noticed the stupefied expression on her companions' faces and was suddenly jerked into silent laughter. That this overwhelming, unheeding woman could so unintentionally wound so deeply. And Mr. Kohler of course must be just the same way.

Their journey seemed interminable. Through every bedroom, each with twin beds and taffeta-skirted dressing tables and pink-shaded lamps. Into the bathrooms changed from their comfortably stained shabbiness to glisteningly "tinted" porcelain and tiles. To see the monstrous and outrageously

sanitary Frigidaire where Aunt Mary had formerly bent her woolly head over a wooden chest with a foot square compartment for ice. To the library where the built-in bookcases stood empty and where mission furniture gave the room the masculine touch that Mrs. Kohler assured them every man liked to find in his den.

When they were finally ushered back into the entrance hall, they expressed their pleasure in seeing Mrs. Kohler's beautiful changes, their hope that she would drop in to tea any day, and took their leave.

Outside the house they spoke of the beauties of the gardens, of the fine weather, and of Mrs. Evelyn who was expected for supper that night. No one said, "Do you remember—" or, "This is where—". It was only when they were half-way down the steep path that led to the road that Miss Page said,

"It seems a pity, Nancy, that you sold Saxe through an agent without meeting the people."

"Now, Page," answered Miss Mary.

"Yes," Nancy said, "it's too bad."

The rest of the walk home along the white road bordered by dust-laden weeds, over the long bridge above the sluggish Metomkin river, and through the quiet, weary streets, was accomplished in complete silence, until they came to the square white house where old Mrs. Evelyn sat on the shaded porch waiting with ill-concealed eagerness for news.

As she came forward to meet her rather travel-stained hostesses, this eagerness, brought into contact with the real sorrow that bound the cousins together, affected them strangely. Though the talk for a few minutes turned on greetings and polite inquiries about health, beneath it their sorrow changed to a sort of triumphant disappointment. Mrs. Evelyn's attitude made them realize that they were amid those who would think and feel as they thought and felt. Eagerness begets eagerness, and they were almost as ready to divulge their experiences as their guest was to hear them.

The old ladies and Nancy went to their rooms to put down their hats and wash for dinner. Mrs. Evelyn waited in the quiet dusk. A few birds twittered sleepily. Occasionally there were approaching footsteps, and a girl in a soft dress, pale through the dimness, or a boy in the light suit that is almost a uniform in the southern summer would pass by.



But Mrs. Evelyn noticed none of this, nor did she see the old houses about her nor the lawns and flowers that kept a coolness in the street through all the summer. She was thinking of the Kohlers. It was a name she had never heard, but then Northern names were queer anyhow. And often Northern people were very nice. She recalled the boy from New York who had married Ann Lee Shepherd. It would make such a tremendous difference if they weren't nice. Saxe was the great estate of the town and never before had anyone owned it to whom she had not been related and whose name had not been a by-word in Virginia. She smoothed her cotton skirt with her little, heavily veined hands. She might be poor but she was what the niggers call "quality."

Miss Mary came out on the wide porch.

"Supper's ready, Cousin Rose," she said. "I don't reckon you want much urging. I'm mighty sorry we kept you waiting like that but we were over at Saxe so long."

Mrs. Evelyn snatched at the implied permission as she went into the dimly lighted dining room.

"You went over to Saxe this afternoon to call on the Kohlers. Well, now, what are they like, Cousin Mary?"

They sat down at the round mahogany table where the others one by one joined them, each with an apology for keeping their cousin waiting.

Miss Mary, in spite of her real unhappiness about the Kohlers and their works, saved her supremacy of knowledge while her sisters and her cousin came in and while Mrs. Evelyn was helped to the soup that introduced supper, however hot the weather. Then she spoke as one delivering an ultimatum.

"Cousin Rose, they just aren't the right people. She told us she thought Saxe was 'just dandy'."

When the horror of this had sunk in she continued, "And the things she has done to that house you would *not* believe."

Nancy felt real anger against these strangers, as she sensed the unhappiness in Miss Mary's voice and thought of her furniture, the things she had lived with and loved, stored away to make room for the atrocities that they had seen. Everyone started talking at once. The room was full of small sharp words that escaped futilely into the warm air. Nancy smiled inwardly at their faded helplessness in contrast to the overpowering, highly coloured woman who had already



changed the whole atmosphere of the house. She wondered if Mr. Kohler would so transform the grounds. At least no one could have the heart to cut down any of the trees. The rest of the evening was spent in running down the Kohlers and the North, and in lauding the oldest families of Virginia. There was a little discussion of what Saint George's Church would do in order to raise money to preserve the choir-stalls designed by Thomas Jefferson. The consensus of the ladies' opinions was that the Auxiliary Bazaar would do little to help. In which opinion they were perfectly correct.

The next two weeks were spent by the ladies of the town in calling on the new arrivals. Each came back with the same story of changes. Mr. Kohler was seen by no one. Indeed he attained a certain legendary quality. He was always reported by his wife as being *en plein air*. Mrs. Randolph Howard told of seeing a large man in golf knickers walking up the hill as she was coming down, but it was generally felt that this must be the landscape gardener whom Mr. Kohler spoke of importing. Each lady reported the story of her adventures with gusto and very real regret.

Among others who called was the small and humble minister of Saint George's who invited the newcomers to attend his church, an invitation which Mrs. Kohler accepted for herself and for her husband. He also merely mentioned, as he afterwards explained, the needs of the orphan asylum and was presented with a check for five hundred dollars, an event which absolutely stupefied the little man and acted as a bomb-shell on the community. All felt that it was ostentatious, but some (a small minority if the orphans were excluded) also felt that it was magnificent. Feeling ran high, and it was noted that the poorer and more aristocratic were the most stentorian objectors to the pompousness that this conclusively proved.

Meanwhile Mrs. Kohler made no public appearance. Every day the chauffeur came to the village and bought supplies for the day and returned to Saxe where Mrs. Kohler remained invisible except to her callers, apparently perfectly happy to sit in the warm sunshine waiting for them. The procedure was the same with every one; they were all shown the house, bombarded with diction and French, and regally dismissed. Almost all of them told their friends that they were eager to give the lady a piece of their mind.

Only Nancy entirely forgot Mrs. Kohler in the greater tragedy of the house. Whenever she thought of the furniture, the *Ladies' Home Journal* atmosphere that pervaded the rooms, she felt that she could not stand this last insult to what was part of herself. To her great relief each caller mentioned that the grounds had not been changed, only that everything was beautifully kept up. This comforted her, for to some extent she felt responsible for the shame she was sure the old house must feel. Though the furniture had gone, she knew that the three tall sycamores still dropped their fuzzy balls on the flagged terrace, and that the yellow leaves of the uinko tree still flamed in the sunlight.

One day, tired of the little town, its dust and heat, she determined to go to Saxe. There was no need to see that woman, she would just wander about—she smiled to herself—*en plein air*, and enjoy the roses, the boxwood walks, and the tiny fountain that were in the lower garden farther from the house.

After the sunny walk the coolness beneath the trees was restful. Higher up on the hill she could see the great linden tree and beyond it the white walls of the house. She sat down on a stone bench beside the diminutive goldfish pond and listened to the sounds that came faintly to her through the still air. She could hear the dull sounds of traffic in the town across the river and against it as against a curtain the nearer, clearer sounds. A dog was barking, someone in the house was singing, birds made tiny excited noises in the trees, and the little fountain splashed daintily. Suddenly she was conscious of footsteps on the gravelled path behind her. She turned to face a man whom she recognized as the one seen by Mrs. Howard. At last she would know if this were Mr. Kohler. He was very near to her now.

"I'm Mrs. Howard," she said. "I don't reckon Mrs. Kohler would mind my just sitting here in the garden a while."

"I'm Mr. Kohler," the man answered. "We're glad to have you come whenever you want."

Apparently overcome by the effort that his speech required he sat down beside her and pulled from his pocket a gigantic cigar.

"Mind if I smoke?" he asked, and when Nancy answered, "Not at all" divested it of the heavy foil, lighted it, and puffed out a cloud of thick smoke.

"Nice here, isn't it?" he said.

"I love it," Nancy answered. "My cousins lived here before me, and I was practically reared over here. It's been this way for generations."

"I didn't want to change anything," Mr. Kohler said. "I knew it had been this way and I knew everybody wanted it this way. Besides . . ." and he relapsed into an uncomfortable silence.

Nancy suddenly realized that this man loved Saxe just as she did, that it meant all to him that it did to her. This revelation for some reason embarrassed her. How he must have suffered seeing the furniture changed. To cover up her guilty knowledge she started to talk at random.

"Did you know that there was supposed to be a ghost, a lady in white who walks in the boxwood lane at night? They say only the Fitzhughs see her, though."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Kohler answered. "I've been reading in some books. Bishop Meade's for instance. But we'll never see her. We aren't Fitzhughs."

There was a queer touch of bitterness in his voice. He honestly did understand what it all meant then, the oldness and the sameness of everything. This was the most extraordinary thing she had ever come across. Perhaps he didn't realize how very much he was giving away about himself. She had better go. She rose.

"I must go, Mr. Kohler. I'm so glad I met you here and I'm so glad that the gardens are being so beautifully kept. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Mr. Kohler said, and watched her as she passed into the cool green tunnel of the boxwood lane.

This conversation Nancy inevitably never repeated. No one else felt so badly about Saxe as she did. To them it was a symbol; it was the half of her life to her, and to know that someone, a stranger, was as completely under its spell as she was—this was lonely comfort. She agreed in the damning of Mrs. Kohler, it was the natural thing to do, and her opinions about Mr. Kohler she kept to herself.

Soon came the event that had been talked of for so long—the Ladies' Auxiliary Society's Bazaar. Nancy belonged, like all her friends in Stafford, to the Ladies' Auxiliary, but had not been asked to serve on any of the many committees and sub-

and sub-sub-committees arranged by frenzied ladies, because of her recent trouble. However she had done her duty in former years and she had listened to the Braxtons' endless plans so that she was not completely suffocated with excitement when she was finally seated between Miss Page and Miss Sally in the Sunday-school room of Saint George's Church.

At one end of the room rough, green curtains had been hung and before them were improvised footlights—a row of electric light bulbs stretched on a wire like strange plants on a vine. These completely blinded the people in the front row and would undoubtedly blind the actors. The room was only half full, mostly of elderly ladies who nodded and smiled to all the other elderly ladies, though there were a few slightly embarrassed men who stared sternly ahead of them.

A stir in the back of the room made Nancy turn her head. It was the Kohlers. Mrs. Kohler in a brilliant yellow evening dress swept in followed by Mr. Kohler in a tuxedo. The efforts exerted by everyone present to appear entirely unheeding produced a modest roar of conversation. Nancy noticed that Mr. Kohler's face expressed none of the misery she was sure he was feeling. He followed his wife who surged to seats in the front row and then, realizing the trap laid by the footlights, moved back a row or two, an action no one else had thought of, and which they were too proud to imitate, in spite of their regret.

More people drifted in, the women dressed, like those before them, mostly in serviceable foulards, and all the men in business clothes. Each newcomer gazed on the Kohlers' blaze of glory and made a visible effort not to gasp. By eight, when the entertainment was supposed to begin, the small room was full, and conversation among the first comers, who now felt like the oldest inhabitants, was becoming strained. About half an hour later the curtains jerked apart to an accompaniment of frantic whispers. Little Ariadne Evelyn made a premature entrance, was hauled protesting off the stage by a hand glimpsed at the back of her white organdy dress. Three minutes later she pranced forward followed by several of her playmates and a halting recitation was presented. This was followed by the usual numbers. Miss Betsy Evelyn sang, Miss Kate Lacey played the piano, little Betsy Rowe did a toe dance. All the local talent of Stafford was exhibited to the



sincere pleasure of the friends and relations of the performers, a class that excluded only the Kohlers. Occasionally Nancy would glance at them, at Mrs. Kohler sitting very erect with a large expanse of fat back showing, at Mr. Kohler sunk in his chair, the edge of his collar digging into his neck. What could they be thinking of all this? she wondered. Mrs. Kohler probably felt that if *she* had only been manager of the board of entertainment— But Mr. Kohler's thoughts were a mystery to her.

At length the performance was over. The minister, Mr. Gilmore, came before the curtains, and, blinking over the footlights, in his usual hesitating manner congratulated the assembled parents on their children's ability. He went on to speak of the choirstalls, of the really precious thing that they had in their possession and that deserved expert care. He said that the work necessary would cost, as they all knew, about two thousand dollars and that this evening they had already, even before the sale of handmade articles which would be held presently in the superintendent's room, received from the tickets to this lively little performance, the sum of—he consulted his notes—seventy-three dollars and fifty cents. He thanked them all for this and hoped that they would all contribute to the special drive that the ladies of the church were going to organize in order to preserve this historical treasure. He thanked them all.

Just as he finished and became tangled in the green trap of the curtains, Mrs. Kohler stood up resplendent, completely sure of herself.

"I just want to say that Mr. Kohler and I," she announced, "will be very happy to make up this deficit."

Nancy squirmed in an agony of embarrassment. What could the woman be thinking of? Had she no idea of how that roomful of people, for generations proud of their poverty as a pledge of their devotion to a lost cause, would feel about such a thing? And how did Mr. Kohler feel? She saw that he had slumped farther down in his chair than ever. A horrified silence was stretched like a net over the room. Mr. Gilmore took his foot out of the hole in which he had caught it and turned to face his questioning parishioners. He rose to the occasion better than Nancy would have expected.

"Thank you, Mrs. Kohler," he said, "that is a very kind



and generous offer. I can even say that it is magnificent. We all thank you."

Nancy noticed the pride in the quavering voice; also that he did not accept the offer. Amid a buzz of painfully artificial conversation, everyone moved to the superintendent's room where rickety stalls had been set up attended by damsels coyly attired as Little Bo-Peep, Martha Washington, and other similarly unrelated characters. Everyone moved about speaking to each other and commenting on the cakes, home-made pillows, pincushions and other articles displayed. Nancy watched Mrs. Kohler's patronizing manner as she spoke to various acquaintances and her incessant use of the words "cunning" and "trifle" about works that had represented real effort by the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary. What did she expect after all? She bought lavishly, however, and left when the chauffeur was seen standing in the doorway. No one burst into conversation about the astonishing gift, but it was discussed at length that night in many living-rooms. Everyone felt that it should be rejected. There must be some polite way in which to intimate that so large a sum of money from complete strangers could not be accepted. And the unspoken thought in everyone's mind was that favours received meant favours in return. And it was impossible to picture Mrs. Kohler as taking a subordinate place in the society of Stafford. They might live at Saxe forever, but they would never be part of Stafford, and Stafford wanted to save Stafford's treasures. Only Nancy knew that however deeply Mr. Kohler objected to the manner of presentation, he would be very glad to have part in the work of saving the old choir-stalls. She could not say anything, though; besides, part of her clamoured to keep Mrs. Kohler outside. She could imagine the shrunken figures of the Braxtons huddled in their great beds, unable to sleep because their stupid pride refused to bow for needed help. And she knew that everyone else felt the same way.

The next day Mrs. Kohler telephoned to Nancy. She wanted to see her, she said, on business. As she walked over Nancy wondered what could be the matter. She was sure by the terms of the contract that she was not responsible if anything was out of order. She had sold her home to them, the furniture, the house, the grounds, everything. Mrs. Kohler,

however, surprised her. They were going to leave Saxe, she said, and she wanted to know if Nancy wanted to buy it back. Nancy was faintly, bitterly amused. If she wanted to have Saxe back! But it was of course impossible, as she explained to Mrs. Kohler, who went on to say that then the house would be placed again in the hands of the agents through whom they had bought it. She said that she would be sorry to leave Stafford, that its charm had appealed to her, but really the place had been just a whim of Mr. Kohler's. Just a whim! Nancy looked at the wicker furniture and then out to the carefully tended gardens and wondered. She listened to Mrs. Kohler's stories of difficulty with various servants until it was time to go to the special meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary.

The meeting was of course about the money. Mr. Gilmore felt as did everyone else, that they could not take it. The reasons, though unexpressed, were obvious. At the end of his speech Nancy told her news. The effect was electric. She saw relief come into every anxious face.

"Well," said Mr. Gilmore, "of course that changes every thing. I think we'll have to consider it again."

Nancy knew what that meant. Mrs. Gilmore, who was the power behind a rather unstable pulpit, would write a polite note of thanks expressing the regret of the people of Stafford at the Kohlers' departure.

This departure took place in a few days. They rolled as opulently out of the village as they had come in and were never heard of again. Weeds and dust came once more to the grounds at Saxe.

Two months later an article in the *Daily Star* and *Free-lance* of Stafford told the people of Stafford that the place had been bought by Mr. and Mrs. John Patterson of New York. Mrs. Patterson, the paper announced, would be remembered as Miss Margaret Lacey of Richmond.

## Poem

BARBARA KIRK, '31

There was a princess  
And there was an image of the princess  
And a prince had it.

He loved the image  
And caressed it  
And burned wild honey before it  
And pea blossoms.  
The princess loved the prince.

She was jealous of the image  
So she smashed it.

Later she learned  
How lonely one can be  
Sitting by a prince who's piping forever  
To the fragments of an idol  
And dried honey.

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# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

VOL. IX

JUNE, 1929

No. 4



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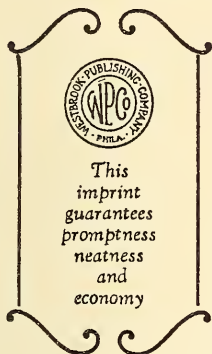
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## GOLD

EVELYN WAPLES, '31

Gold along the highroad; the world is growing mellow.  
Amber clouds are floating above an amber sea.  
From the East is stealing an Oriental yellow,  
Dull, blunt faces in a land of lethargy.

Heavy in the wheatfield, the golden air is lying,  
Great, bronze negroes rolling bones of topaz jewels.  
Long pears lumping the dark brown fruit tree;  
Sweet and thick as honey are the tawny pools.

The sun is moving nearer; a dancer, unapplauded,  
Droops beneath the burden of a half-remembered tune.  
Weary eyes turn from the glory of the sunset;  
Parched lips are drinking in the liquor of the moon.

# Daffodils

CHARLOTTE EINSIEDLER, '32

IT WAS a grey day on the Italian lakes, and the bad weather was encouraging visitors to leave. Groups of them waited on the station platforms and each moment more descended (always awkwardly) from the high step of the hotel omnibuses. Once down, they looked after the umbrellas, and then stood about,—the women guarding the luggage and looking almost as if rigid at attention, the men with hands behind their backs gazing attentively at the tracks. They were all dulled into inaction, for it was not a day of living, but a transition between two lives, a grey street that had to be crossed in going from one house to another.

One woman, standing at the end of the platform, seemed perhaps less weighed down by the atmosphere than the rest. Her face was averted, but her quiet bearing and faultless dress declared her to be one of those women of the world who are unaffected by their surroundings, and take the world and the weather with equal composure. She was, one might guess, observant, but indifferent, and superior to any feeling of agitation. Her world would be after all only a drawing-room, or a large and well-lit compartment in the train, securely shut away from the weather. There would be books bound with pink and yellow paper beside her and she would of course be wearing a fragile, elaborate flower, a pale dark-streaked orchid or two.

But when she turned her head the other way, she showed a face entirely different from what one would have supposed, younger, with an expression less cool and languid than that expected. Despite her calm, there was now and then a tremor at her eye-lids, and the repose of her face came not from indifference, but from a supremacy carefully maintained over whatever agitation she might be feeling. As a whole, she made a rather subdued and wistful picture, with her black hair and pale cheeks, her absorbed grey eyes and straight grey dress. At her waist there was no palely-tinted, elaborate orchid; she wore instead one or two bright field-flowers, a small cluster of simple daffodils.



Around that cluster her yesterday had centered. She had gathered and enjoyed them early in the morning, given them up and regretted them at mid-day, found them again and loved them in the evening. She had intended that the day, her last on the Italian lakes, should be a full one but she had not expected all the richness that it finally proved to hold.

She had begun it early, leaving the hotel at six o'clock to walk some distance down the lake to the villa of a friend, a widowed Englishwoman, and to enjoy the morning on the way. It was still cool and rather pale-colored, there was a chilliness about the green that covered the hill-sides and a pale, blackish shadow still lay across half the lake. Night clung about the stone houses that crowded along the shore and up the hill-sides; it seemed as if they had absorbed the cold shadows and would give them up to the sunshine only slowly. A tree of yellow blossoms leaned against a stone wall; there were tiny brightnesses moving about on its grey masonry and little flickering shadows among the blossoms, and the delicate intermingling of light and dark made Lady Mary pause, and wonder what it was about this spring day that made it like a song one could not quite hear. Scents from one side and then another came to her, and seemed like whispers, now from here, now from there. The music of the spring was low and breathless and tremulously gay, and perhaps only to the quickened senses of lovers was it quite distinct.

Green had already slipped gently into the town into which Lady Mary now came, cool and crowded closely together as it was. The small stone houses with their fragile balconies seemed to be heaped along the hill-side, the streets between them were steep small passage-ways, and in some places mere stairs winding down to the water. A few wisps of greenery stirred in their crevices, and the vines hung lightly about the houses. A tiny village square was locked up high in among the buildings, and a saint's statue above the fountain in the center had a bough of peach blossom laid before it. A peasant woman or two moved by on quiet feet. The town had an ancient, simple grace about it, a languorous content. The heavy slumber of old German cities was absent, for about Landria's dreaming there was a lightness; about its melancholy, a softness. Beyond the crumbling church there was blue sky, and around the dark, pointed cypresses vine-yards clustered. Was

it here that she should wish to live—among simplicity—gathering grapes in the morning, lingering in the door-ways at noon, watching at the boat-landings in the evening? But having known the London streets, she would no longer be simple enough to live always content by the stair-ways of Landria, and in neither place was contentment to be found, for the memory of the other would always intrude into it. Even so she must not miss one bit of green, or grey stone wall in Italy, one bit of the tiny vistas that opened everywhere of vine-hung roofs, and steps washed by the water far down below. And when she paused to let the mood of the place creep into her she was troubled by even the light air in it, and felt her heart too small to hold its deep enchantment.

But when she came out of the mystery of the shadowed houses into the open road the vast sunlight hurt her even more. The world was blinding, the houses made of a pale yellow glare, for the crumbling walls had absorbed the light. And now and then along the road there were still brighter bursts of gold,—daffodils that challenged the sun. There was some cool and radiant courage in them; some brightness that had dared the chill of late winter winds. Sunlight, vast as the sky, lay over them. What heart was large enough to hold all this? A goatherd's, perhaps, as he came with his love to put a flower in her hair. And Mary Anglin stopped and picked one or two of them, as if by carrying them she could clasp and secure the brightness that they held.

It was late morning, when, with the daffodils still in her hands she paced leisurely along a terraced path and found two acquaintances seated on one of the benches. They were a German baron and his wife, high in station before the war, and now virtually in exile. The baroness, dressed in black, frail and tense, sat staring before her, as if waiting to be broken. There was an egg-shell-like fragility about her small face. The man beside her was at the same time more vigorous and more brooding. His eyes were blue-grey, and his face came somewhat to a point, for the nose slanted forward, the upper lip was slightly protruding, and the lower drew back again. A rough white moustache drooped about his mouth, and his abundant hair was carelessly arranged.

The couple invited Lady Mary to join them; they asked how far she had walked and she showed them her dusty shoes.

"I got up early," she said, "and I've been walking ever since."

"In contrast," said the old gentleman, "we rose late and have been sedentary every since. But after all, one arrives at the same place, does one not?"

There was a distinctly bitter edge to the tone of his voice.

"I have been amusing myself in a most malicious way," he continued, "by asking all the tourists who have just arrived the name of that statue over there of which I myself was ignorant. But they, you see, learn the names of everything immediately, in order to know what to admire and what not. Now you, I suppose, have been indulging in no such mean emotions?"

"Well," she responded, with a little light-hearted audacity, "I felt *very* superior to everyone who was asleep early this morning."

"So pleasant, isn't it, to feel superior?" he went on, unsmiling. "That's the reason we so much enjoy a cynic,—they make us feel superior to the rest of the world, and we can be proud that we ourselves are no worse than we are."

"As conversationalists, certainly, cynics are ideal," she said, trying to adapt herself to his mood and to lighten it.

"It's painful, isn't it," he said, "when idealists force us to admire everything? These warm gusts of enthusiasm are wearisome. It was because we had heard so much about the beauties of Bavita from friends that we came here instead. I should have felt them always at my elbow, forcing me to become enthusiastic."

"Yes," said the little, egg-shell-like lady, "I think we enjoy ourselves more here than we should have at Bavita." And Lady Mary divined that she took a bitter pleasure in adapting herself to her husband. She drank her acid drink composedly from her little cup.

The Baron talked on; he needed a listener and Lady Mary was attentive to him. He spoke chiefly of the futility of dreaming, and the boring atmosphere of the heaven that the dreamers conceived.

"Idealists and cynics,—they're both futile," said the Baron, finally. "The only difference is that the latter are at least entertaining."

"Then you've been giving me an awfully good reason for

thinking you a cynic," said Lady Mary as she rose, "but I am very much afraid I must be going."

"Well," answered the Baron,—and he even smiled faintly,—“I myself felt perhaps a little less cynical about human nature in the last quarter-hour.”

Lady Mary smiled back at them both almost entreatingly, as if she begged them to be happier. But she noted that the baron was indifferently allowing the cane which had slipped from his arm to lie on the ground, even after he had re-seated himself. This evidence of his ennui remained in Lady Mary's mind; it was an indication of his deeply-rooted conviction that living was futile.

The conversation with him weighed on her, and she felt almost numb beneath its heaviness. The world was divided into conversationalists, stimulating and unstimulating; if any intimacy came, it required perpetual, restless adjustment. Happiness had always an overtone of uneasiness; it was a flowering by-path, an escape; one returned from it still questioning, and paced the streets and made conversation in drawing-rooms.

A breath of fragrance from the flowers she still carried brought her back to Italy. There was still the mood of Landria to be explained, the far off gold of the agave hedges, the whispers of the spring.

It was high noon by the time she turned her steps to the villa by the water's edge where Mrs. Althorp lived. Not an aversion to Bavita, but the engagement of their granddaughter to Mrs. Althorp's son had brought the baron and baroness to Landria. The old exiled man characterized the younger as restless, moving about from country to country. "He'll never be satisfied until he has one foot in England and the other in Italy at the same time." Lady Mary had met him but once, and then only for a moment; he was coming hastily out the door and down the steps of his mother's house and the scene remained in her mind as characteristic of him.

But now as she walked along the high road, she recognized him ahead of her, leaning quietly against a terrace railing. When he saw her, he came forward to meet her, and said that his mother had noticed her already from a distance and was anxious that she come in.

"She's so sorry you're leaving," he said, and all the warmth



of the Italian morning was in his voice.

She looked her thanks.

"It was good of you to walk so far; it's an awfully long way from your hotel."

"It seemed long only because I was anxious to be here sooner," she answered.

"Did you perhaps lose your way a little in Landria?" he asked. "I always do on purpose. I can't help myself."

She looked at him attentively for the first time,—at the blonde hair and the golden-brown skin and the firm mouth.

"What is it about the town that makes one do it, I wonder?"

"They day-dreamed when they built it," he answered. "It took them a century or two."

"I'm glad I got up at six," she remarked naively.

"Even a few hours help," he laughed. "But even if you can't build a Landria, it's well worth-while getting up early in Italy."

*It's well worth-while.* So *early* and *late* did not come to the same destination after all, and remain languid on the same stone bench. And it was well worth the whole pain of living to come here and stand beside him on the terrace. Sweet to know that his hour had come to pass, and sweet to know that he lived. And it seemed suddenly as if she had stood here with him in the sun for centuries. Upon the terraces of Italian cities, beneath the crumbling towers, women had always been standing with the warmth of the noon around them. Love waited here changeless in the light, and it was vast enough to gather in all the radiance of the sun. And Mary stood with parted lips and flowers in her arms, and saw the glow upon the face and hair of him beside her. And they seemed both to be made of light, and filled with the largeness of the sunny sky, and there was no large, sacrificial deed she would not have done in honour of this day and of him.

"Shall we go?" he asked finally, and talked in a subdued voice as they went. And all the while the words, "Sweet to know he *lives*—sweet to know he *lives*," went on like a golden humming in her mind.

They came at last into the shaded garden, and the brightness of her daffodils turned into a dim lustre. She still had them in her arms when Mrs. Althorp came, moving slowly out



of the duskiness of the house, and kissed her on the cheek. She drew Lady Mary down to a seat beside her, and the leaves rustled above them; Richard sat on the arm of a stone chair, and the shadows fingered him.

"So you are leaving, my dear," said Mrs. Althorp.

"Yes, it's time, I'm afraid," said Lady Mary.

"When you're young you always think it's time to go," and Mrs. Althorp looked at Richard as she spoke. "You live entirely in the future and the promises of the hotel prospectus you've just been reading. When you're old you live entirely in the present and the hotel bill you've just been paying."

And as Lady Mary heard the slightly thin, strained quality of her tone, and saw her glance at Richard, she divined some of her friend's loneliness because of Richard's wanderings and his approaching marriage. And the golden humming in her mind became a sort of stinging instead. But the pity welling up in her she fastened not on herself, but on Mrs. Althorp.

The elder woman lived what the younger called an "old-ivory" life. It was full of mellowness and restraint, hours spent in her library, and in tending her garden. It was the reading however, which was really her life.

"I read the deepest, most difficult books I can find," she had once said, "to keep me wakeful, or else I shall slip into somnolent old age. There is also a young scientist near her who serves as a sort of alarm-clock and comes in punctually every Thursday for lunch to discuss all the new psychological theories."

And in this speech one could see the futility, the world-weariness, which only a sunlit hour on a terrace with daffodils in one's hands would change. Lady Mary fingered the flowers at her waist now and then; they were proof of what she had felt.

But before she left it was Mrs. Althorp's wish that she should take with her some of the rarest blossoms in the garden, frail, purplish-grey bowers cultivated with great care. "You must wear them," she said. "It would please me very much." It would please anyone's fancy to know that one's cherished flowers were being shown to the world on as fair a person as Lady Mary. And, knowing that it was Mrs. Althorp's wish, the girl took off her daffodils, smiling faintly. She felt as if it were her glory that she laid aside, and a delicate, hopeless life

like Mrs. Althorp which she took upon herself as the grayish cluster was fastened where the gold had been.

Richard was to be married in May.

She walked home in the evening along the lake, while the subdued sunset fell on Landria, burnishing a window here and there, giving a lustre to the water around the stone-steps. There seemed to be peachtree blooms even in the sky, which gradually glimmered away into the dusk. This was the time when many a village Juliet had lingered at the window, sharing a cluster of grapes with the goatherd outside, when women had sat silent near the door-ways with children at their knees, when a boatman rowed over from the other side of the lake, and as the wind ruffled his coat, called up from the water to someone on a balcony. And Lady Mary Anglin passed through silently, speaking to no one on her way up the dim road. The great shadows of the tropical plants in the hotel gardens seemed to throw a troubled darkness over her. She passed through them and soon appeared at a balcony above, a white figure touched with gloom.

Long she sat there, and it began to seem as if it were her destiny that had stumbled a little. She had passed by here a little too late. She had brushed against love in the dusk, and they had each gone their ways. Her life was a twilight color, except for that one burst of gold in the morning, which was now closed in by the dark.

She had said she was going and she must go. There must be no sentimental dallying on these shores. For had she not said to herself on the terrace that she would do all that was right in honour of him and of that hour? But her imagination began to play in spite of her, and saw that that golden burst might have widened out into a sunny horizon.

But the dark was around her. Within it there drifted up from the silver-grey lake below, and from the room beyond the balcony, a sudden scent. Daffodils . . . daffodils, the fragrance like a whisper, like a message, like a song.

She rose and peered into her room, and there like a pale lustre in the twilight gleamed daffodils, great clusters of them and the hand that had sent them was known to her. She buried her face in a mass of them and then sat down by the table, bowing her head against the flowers made half of gold and half of dusk.

She was almost awed,—how well he had known, how well! There was a golden throbbing in her, reverberations from that hour of the morning which would always be living within her, changeless, waiting to be re-lived. It was an immortal moment vibrant forever. In it she had come to be her true self, her self as it was ordained she should be. Were there any immortality, hers would be as she had been in that hour.

It was not Richard's eternal hour, that she knew, nor was she sure that it was he alone who had made her mood. It was as much the sun and the sky around him. But he had shown her the way to open her heart to it; his gesture had opened up the vast and sunlit possibility that is life.

She would carry the picture of it into the rainy Alps, into the streets of Paris and the London drawing-rooms. It would not fail, weighed down by her loss as she might be on the morrow. It would be the thing by which she lived, that divine enthusiasm that gives a glory even to sorrow, and the lack of which had made the baron and Mrs. Althorp feel their lives so ineffectual, entirely futile.

And so, as she stood among the tourists, who stepped awkwardly down from the omnibuses and collected umbrellas, she had always in her mind the vision of a person with whom she might stand forever changeless in the sun, mood answering mood. And in the bleak stations, and in the hotel door-ways she fingered her daffodils, which, even though withering, preserved their scent and their brave lustre.

## Sonnet

BARBARA CHANNING, '29

When we no longer trembled at a touch,  
When we no longer sighed with every breath,  
I wondered why God tortured me so much  
And how I had angered Him, for this was death.  
So sweet and luminous your phantom seemed,  
Its going left my world's foundations quaking.  
I hated God, not knowing I had dreamed  
And that your phantom's flight was my awaking.

I had been selfish. God would not permit  
Your trophies on the shrine where I had hung them,  
But in my finite heart willed infinite  
Love for all creatures,—you, of course, among them.  
Perhaps, for stranger things are sometimes told,  
I shall love even God when I am old.

# A Little Stranger Interlude

ANNE LORD, '31 and ETHEL DYER, '31

CHARACTERS: Jane, Ellie and Peggy—sisters.

Harry Lackland, their father.

Tom, a friend of his.

Gabriel, an orphan.

His attendant.

Roberts, the butler.

Miss Meek, the head of the Foundlings Home.

SCENE: The sitting-room of a Park Avenue apartment.

TIME: A winter afternoon about five o'clock.

*(When the curtain rises the three sisters are sitting smoking, all looking worried.)*

ELLIE: What in the dickens are we going to do? Daddy'll be here in half an hour.

JANE: Well, personally, I think the only way out is to tell him the whole truth, and just show him we think "honesty is the best policy" and all that sort of thing. Anyway, he'll have the satisfaction of knowing he hasn't brought up his children as liars even if we *are* spendthrifts.

PEGGY: That's absolutely out of the question. I simply cannot tell Daddy I spent all that money on a necklace. This is supposed to be a test of our characters, or something like that, and he'll just put me down as zero.

ELLIE: I guess that's about what we're all worth. Anyway, it'll be harder for me to tell him about that party I threw on Saturday.

JANE: Now listen. We've just simply got to work this out scientifically. The first question is, what frame of mind is he going to be in? Will he act as if this is Judgment Day? or will he treat it all like a big joke?

ELLIE: After all, no level-headed person could think it was anything else.

PEGGY: How perfectly rotten, Ellie. I suppose you'd think it was a joke if he gave us a million dollars instead of a thousand.

ELLIE: Oh, I'm not talking about the money, but imagine



*making* your daughters all spend a thousand dollars in one week. It's really immoral from one point of view.

PEGGY: All right, then, go ahead and tell Daddy you think he's immoral. Tell him you couldn't make yourself spend it, and give it back to him. I'd like to see you!

JANE: For heaven's sake shut up. We aren't getting anywhere. Now, this is the way I look at it: we can't tell him the truth because he'd die. Anyway, as long as he's so nice to us it's our duty to make him happy (as they say in the Sunday schools) and we'll only make him happy if he thinks his little experiment works out all right, and he's proved that his daughters are all perfect. What we've got to do is make up some kind of plausible lie.

ELLIE: And as long as we've got to lie, it might as well be a good one. How about saying we gave it to the Salvation Army?

PEGGY: Punk.

JANE: Rotten.

ELLIE: Well, what do you want for a nickel?  
(*They all think.*)

JANE: Gosh, I don't think there *is* anything that costs three thousand dollars that Daddy would approve of and that we'd want, too!—Try and think of somebody we know who's kind of philanthropic.

PEGGY: Uncle John gave a Holbein to the Metropolitan.

ELLIE: That's a helpful hint!

PEGGY: Gosh, I wish we could rush a budding genius. We might get Annie Heywood's voice trained for her, but she'd probably think we were too patronizing.

JANE: The real trouble is, we don't know anybody who wants anything. And you can't just pick someone out of a subway crowd and say, "Do let me give you a liberal education."

PEGGY: Not exactly.

ELLIE: If we could connect with—(*pause*)—I've got it! We'll adopt a child!

JANE: You idiot, that's impossible.

ELLIE: Not at all, it's just dawned on me. You see, we can pretend that we want somebody to bother about, say we're bored with society and all that, and at the same time we'll be saving little Orphan Annie.

JANE: But listen, Ellie. We haven't got the money to do it. You can't bring up a child on a clothes allowance.

ELLIE: Yes, we can. It won't cost much, anyway. I tell you what, you can turn in your car—they ought to take it back all right, and Peggy can hock her poils. We'll pop right around to Cartier's—I feel rather badly about this because the cash I spent on my party's gone into the great beyond, but I'll make it up to you by playing nurse-maid to the brat.

PEGGY: I can picture you, my dear, all decked out in a uniform, pushing a pram in the park. With handsome young policemen—

JANE: Touching scene, Peg, but we're just wasting time. You know we can't really have a kid in the house. After all, we're going south next month, and what'd we do with him then?

ELLIE: Of course, if you're bent on squelching this young inspiration of mine, go right ahead and think up another. You've got all of twenty minutes before Daddy appears on the scene.

PEGGY: Lord, it *is* late. Ellie's crazy, Jane, but you're the business woman. Can't we fix it up somehow?

JANE: I tell you what. We'll stick to the orphan idea, but not keep him here. We'll collect every penny we can and give it to an orphanage to pay for bringing him up.

PEGGY: That's as bad as the Salvation Army.

JANE: Not a bit. This has the personal touch. We can even bring the kid up here for Daddy to see.

ELLIE: Marvellous! I knew you'd come around to little Ellie's bright idea. I'll call up the Sixty-eighth Street Foundling's Home, and get 'em to trot little Ikey right around.

*(Ellie goes to the telephone.)*

PEGGY: That's the girl. I'll get my necklace.

JANE: All rightee. Tear!

*(Exit Peggy)*

ELLIE: Rhinelander 7069. *(to Jane)* My God! What'll I say? What'll I say?

JANE: Wanted: one bouncing baby.

ELLIE: Oh, do be sensible—Hello, this is Miss Lackland speaking, at 635 Park Avenue. I wonder if it would be

possible for you to send me a child—

JANE: Got God on the wire?

ELLIE Shhh—(*in telephone*): Yes. You see I want to pay for his expenses, but I should like to see him first.

(*Enter Peggy*)

ELLIE (*to Peggy*): They're getting the head woman,—Oh, hello—Yes, how do you do, Miss Meek—Yes, that's what we'd like to do.—Well, about two thousand dollars.—Yes,—Yes—Oh, just a minute. (*To the girls*) Do we want a boy or a girl?

PEGGY: Twins.

JANE: Six of one and half a dozen of the other—

PEGGY: That makes twelvelets—let's have the whole asylum.

JANE: Sure.

ELLIE (*annoyed*): Oh, it doesn't matter. (*To the girls*) Is two years old all right?

JANE: Talk about cradle snatching! But sure, only hurry up.

ELLIE: Yes, that will be fine. Will you send him right away? Thank you so much. Good-bye. (*Hangs up; to the girls*) Well, that's that.

(*Peggy rings for Roberts, the butler*)

JANE: Let's get going. I'll take my car down to the agency and Parker'll drive you two to Cartier's. I hope it'll still be open. Then we'll all come back here P. D. Q. By that time Daddy'll be here and, pray Heaven, a little stranger.

(*Enter Roberts.*)

ROB.: Yes, Miss Ellie?

ELLIE: Oh, Roberts, there's a child coming here. If he's dirty or anything, kind of get him cleaned up, will you? and put him in the library.

(*She points to the door, left.*)

ROB.: Yes, Miss. Put the dirty child in the library.

(*Exit all. The girls can be heard leaving the hall, and Roberts follows them. He reappears a moment later, however, and an attendant with a small boy enters with him. The boy runs after Roberts.*)

SMALL BOY: Daddy!

(*Roberts is startled*)

ATTENDANT: No, Gabriel! Come here, you little scalliwag. (*to Roberts*) Isn't he a darling, though? One of the girls

over at the Home taught him to say that.

ROB.: Yes? This way Madam. If you'll wait in here, please.

*(He ushers them into the library and closes the door after them. As he is about to leave the stage the telephone rings. He answers it.)* Hello?—Yes. Who is this speaking?—Oh, yes, Miss Meek, the child is here.

*(Enter Harry Lackland and his friend Tom.)*

Thank you, Madam. Good-bye.

HARRY: Evening, Roberts, was that for me?

ROB.: Good-evening, sir. No, sir.

HARRY: Good. Have the girls come in?

ROB.: No, sir.

HARRY: Will you bring us a whiskey and soda, Roberts?

ROB.: Yes, sir.

*(Exit Roberts.)*

HARRY *(to Tom)*: Still got your sea-legs, Tom?

TOM: Side-walk still rolls a bit, but she's levelling out.

*(Roberts appears with the whiskey and soda)*

HARRY: Right here, Roberts, thank you.

TOM: This is damn good stuff, Harry. Haven't had a decent drink since I got off the boat. The French Line does serve good liquor.

HARRY: Come back alone, Tom?

TOM: Yes, Ada's staying over with the kids. Kinda funny, I saw a lot of an old friend of yours, Tom.

HARRY: Shades of the past! Who was it?

TOM: Antoinette.

HARRY: No!—Say, how did you know about her?

TOM: You weren't the only man on the Riviera in—when was it? 'twenty-six, I guess.

HARRY: Yeh, that's right. God, I haven't seen her since then.

TOM: I thought so. Kind of a bust up, wasn't it? I think she's rather bitter about you, Harry, but she's crazy about the kid.

HARRY: The kid!

TOM: Yeh, that's a bright boy of yours. Funny how much he looks like you.

HARRY: Good God!

TOM: Oh—say, I'm sorry. Didn't you know?

HARRY: No. What—what's she going to do with him, do you know?

TOM: Oh, they'll get along all right. Old Simonson's looking out for her now. She hasn't lost her looks, Harry.

*(Pause)*

Well, I've got to be getting along. Thanks for the drink.

HARRY: That's all right. Good-bye, Tom. How about a little golf on Sunday?

TOM: I'll call you up. *(Exit.)*

*(Harry closes the door after Tom. He is obviously worried. Takes a drink.)*

HARRY: Whew! *(Another drink.)*

*(The library door opens and the attendant approaches—hesitatingly. The child makes a rush for Harry.)*

CHILD: Daddy! *(Harry starts)*

HARRY: What! What's this!

ATTENDANT: This is the child, sir.

HARRY: God!

ATTENDANT: Yes, sir. From the orphanage.

HARRY: What?

ATTENDANT: The child you're going to take care of, sir. We've been waiting in the room.

HARRY: You've got to get him away—

ATTENDANT: But—

HARRY: Do as I say. You must get him out of here, before the girls get back.

ATTENDANT: But what about the two thousand dollars?

HARRY: What for?

ATTENDANT: The lady said you were to give it me for the child.

HARRY: Oh, so that's it.

ATTENDANT: Yes, sir.

HARRY: Two thousand dollars? *(Hesitates—then writes out check)* Well, here's three. Now tell Antoi—tell the lady I don't want to see the boy again.

ATTENDANT: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Good-bye. Come along, Gabriel.

*(Exit all, Harry hustling the others ahead of him. Enter Roberts and removes the whiskey glasses. He is almost overthrown as Ellie and Peggy rush in.)*

ELLIE: Has Daddy come in, Roberts?

ROBERTS: Yes, Miss Ellie.

ELLIE: Miss Jane?

ROBERTS: No, I don't think so.



PEGGY: Well, seeing as we've still got the rocks on our hands  
(*taking the necklace out of her purse*) Jane's our last hope.

ELLIE: Yeah, the thousand would do in a pinch though, and  
she'll crash through all right. (*Looks out of door*) Oh Gosh!  
(*Her father enters*) Hello, Daddy.

HARRY: Hello there, girls.

PEGGY: Want some tea?

HARRY: No thanks. Not for me.

ELLIE (*lighting a cigarette*): Any news?  
(*pause*)

HARRY (*hurriedly*): No, not a thing. Oh—yes. I got a wire  
from the Captain. Everything's all set for the tropics.

PEGGY: Oh Lord! It's time we did some heavy summer shop-  
ping, Ellie. They've got darling printed chiffons, at  
Tappe's.

HARRY: Not *more* clothes. (*Pause*) By George! if this isn't  
*the* day. All ready with the accounts?

ELLIE: Oh dear, Daddy. Yes we are—really. But we have to  
wait for Jane.

PEGGY: You'll be so surprised, Daddy.

ELLIE: —and pleased, I hope.

HARRY: I know I will be. I knew you'd think of something  
worth while. This may have seemed like a silly thing to  
you, but I'd like to have my children disprove this  
“younger generation” theory.  
(*Enter Jane with Miss Meek.*)

JANE: Hello Daddy, this is—I'm sorry I didn't catch your  
name.

MISS MEEK: I am Miss Meek, Mr. Lackland, from the Found-  
ling's Hospital—

HARRY: No!

MISS MEEK: —and I've come to thank you for your most  
generous donation. I'm on my way now to the *Times*  
office. Of course the Association won't let your gener-  
osity go unacknowledged.

HARRY: *No!* There must be some mistake—

ELLIE (*to Peggy*): Hot Dog! Jane worked it!

HARRY: I really don't know what—

ELLIE: But Daddy, don't you see? This is *it*. I mean the  
surprise, I mean the experiment.

HARRY: What!

ELLIE: Yes, Daddy, really. We gave all the money to the Foundling's Home. And it's going to pay for bringing up a child!

MISS MEEK: Oh, so it was your daughters, Mr. Lackland? Well I can't tell you how much we appreciate it. It's so lovely to see the charitable spirit in young girls, isn't it, Mr. Lackland?

HARRY: The charitable spirit—oh—yes, yes. So *you paid it*? I can't tell you how relieved, I mean how proud I am of you.

(*Curtain*)

---

## Poem

VAUNG TSIEN BANG, '30

I do not weep because you have to go.  
I weep at the thought of  
Your seeing my other friends,  
Your sitting beneath the bamboo glade,  
Your drinking out of the yellow wine jug,  
Your riding in the green barge along the lotus path.  
These are mine, but I will not see.  
Through the long evening, far away,  
Will you breathe the native air for me?

## Sue's Tale

SARAH JENKINS SMITH, '32

OF COURSE it is hard on Ellie. She has just enough of Mab's looks for every one to say, "I've never seen two sisters so much alike." But as soon as you see them twice somehow they are opposite. Well, not exactly opposite because both of them have lots of yellow hair and gray eyes. When I was little I used to pray every night for my hair to turn yellow like the girls' hair; it looks like molasses candy and falls in soft heavy waves. Mine's brown and not curly at all so I used to feel right sorry about it. But not since I've grown up. No Sir! I wouldn't be compared to anyone the way Ellie is to Mab for any old yellow hair. Yesterday Mrs. Evans, who is a painter-lady and boards with us, said "Mrs. Davis I have never seen such wonderful hair as your daughter's." And then she said a lot of stuff about summer sunsets and warm honey; She finished with "Of course Eleanor's hair is pretty too, but Mab's is superb."

They always throw that in, about both being pretty but Ellie's just missing what Mab's got. No sir, they may never tell Mother how pretty her youngest daughter Susan is, but I'd rather they hadn't if they're going to add in the next breath some one is prettier. It may sound like sour grapes but it's not.

And it's the same about their eyes. Living at the Cape, lots of artists hang around in the summer and they always ask which is the one with the "lovely eyes." Not that they both haven't but Mab has black lashes and Ellie's are the color of her hair which is swell for hair but not so good for accessories like eyebrows and lashes.

If it stopped there it would be all right 'cause especially living with people, their looks don't make as much difference as themselves, you know what I means. Mab lends mē her stockings when mine get runs all of a sudden and always lets me borrow her pink scarf that goes with my white blouse. The first night that Jimmy Hillyard came to see me, after he had been there a little while, she walked out on the porch and asked us if a little ginger ale wouldn't go well. It was darn nice

because it was the first time a boy had ever come especially to see me and I was so jumpy I couldn't talk or act naturally at all. Ellie's just the other way. Once she asked me right in front of company what I had on my lips. She knew it was lipstick and that Mother won't let me use it because I'm only fifteen. I don't know what's the matter with her. Maybe living with a better person all the time affects her that way.

Then one spring, Aunt Eleanor asked Mab to go to New York with her. She should have asked Ellie because she's named after her and older than Mab anyhow, but I knew just how she felt. I wouldn't have asked Ellie either. Mab was a peach and said she couldn't go because she had other plans so of course Aunt Eleanor had to take Ellie after all. Mother was mad and hurt although she saw both sides. I heard her talking to Granny. They thought I was doing my French but I listened instead. They were talking about what a shame it was, both of them being so close together (they're twenty and twenty-one) and one being more attractive in every way. Mother said that Mab was so sweet that she would always give up to her sister. Then Granny sort of smiled and said "Martha, you know as well as I do that where men are concerned, women are women first and sisters afterward." I didn't know what she meant but I do now.

It was Kenneth Warren they were talking about. He is a boy from St. Louis that's at the Cape this summer. I don't blame all the older girls for being crazy about him. I would too only he calls me "Sister Sue" and asks me how Lord Tim is. He means Jimmy Hillyard. He is at the house more than any one else and seemed to like Ellie and Mab the same. He never came alone but always with some one else so it wouldn't look like he wanted to see just one of them.

He kept coming all summer and toward the end of August people began to talk about it. I didn't think much but you know how it is when you live with people, and somehow sisters don't seem very important to you anyhow. I never noticed anything strange between Mab and Ellie. They seemed just like usual to me. But then I was sort of busy myself trying to persuade Mother to let me go to the Regatta. It's the most important thing in the whole summer and all the girls go with a boy. I wanted to go with Jimmy but Mother wouldn't let me. It was just as well because about a week before I was trying to

be smart and slipped off the porch steps and broke my foot. It hurt something terrible when the doctor fixed it. But I guess I won after all for Mab gave me the pink scarf for keeps and let me sleep on her couch because it has a pillow at the bottom that held my foot up. Besides when Ken came that night he asked how I was and sent me up a rose "with all his love."

The girls were quiet when they came upstairs that night to bed. I thought it was not to wake me up but when I looked at Ellie I knew something was the matter. She wasn't saying anything and Mab was singing very low, to herself like, over by the window. Ellie's eyes are a little too light anyhow and they looked hard and cold just like a fish's and her voice was like her eyes, fishy.

"Well Mab, why don't you say it?"

"Say what?"

"That Ken asked you to go to the Regatta."

"Oh El, don't. I'm sorry it—"

She didn't get any further because Ellie jumped up and ran out. Then Sister came over to me and whispered that Ken was taking her and that she had seen a precious dress in Boston that she might get. She kissed me and called me darling but it wasn't me she was thinking of. Anyhow she rubbed my head because it ached until I went to sleep.

Then things began to get interesting. Mother went in and bought the dress and it honestly was divine. Pale blue and Mab looked heavenly in it. All that week Ellie wouldn't say anything. She's the meanest girl. Mab wouldn't have acted that way. The evening of the big dance the three of us were up in my room. The dress was spread out on the bed and Mab couldn't keep away from it. She kept going over and touching the skirt that was all tulle and fluffy. Then Ken's flowers came, forget-me-nots with a great frill of white paper around them. I had crutches and could sort of hobble around so I went down with Mab to show them to Mother. I didn't want to stay in the room with Ellie anyhow. She looked too funny when she saw the flowers, her head jerked back like some one had pulled it and her hands kept closing and opening.

After we had shown them to Mother and Granny, we went up again. I couldn't go very fast so Mab went ahead. She ran all the way up and, as my room is on the third floor, she got there four or five minutes before me. But I'll never forget



what I saw when I finally arrived. Every time I smell forget-me-nots I think about it. Ellie was standing stiff like a poker against the wall and Mab was huddled up with her head on the side of the bed. The dress was lying split open from the hem to the neck and her hair was all pulled down and tangled looking. I guess Ellie had gotten tired of being told it was prettier than hers.

---

## Late Afternoon in Summer

ELIZABETH LINN, '29

The sun's long fingers  
Scarcely touch the lawn;  
In another moment  
The hand will be withdrawn.  
Do not ask me questions!  
Neither no nor yes  
Shall you have, till I have seen  
The last of this caress.

# Our Tame Philosopher

## IV

DEAR old Diogenes," said Chloe pathetically, "do you realize that I'm graduating?" "Are you sure?"

I inquired, having a reputation for Cynicism to live up to. Chloe made a face at me from her seat on the coping of the Music Walk and swung her heels against the stone. She was actually wearing heels, for this was evening and she had taken to dressing for dinner.

"Have you no parting words to say to me?" she asked. "No last warnings to the little bark about to be launched on the great ocean?"

"Perhaps I have a text," said I. "'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.'"

"Don't be Mid-Victorian, darling, with so many ages to choose from."

"I'm not being Mid-Victorian, Chloe," said I. "This is Christianity. 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.' The college woman's voice, my dear, is all too often brass. And," I added, wishing to make myself clear, "this remark is *not* connected with the fact that somebody is vocalizing in the practice rooms."

"But doesn't the human orchestra need its brass?" said Chloe. She got up and pirouetted down the walk, singing, "'Let the merry cymbals sound.'"

"Do stop," said I. "You make me dizzy."

She came back and sat down.

"The human orchestra," said I, "has about all the brass it can stand. Thirty years ago, perhaps, when woman was trying to prove to man that she has a brain, she had some excuse for shrieking about it. After all, it pays to advertise, and the female mind was an underrated product. But now that man is convinced, isn't it about time that the tumult and the shouting died?"

"Well, is man convinced?" argued Chloe. "What do you say to the fact that the women's colleges are so pathetically endowed?"

"I account for that in another way," said I. "Man no

longer doubts that woman has a mind, but he does doubt, with some justification, whether the colleges are teaching her the best way to use it. She lives for four years in an atmosphere devoted exclusively to her, and studies the tongues of men and of angels. She emerges, no doubt, thirty per cent more charming, but where is her charity? She has lived for no one but herself; she has forgotten that there is anyone else to live for."

"Just like a man," said Chloe. "You think women ought to be doormats."

"Not that," said I. "But you must remember that Stoicism was the natural outcome of my philosophical position, and that one of the main tenets of Stoicism was that happiness consists in yielding to the will of the universe, not fighting vainly against it. And some rather unfair and illogical power has decreed that we can't be really happy unless we are to some extent voluntary doormats. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, darn it," said Chloe.

She turned away from me and lifted her arms to the moon. Without a good-bye I left her. After all, she is a grown woman now, and a long-dead Cynic philosopher can't help her any longer. Nobody can do that but herself.

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## Death in Summer

CELIA DARLINGTON, '31

Along the path the larkspurs slope,  
    Bending in awkward lines of woe;  
Through the slow summer silences  
    Their countless falling petals go,  
Like intermittent shreds of hope,  
    Quivering in decay below.

Indoors Aunt Julia stilly sits,  
    And pondering weighty matters, knits.

The softening dusk spreads thickening through  
    The garden; but the hawk moth flings  
Against the impenetrable glass,  
    Wildly, with unavailing wings,  
Towards where the smoky oil lamps swings;  
    Then the warm night engulfs him too.

Now, at the last, Aunt Julia sits  
    Immobile; she no longer knits.



# The Tale of Young Prince Liomar

CHARLOTTE EINSIEDLER, '32

THE only time when Prince Liomar was known to become really unreasonable,—and certainly he had never very much cause to become so at all, for everthing he wanted was always given him,—was when he reached the age of fourteen and was required to dress for a state banquet every evening. The prince objected vigorously to this because at that time of day he wanted to watch the sunset instead. At first the king did not take his protest very seriously, remarking to his somewhat anxious courtiers that the boy was just at the age when he had to have something to be unhappy about anyway, and that he would get over it. But instead, Liomar's opposition grew more and more violent.

It was a fact that watching the sunset moved him as no other experience in his life did. Its power over him came partly from the splendor of the spectacle itself, and the startling lustre which it gave to every lawn and tree about him, and partly from its association in his mind with the remote and enchanting figure of the princess who ruled over the neighboring kingdom in the west. Ever since his grandmother had told him of her when he was a small boy, she had meant the sunset to him, for her land, just on the horizon's edge, was every evening steeped in the full glory of it. He imagined her to be in the heart of splendor itself; the walls of her chamber were of gleaming bronze, and carved and blazing lanterns swung above her head; her hair was red-gold and her robes swept like flame upon the floor. And he imagined that in her presence a great ardor rose up in one to do and dare great things, for even her silence was full of ringing words; one felt like a lord with ten thousand knights behind him, riding down sunny hill-sides into battle, with the tip of his lance a pointed flame.

It was a fear of losing a mood like this which made him protest so vehemently against missing the sunset, and he hated being told in answer that he must do his duty to his country and put on his silken suit at the appointed time. Finally, he went so far as to fling deliberately to the floor

and stamp on the sixteenth pair of lavender hose which the chamberlains had brought him. (He always expressed himself as satisfied with the first pair and they always kept on bringing him more.) Then the king intervened, in a rather surprising way. He called Liomar into his chamber of state, where he sat all day working at documents with no time at all to look at the sunset himself, and told the young prince that for his convenience the banqueting time had been with some difficulty postponed until a later hour.

Liomar could not have told why he felt abashed at this concession, nor how it was that that evening the sunset did not have its usual effect on him, and that the idea of his feeling like a lord in battle, suddenly seemed preposterous. He could not have told what it was about the chamberlains' solicitude, or about the king's day-long toil at documents that distressed him, but there was the beginning of a definite change in him. It was a change that gradually brought him to the realization that although a prince may have everything else given him, he, too, must earn the right to dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

As he grew older and more thoughtful, he grew also more melancholy, for he was gradually becoming deeply discouraged about himself and his future. It was clearly unfortunate that he was to become a king, for he had none of a ruler's force. When called upon to direct anything, however simple, like having the pages move the goldfish from the garden pool, he felt helpless, and stood about making vague gestures with his hands, unable to give any instructions at all except that they must not spill any of the fish. There was no reason for hoping that this sort of thing would ever change, and thinking about it was so discouraging that soon he could not bear to think about it at all. As often as he could he would venture out from the solemn rooms of the palace and go to a stone seat among the trees, where he let the dreaming thoughts come to him, slowly and gently, as the leaves that fluttered about his face. But always he had that feeling of uneasiness about his dreaming, because it was so idle and so without result.

When he was eighteen he was informed that it was time that he should select his betrothed, the future queen. Liomar, although not particularly enthusiastic, had various high-born

daughters of his father's friends presented to him, and he conversed with them all with some show of interest. He was secretly convinced, however, that there was no one among them whom he wanted to marry. He found something annoying about each of them. One had tried to be vivacious and talked incessantly; another wished to impress him with her reserve and silence. Instead, nettled by her, Liomar moved on to a young lady who believed in coquetry as the way straight to his heart, and then to another who tried a little too obviously to be sweet and submissive. One selected fainting fits as a means of attracting his attention, and the only one who played no rôle had no sense of humor and was otherwise a great bore.

It was in a mood of deep disappointment with womankind as represented by these foolish maidens that Liomar paced the terrace that evening, but as the faint beginnings of the sunset appeared in the sky, he turned from thinking of them, to thinking of her who could never be disappointing. The faults of those about him emphasized the faultlessness of that remote princess, and the marvel of her moved him more and more deeply as the sunset became more splendid, till there seemed to rise in him a tremendous music, of the color of flame. And he wished for all the world to hear it, and to know of the unimaginable beauty of that princess. And suddenly, all the hopes and strivings of his life were fused into one concentrated splendor of aim, and the purpose of his dreaming became clear to him,—it was to become her servant, it was that he, a prince, a king to be, should show himself to be but as her servant, thus declaring to all the world her beauty and her power. And his purpose was so strong in him that he seemed to feel actually in his hands the loosened rein of the horse that tomorrow should carry him swift into her kingdom.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the third day of hard, though unadventurous riding, Prince Liomar entered the neighboring country of the princess. No opportunity to kill dragons had made the journey dramatic, and his only struggles were with some hornets, whose severe stings had left his face swollen.

But there were more things than this to make him heavy in heart. He found that as he went west he came no nearer to

the sunset at all, and that life in this country was no richer than in his own. The land itself was neither fertile nor well-cared for, nor were there any great lord's manors about, but only the simple houses of farming men. And he found in himself a total lack of excitement as he approached his destination, for he was realizing with a sort of dull amazement, and yet as if he had always known it, that the distant country was not so enchanting as it had seemed, and that he would not find a princess like the one he had imagined.

So it was that he was conscious of almost no feeling but one of annoyance at his swollen face as he rode up to the small castle on its low hill. He announced his business to the feeble old retainer, and was taken into the presence of his new mistress. Everything in that meeting fell completely flat. She gave him her hand, and he took it with indifference; he was only casually observant of the fact that her voice and eyes were grave in expression, and her manner simple and authoritative; after listening to her instructions he bowed and left the room, noticing the drab color of the carpet, and the plain wood of the door. Life had become to him simply a dull piece of work. Without, he was immersed in the common place; within, his imaginative world was in darkness and ruins.

It was when he tried to sleep that the gathered anguish of the day rushed with its full force upon him, and he looked back with horror-stricken eyes on all his past life as a delusion. Reality had become like night in a little room, and it seemed to him that he should die without the light of that old, beloved sun.

In the morning he could see no reason for getting up; he could see no use in dressing, taking food, in living through the day. In his heavy languor every movement was an effort for him. He saw his mistress too frequently to be stirred by the event; how could one feel any glamor around a person who was always about, plainly-gowned, busy directing the work in the castle or in the fields? She made herself too evidently a person like the rest.

However, impelled by some sense of duty to her, Liomar did his work faithfully. And he found to his surprise that he did it very badly. He splashed water all over himself as he carried the pails filled with it to the scullery. In chopping wood he found that he could not even make the axe meet the



log. The other servants stood about and told him bravely that the implement was meant to hit the wood, and some even went so far as to imitate his awkward motions. "Liomar has a very special way of chopping wood," they would say. "Look at this." It was a bitter thing that his splendid enterprise should turn not only into disillusionment but even into a matter for embarrassment.

There were other things which he found hard to bear. The food had no spices in it and the wine was weak. But most annoying of all was that at the long table at which everyone in the castle was seated, his place was almost at the bottom. Not only was the food cold when it reached him, but he felt it inappropriate to his station to have to sit so near the end of the table. Even one of the retainers suggested to his mistress that it would be more fitting that Liomar, being a prince, should have a place of honor. "But why?" she asked, and seated at her right hand one of the men who tended her sheep. And at other times she would take special pains to have sitting beside her the most low-born man of all, and when questioned why she did this, answered simply "But why not?"

And Liomar, who thought that he had long ago learned to be humble, found he had been taking a great pride in the very fact of his lowering himself to become a servant. But gradually he learned that what he had been before gave him no distinction; the fact that he chopped wood and carried water was his only merit. He began to measure himself by his work alone, and so to consider himself less than the men around him who made the fields yield grain. And this he had learned from his simple, grave, impartial mistress.

But in one way he did seem to be superior to the people about him and that was in his imagination. In the hour of leisure which all were given at the end of the evening meal, none sat gazing out of the window, musing, as Liomar did; they all found some trivial occupation, or else dropped off to sleep.

"You see," said his mistress to Liomar, "they have nothing to think about. There's nothing in their own minds to keep them awake. Yes, you're surprised at that, because you're one of the fortunate ones who always have thoughts busy in them."



Liomar admitted that yes, this seemed to be so.

"You can invent stories for your pleasure, can't you?" asked his mistress, and Liomar, surprised that she knew so much about him, again answered yes.

"You must share those stories with the rest," she said. "Tomorrow when they're all seated about you, you must tell them one of your beautiful tales, that will send them all with happy thoughts to bed."

Liomar promised to do his very best. So the next evening, when all were gathered expectantly about him, he spun them a long, fantastic romance. He was conscious of the fact that perhaps it was a little too elaborate for them to understand, but still he wanted to have the princess realize the heights that his fancy could reach. He saw no sign of either pleasure or disapproval from her, but sometimes she would put a word in to make the story clearer to his listeners. When it was finished, some looked sleepy and some bewildered, but they all thanked him very politely for his trouble.

The next evening it was the princess herself who told them a tale, and it was in words which they all could easily understand. She was willing to make it seem that her thoughts were as simple as their own, and unlike Liomar's, her story was close to their own lives. "It was very like your wedding, Dunstan," she would say "when everyone sat at tables in the meadow, and feasted on fruits and jellies and cakes filled with cream," or "This little boy looked very much like your youngest, Aelfrida, and his mother felt exactly as you would feel if a great lady came by and told you that she had never seen such a beautiful child." And so when it was all over they felt as if the pleasant story might sometime come true for their own selves, and they thanked her with the light of happy musing in their eyes.

So gradually it began to seem to Liomar that his mistress was the kindest person in all the world, with a great power to make happiness. In her presence, all felt equal, the high and the low, the skilled and the unskilled; they gathered at the evening meal with a deep sense of satisfaction in their common work, each feeling that he had had a share in getting the hay safely into the barns, the cattle into their stalls, the sheep into the fold. Their hearts were as peaceful as the scene that they saw through open doors of the room; the quiet meadows,

the hills, all turning a dim-grey-green in the dusk, with the only sound the notes of a shepherd's horn which were tones of the same soft, grey-green tint. So there was a hush and a feeling of deep contentment in the quiet pastoral hour, and it was their mistress, the simply-spoken and plainly-gowned, who seemed to be the very spirit of it. She had turned the evening into an idyll for them all, and as the soft silver of the moon appeared on the horizon, it seemed to Liomar that she was just such a light breaking upon his spirit.

That night he woke from a deep sleep to a feeling of the most over-flowing happiness that he had ever known. It was not only the sense of having worked well that day, of having earned the right to dream that night; it was a sense of having the dream become actual. He looked out upon the world in the moonlight, and it seemed to be made of a new substance, of some lucent blue-grey quality. And so it seemed as if that place of wonder beyond the confines of his every-day thoughts,—the world of his imaginative spirit, had suddenly become a reality; as if the light that before had been only dim on his horizon was now surrounding him.

He looked down from his window, and below him, leaning against a balustrade, he saw his princess. Her hair shone in the moonlight, but her head was bent in an attitude of deep dejection. And suddenly, Liomar knew that all she was seemed to her but as failure compared with what she meant to be. And in gazing at that figure, so bowed and yet so radiant, so frail and yet so divine, in realizing the aspiration and the despair of her whom now he knew so well, Liomar saw that the romance of the unknown cannot compare with the romance of the known. Intimate acquaintance would never again destroy wonder for him, but reveal it. He had never seen in the princess when she was remote what he saw in her now that she was near,—the vastness and the distant shadowy horizons, the desolate night and the mountains; and beyond that, the amazing sun breaking upon a far-off sea.

## To Una

ANNE CHANNING, '33

Awful, and delicate, and grave,  
Against the dark your image stands,  
So near to me, I half believe  
That I could touch it with my hands.

Like the clear fleece that wings a seed,  
Your brown hair opens to the wind;  
As if the night had felt a need  
To sow your beauty in my mind.

As if your beauty split her pod,  
Blowing your presence far abroad.

---

## Pride

ANNE BURNETT, '32

Pride took me in his arms today  
And held me like a lover.  
He kissed sincerity away  
And left a mask of dingy grey,  
Rouged with blood all over.

I, being blinded, could not see  
My love was trifling Pride.  
After he'd gone I felt in me  
A brazen heart,—then suddenly  
A longing to run and hide.

# Week-End

## A ONE-ACT PLAY

PATRICIA PUTNAM, '32

*(It is a Sunday evening in May in Broad Street Station. On the right are rows of benches, where a nondescript group of silent people sit and wait for their trains. On the left are the gates, two of which are visible. The sign over one says, "New York," over the other, "Local," but the gates are still closed. There is a great illuminated clock-face, Center, whose hands jerk relentlessly at the minutes.)*

*When the curtain rises, the arrival of a local train has just been announced through the station megaphone. When everyone has gone but the lanky guard (with a speculative eye) and the silent bench-holders, Andrew and Alice come slowly across from the gates. He is a tall man with a kind face, and young eyes; she is almost eclipsed by his overcoat which she is wearing, and by the brim of her dark blue hat. Sometimes a pointed white face shows, and eyes that are large with amazement—or sorrow*

*She is making him take the overcoat now, and we see that she is dressed in a light blue gingham dress with jacket to match, and her white sport shoes are splashed with mud.*

*When the two speak, their voices are low and tired, and they seem to waver between laughter and tears.)*

ALICE: It's so warm in here I really don't need it. Really!  
*(He laughs and takes the overcoat. It is more in place with his business suit than with her costume.)* Let me hold the boxes while you get your bag unchecked.

ANDREW *(handing her some rather squashed picnic boxes)*: Poor things! to have traveled so far, only to return untouched.—I'll hurry. *(While he is gone she stands clinging to the boxes with ungloved hands, and managing to be amused at the passers-by, even in her fatigue.)*

*When he returns, they smile at each other with as much delight as if they were meeting for the first time.)*

ANDREW *(taking boxes)*: YOUR train leaves in ten minutes, and MINE in fifteen, Alice. Shall we sit down over here?

ALICE: We'd better. I wonder how many miles I have made

you tramp this afternoon? (*They sit on the front bench, which is empty.*)

ANDREW: Well, it stopped raining at four and we have been going ever since—it's now eight-thirty. But why worry? It couldn't have been grander. Are you warm enough?

ALICE: Yes.

ANDREW: You do deserve to be spanked for not wearing a coat.

ALICE: I'm an irresponsible. Didn't you know? Anyway, I had no idea what the weather would be, or how far we'd go. (*Mischievously*) I wonder if I shall get back to college before the doors are locked?

ANDREW: I should hate to spoil your fair name at that institution.

ALICE: Fair names aren't much around here. How do you know I have one, anyway?

ANDREW: Of course you have one.—One look at you—.

Don't you want my overcoat to wear on your way back?

ALICE: Now you are trying to spoil my "fair name." It would be rather amusing to stalk into the hall in it.—But no, I am a terrible bundle-wrapper, and I'd never get up the courage to send it back to you.

ANDREW: Please don't catch a cold. Now, relax, child.

(*They stretched their feet out in front of them, and sit shoulder to shoulder, staring out, and clenching their hands in their laps. The spirit of the relentless clock broods over them.*)

ALICE: I never would have penetrated to that beautiful wild valley if I hadn't had someone to show it to, Andrew.

ANDREW: Thank God you did. I am so very glad you asked me down. It has been perfect—even the rain added to the excitement of our lives, didn't it? (*They are silent for a while, thinking back over the afternoon.*)

(*Two girls in evening dress come from the trains.*)

FIRST GIRL: Why, there is Alice Knowlton! What a bizarre costume!

SECOND GIRL: Is she cutting us, or is she blind?

FIRST GIRL: In love, I guess. That's a good-looking man she's got. (*Exeunt R., laughing.*)

ALICE (*waking for a moment*): Heavens, what a wild get-up for a railway station! Look at our shoes! And I haven't got any gloves, even.



ANDREW: Could you wear these, now? (*She tries on his pig-skin gloves, and laughs up at him.*) How old are you, irresponsible Alice, sixteen?

ALICE (*serious and conscious of his fifteen years' superiority*) Nineteen!

ANDREW: A nice age. Let's see, I was working on the Sports page of a newspaper at that age. But I did not have your perceptiveness.

ALICE: I don't think I'd make a very good sports-editor.

ANDREW: Don't consider it for a moment! (*She looks past him at the clock, and for a second he stares at her profile with white intensity. As she sinks back, he bursts out*) When shall I see you again, Alice?

ALICE: I—I don't know. I—(*she glances at him, which is almost more than they can both bear*)—It's getting nearly train time.—I—(*she snatches upon a bag with a ginger-ale bottle in it*). I say, I wonder how many people have suspected evil contents in this bottle?

ANDREW (*lightly*): No one, after one glance at your delightful innocence.

ALICE: Innocence?

ANDREW: Yes. (*They can't help looking at each other again. He tears his eyes away first.*)

ANDREW: You know, your friends at College are going to be glad we didn't eat all this food.—I can imagine you all sitting around on the floor, eating, and speaking your wise orisons late into the night. (*She can only nod and smile, but he is stronger*). Don't sit up too late, too often, will you? You musn't be too wise, Alice.

ALICE: No, Andrew?

ANDREW: No. It would frighten us.

(*They are silent till he begins speaking, for the first time from his heart.*)

ANDREW: It's been too beautiful a week-end to be over, Alice. I can't believe it.

ALICE: You—were—good—to—come. (*The hands of the clock jerk noisily, the light over the "Local" gate snaps on, the lanky guard opens the gate, the megaphone bursts forth with its long tale of stations.*)

ALICE: I've got to go.

ANDREW: Yes, I know. (*They get up and walk slowly across*

*the station, arm in arm, staring ahead. The guard and the starter (a gentle little creature, gaze in open speculation, and the starter follows them through the gate. Few people go through the gate to board the "Local". Just as Andrew comes back the train can be heard starting. Andrew walks to center, where he stands, completely dazed. The light snaps on the New York sign, and the megaphone shouts again. All the people on the benches rise, and with others from R. move to the gate. The guard lets them through as they show their tickets. When they have all passed the guard comes over and touches Andrew's arm.)*

GUARD: Your train, sir? (*Andrew turns, nods quickly, and starts toward the gate.*)

ANDREW. Thank you. (*Then as he goes through the gate he laughs deeply, not in the least as if he were tired. The guard is flabbergasted. He snaps off the "Local" light, looks around the almost empty station, and does the same to the New York sign.*)

GUARD: Hey, you, Herb! (*There is an answer, and the "Local" starter comes through the gate.*)

GUARD: Say, that was a funny-looking couple you just put on.

I was sure they was going to elope, or something, and I had their faces down cold in case the police—

STARTER (*interrupts*): Police, huh! They was all right. Kinder funny, though. (*Chuckling to himself.*)

GUARD: What's that?

STARTER: Well, they went so slow down the platform, looking right ahead, and just like they'd been to a funeral. Then when they'd got to the right car he said, 'Are you going to get on here?' and she said 'Yes'. (*He chews reflectively, pausing to get his story straight.*) Then she smiled and said, 'I'm glad you came.' They looked at each other (darned if I'd seen 'em do *that* before) and he bent over quick and kissed her. Then she ran fast up the steps.

GUARD: Why the hell shouldn't he kiss her?

STARTER (*laughs*): Well, I don't think either of 'em had any idea it was going to happen. They was both so surprised. Funny. (*The megaphone shouts again.*) So long, Joe (*he moves up to a gate off left.*)

GUARD: So long, Herb.

(*Curtain*)

## Method of Conquest

MIRIAM DODGE, '33

My charming sir,  
Pray do not fear  
That I shall force  
My ego near.

I know you are  
A lord of Art—  
In praising you  
I'll take my part.

I'll bow more  
Deeply than the rest,  
Until I'm by your  
Favor blest.

I'll scrape and smile  
With winning grace,  
And you will say:  
"A pretty face

She has, and what  
Is far more gain,  
Not only beauty,  
But a brain."

## Color to Their Going

SYDNEY SULLIVAN, '31

RICHARD had come to tea every day that week and Maeve had almost decided that she wouldn't ask him for tomorrow. Of course, when one's husband was a doctor and away so much it was nice to have someone to talk to and then she rather liked the idea of people's saying "Yes, he goes there for tea every day. Very devoted, they say." Still, you could have enough of a good thing and she thought she'd keep tomorrow for herself. No hint of this showed in her manner however.

She leaned forward.

"Of course, Richard, poetry *ought* to lead to pure contemplation."

Richard tapped his pipe against the tiles above the gasfire. Maeve ought to realize that the room was stuffy.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Maeve, shouldn't a window be opened?"

Maeve's heavy sensible heels thudded upon the axminster carpet as she went to the window. Really, Richard was just a bit obtuse sometimes. And at first he had been so understanding. She leaned against the jamb of the window, thinking how essential it was that she be understood.

Outside the rain fell softly, thoughtlessly, making the green of the overgrown garden even clearer and stronger. Below the garden lay the river Lee, grey in the twilight, separating the suburb from Cork. Beyond the city the low Irish hills were rounded blurs that reminded Maeve of her grey tea cosy in spite of her effort to keep her mind on pure contemplation.

"Would you like some more tea?" she asked.

"No thanks," Richard answered. "Go on about the poetry."

But the whole atmosphere of the room had changed. Before she had been in an open space, watching her thoughts—and Richard's of course—as they swirled about her head. Now she saw too clearly the worn red curtains at the French windows and the deep, shabby leather chairs and the golden oak mantelpiece with three pottery vases on it. She

quickly repressed the thought that it was a long time since Richard had sent her flowers.

He was smoking still, the bowl of his pipe clasped in his long fingers. White fingers too. She would have liked to think of them as lean, brown fingers but Richard didn't care much about out-door sports.

Amazing that this silence wasn't as comfortable as former silences. That was one of the things that had first attracted her to him, six months ago—his quiet reflectiveness. But recently she had sometimes caught herself wondering if these silences were as contemplative as she had believed, if they weren't perhaps a little vacant. This one was really an aching void.

"Are you going to Joan's dance?" she asked.

"No," Richard said, "are you?"

Feeling a sudden need for lights and music and social chatter she said yes, that Brinton wanted her to go with him. Maeve knew that Richard knew that Brinton didn't care for dances but seeing herself as a gay sophisticated lady, dancing with many besides her admiring husband, she wanted Richard to see her so. And Brinton would certainly take her if she wanted to go. Dear, noisy Brinton, who was interested only in his profession and in her, who had never misinterpreted or objected to her friendship with Richard.

"I'm wearing my new blue tulle," she added to make the picture clearer to him. Richard only murmured in response. Brinton would have had suggestions to make, would have taken an interest. Really, Richard was dull sometimes. But his next remark startled her.

"I have to go to Dublin tomorrow on business." He added, "Maeve, I may live there from now on."

She jumped up and went to the window. This was unbelievable. She stayed there, angry and yet faintly, vaguely relieved. Richard had come so whole heartedly into her life, had seemed to the only one to understand the deeper side of her nature. They had had such fascinating talks—here in her rather drab drawing room and, in the spring, in fields where they would take a picnic supper, eaten by a low, loosely-built stone wall, and then sit on the grass watching the cool advent of the stars, listening to the quiet birds, and smelling



the green grasses. How could he go when he meant so much to her and she to him?"

"Why, Richard?" She tried to make her voice steady.

"The firm wants to open a branch there and I'm to be head of it."

So this had been all planned out and he had said nothing about it. But she must be fair. One of the nicest things about him was that he didn't talk shop. With sudden clarity she realized that he didn't talk much about anything. He had been sympathetically silent. Perhaps not quite so sympathetic as silent. Sometimes he had been almost—not quite—a bore. She had always contributed the sparkle to their conversations. She rather hoped that she had occasionally made an epigram. Richard certainly had not.

Richard for his part, was a little puzzled. Maeve often puzzled him. She talked about so many things he didn't understand. Still she never expected him to do more than encourage her a little and she was a nice person to be with. He twisted a loosened button on his deep leather chair.

"It's a much better job, you know," he offered.

"Yes, of course," Maeve answered as she watched Ellen, the little servant maid, come into the room to take out the tea things. She counted the patent leather straps that climbed up Ellen's fat legs. Fourteen of them. On the right leg anyhow and presumably on the left. It seemed incredible that any one should wear fourteen straps on their shoes. However, they obviously did. She would have liked to point this out to some one, now that Ellen had left the room, to discuss it gayly, delicately, even whimsically. She often thought that whimsicality suited her type. Even when Richard had seemed most adequate—about three months ago—she had known that it wouldn't do to be whimsical with him. And now he seemed to be growing more limited. She had noticed it more and more recently in a thousand little things. Richard had been nice though and she was sorry that he was going. Not really sorry—she checked the thought. Of course she was, she was almost heart broken. Richard, her dear friend, was going away forever. The word rang in her mind as she whispered it to herself. "Richard, are you going away," pause, "forever?" She rehearsed it and then said it aloud with just the right pause.

"Richard, are you going away forever?"

Maeve's intensity embarrassed Richard. Smoke drifted in thick gray lines about his brown head as he puffed hard on his pipe, and he followed the pattern of the carpet in his eyes. Just the part of the carpet that came within his range of vision. He was too embarrassed to lift his head and watch the strange vine as it crawled farther away.

"Well, of course I'd often come back to see you," he said. "I'd want to, you know that, Maeve."

Suddenly, the thought of having Richard come back to see her was intolerable. Up till now they had always been able to discuss the gossip of Cork for those first few difficult minutes and then she could easily lead the conversation into the paths she wished. But to have him staying in the house, though with really nothing in common any more, was too much to ask of her. She had sacrificed all her time and thought to him—well, a lot anyhow—and here he was leaving her and calmly proposing to come back when he felt like it. The other way would be simpler.

"No, Richard," she said gently. "It must be a clean break, my dear." And lifted her head high surprised and pleased to find tears in her eyes.

Now he ought to get up and go. Go without a word and never see her again. But he didn't; he shifted uneasily in his chair and muttered "Why, Maeve!" He had never imagined she'd be so disturbed about it. He had thought she'd talk rather fast and amusingly about it. But Maeve was a queer girl and she seemed nervous today. He'd better go now.

He rose and Maeve came forward and stood close beside him.

"Of course, of course, I understand. I've always understood, haven't I, Richard?"

She was rather hazy about just what she had understood—and so indeed was Richard—but she was quite sure that if there had been anything to understand she would have done it. Richard knew his cue.

"Always, Maeve," he said, looking gravely down at her.

Perhaps, Maeve reflected, looking up at him, she was misjudging him. Perhaps his feeling about her had become too strong for him and he felt that he must go, using this talk of business as a pretext. The idea distinctly pleased her.

"Good-bye, Maeve" he said, and held out his hand to her.

"Good-bye, Richard" she answered and put her hand in his. He held it for a second—was it perhaps longer than usual?—and then went out of the room. She stood where he left her, trying not to feel relieved, trying not to think of her new blue tulle and the dance, trying to feel as though something tragic had happened to her. She made no effort to hold back the thought that she had carried off their last good-bye rather suitably.

On the other side of the door, Richard, adjusting his hat, resolved to come back the next day and say good-bye to Maeve.

---

## Sonnet

LOUISE ESTERLY, '33

When bands paint noise in syncopated blue,  
When with well modulated knees I dance  
And feel you press me closer still to you,  
Why then, I pass my fears with careless glance.  
Or when we laugh and shout in feral glee,  
And sing, to crush our hearts tumultuous beat,  
If for one moment there comes fear to me,  
I run away with vibrant, youthful feet.

But once I stood upon a mountain side,  
And saw the lazy, wrinkled sea below,  
I knew the majesty of silence cried:  
"Now bear yourself, that you may henceforth know!"  
And when next to the earth I laid my ear,  
I heard my silent soul and cried "I fear!"

## Mona Lisa

EVELYN WAPLES, '31

THE man stood a long time before it, inert, questioning, a little self-conscious. He didn't enjoy looking at the picture a bit, he instinctively shrank from the fat, young woman in gray who was making such a scene in front of it and the burning intensity of the art student at his elbow disgusted him. He kept studiously analysing his feelings, and the very act was so unspeakably tiresome and belittling, that he wanted to throw back his head and howl. If he could only feel something positive besides his irritation. The lukewarmness of his sensations about the great painting was what annoyed him. He could hear himself say flippantly to one of the hushed crowd, "The most anaemic looking dame—I don't know but what she might be a good egg at heart—the landscape in back isn't half bad," and imagined the hordes of his fellow-countrymen turning outraged and direful eyes toward him and croaking "American". Well, she did look sick at her stomach; he guessed it was those eyes that they made such a fuss about, and he thought of all the other eyes he had ever seen, particularly a baby's eyes. They were like little half circles leaning towards the bump of a nose—That was something like! But these snaky, dark holes were too knowing. He had never liked mysterious women. He turned away from her, and immediately he felt constrained to take a last look. The voice in his brain continued insistently. "I ought to study the old girl a bit longer—I probably will never see her again—she must have a sort of meaning that you get or you don't get, I guess—and I may get it if I stop and look once more, look at her mouth maybe—I really ought to look at her mouth." But a stubbornly conservatively vein in his character prevented him from turning back. It was a recurrence of the ancient struggle against superstition and it had made him the dupe of harrowing indecision before. The struggle of looking or not looking, became twisted out of all shape—it was of the utmost symbolic importance whether

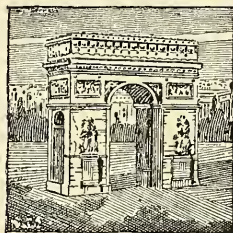


he yielded to superstition and glanced back or whether he walked on and left it to smaller men to puzzle over. It was all so silly. What decided him was the sudden thought that if he had been the least bit intoxicated he would have admired prodigiously. As this thought struck him he walked on quickly. He might have been inspired by the portrait, himself. He would have made a superb artist. He remembered a vase in charcoal he had done at school that had looked exactly like the original. But if that mummy looking female was what they liked, he was sorry. He felt pleased now that he hadn't looked back. He had probably missed something but he was sick of all this culture anyway—you just kept fooling yourself. It wasn't essential. Only love was essential. "I love everyone."—Love flooded his brain and expanded his spirit like a strong liquor. This excited happiness was not new to him; he could bring it on almost at will. But for some reason, since he had stood there before the Mona Lisa, this surge of love seemed dulled by familiarity, poisoned with complacency. Funny, it had never failed him before. He got his umbrella and hat at the door. He must love everyone. He tipped the man three francs. Then he went outside and hailed a taxi, and drove dejectedly to his hotel. Three francs was really a ridiculous sum for a hat tip. He gave the taxi-man a two-franc tip. "Well take it or leave it." He felt balked and angry. There was no mail for him at the desk. He determined not to have a cocktail before dinner and felt better for the decision. "The taxi-man now, he had eyes like the Mona Lisa. Is it that? Greed! It couldn't be so simple. I really am repelled by that." At the same time he felt excited at having hit on something. He went outside and strolled up the Champs Elysées toward the Arc de Triomphe. It was strangely quiet. There would be lightning-bugs now in New Jersey. Paris made a fellow feel so much; lonely and empty and self-absorbed. It was morbid to think about yourself so much. He thought wearily of doing something for someone. "But if you can't speak their blamed language; and they hate you—and how could you find a Frenchman anyhow, in the Champs Elysées." He looked up at the Arc de Triomphe. That was beautiful. White and strong and adequate. And then that flame over the grave of the unknown soldier. That was perfect of the French. They'd thought of it first. He



watched the sheltered flame. The wind leaned against it a little. Soon the lights would go on up and down the avenue. "Gay Paris," he thought. No, it was hopeless and wise as Death itself. Hopeless and wise—wise! He was suddenly struck by the impossibility of any one person's knowing everything or feeling everything in the world. "If you could just stop this incessant monologuing. Wise and hopeless. There's just that flame for the good. You wouldn't want too much of the good or it wouldn't be so perfect. And you wouldn't want to know everything. Not hopeless, but tireless. There was something tireless about the Mona Lisa. He would go back tomorrow and see if that wasn't it. He wouldn't be sure even then, but he'd look anyway. It didn't matter if he wasn't quite sure. There were a few lights now in the deep blue. He became conscious of someone approaching. It was a young boy—American—alone too, and he walked up to the grave and stared at the wavering flame a long time without moving. He was an ugly boy with ugly clothes. His legs were too long and he had a bad complexion.

"Nice idea isn't it" Had the boy said that? The man nodded; he felt strangely humble. "Wise and tireless," he thought, "There's enough of everything. The endlessness of the Mona Lisa."

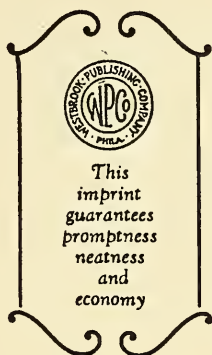


## From The Ivory Gate

AGNES LAKE, '30

Nothing is real,  
I know,  
And always I remember  
And am glad.  
There is one thing alone  
That grieves me  
When I think of this.  
I wish that you were real,  
And that my love for you  
Were something stronger than a dream.  
It seems so strange  
That you and I,  
Who, when we are together  
Can hold defiance to the sky,  
Should be no more than the slight dream  
That does not even quicken the still sleeper's heart,  
And when he wakes,  
Shall vanish.

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# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

VOL. X

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No. 2



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## Non Nobis

CELIA DARLINGTON, '31

I will not tell again what I have thought,  
To have the meaning of my mind distorted,  
Under a beauty that I never sought,  
And then returned to me, by you, as mine.

My words are not like metaphoric fawns  
Leaping through soft green meadows gracefully,  
Nor are my thoughts kept sleek on well-trimmed lawns.

Since your wit sparkles through my whole design,  
Keep it; I never liked it anyway;  
Now it is yours I hate it altogether;  
Its loveliness is not what I would say.

Yet, since I hate your changing what I wrought,  
I will not let you go triumphantly:—  
“Yes, you have said exactly what I thought.”



## Interlude

ANNE BURNETT, '32

CONFLICT had once been the keynote of the Metropolitan Hotel,—not physical combat, of course, but a battle of wits. One of the parties concerned was an architect, the pride of his profession, who had insisted that the lobby present to the eye of the traveller a flowering patio, since the building was following the example of every self-respecting hotel in the Spanish manner. However, the feminine soul of his rival, a brilliant, but charming interior decorator, yearned for a baronial hall. The outcome of the battle had been decidedly to the advantage of the lady, but the gentleman claimed his rights by importing a seventeenth-century well-head for the center of the room. Consequently, peace reigned in a high-ceilinged hall whose plastered walls wore tapestries for kerchiefs, heavy hewn rafters and potted palms for jewelry, and the architect's dying gesture, in which a fountain flirted with the wrought-iron chandelier above it, for a breastpin. The timid transient had a sinking feeling when he entered the studded doorway,—not from any aesthetic disapproval, surely, but from an emotion of awe. The nap of the carpets sank beneath his weight, the chairs received his burdens to their bosoms with a sigh and a faintly perceptible hiss that showed their lothness to part with him, and his heart usually sank before the superior poise of the bell-boy.

On an afternoon of late winter, when guests were gathering for tea and tête-à-têtes, a minor problem confronted the management as it surveyed its kingdom with a white carnation in its buttonhole. Would it be ethical to ask the lady in the black dress to sit in the red chair every afternoon for a small salary? She lent the room just the atmosphere which it always had lacked. Her dark complexion and her languor were Spanish, as if she had been a court lady for Isabella; but the fingers of her couturier and the gardenia in her collar kept the tempo of her fellows. Strangely enough, the lady was entertaining the same thought. Would it be ethical to propose to the management that she sit in this chair, for a small sum of gold,—or even for a new costume now and then,

to lend variety to her picturesqueness? However, and she brushed the thought off her skirt languidly, the grossly material had never been, and never would be,—in spite of recently acclaimed beauty,—her ambition. After all, when her examination holidays were over, she would return to college and the realms of the spirit, abstract as any undergraduate.

While these ideas were occupying her mind, she was aware of a gentleman sitting on the little bench next her chair. It was obvious that he was endeavoring to begin a conversation with her. Had this been last year, and she a scraggly minor, no one would have noticed her, but this afternoon three men had broken the strictures of society in order to claim her attention. As she turned to look at the fountain, she saw his expression change from one of perplexity to one of surprise. He recognized her, apparently, but no slight smile admitted the friendship on her part. Again his countenance changed to perplexity as he watched her light a cigarette. However, the ring on her finger, catching the light of her match as it did, betrayed her. On his finger was a larger edition of the same ring. He knew that he had been right, but for the life of him he could not understand why she had been so unaware of his presence. Of course, people were changed, he knew, by their college experiences, but his credulity could not encompass his having undergone any complete metamorphosis within the last ten months. And John, who always believed that civility should be enforced, approached the lady.

"Will you excuse me if I seem to be rude,"—She looked up at him evidently bored and slightly annoyed, as she sighed and turned a bit in her chair—"but aren't you Elise Williams? I apologize if I'm wrong, but you seemed so familiar." Always the perfect example of the polite young man, John bowed and prepared to remove to some other corner of the room, to prove to this charming person that his intensions were anything but rude.

Her forehead puckered a little and she looked at him closely for an embarrassing moment, before she answered. "Indeed, sir, you are right, but I'm afraid that I can't place you."

How could it be possible? In his amazement and subconscious indignation at her forgetfulness, he blushed and hesi-

tated as he explained. Confusedly he reminded her that he, John Evan Palmer, Jr., had sat behind her for four years of Latin in prep school, that he had been her dinner-partner at her coming-out party, and that he had been on the *Berengaria* when she had returned from Europe the previous summer. Still, the polite calm of her expression refused to acknowledge him. She seemed pleasant enough, and apparently she was interested in him, but the fact that his name meant nothing to her was exasperating. Then the thought occurred to him that he had spoken to the wrong Elise Williams, that this girl,—whose poise he realized was twice that of the Elise whom he had known, simply had the same name, the same profile. The uncanny coincidence rattled his superstitious soul, and with a sudden, "I'm dreadfully sorry to have disturbed you," he sat down on his bench.

The lovely stranger, however, was not ready to release him. He had, he noticed, aroused her interest, and after a silent scrutiny she leaned toward him. "Mr. Palmer?" He turned about with a smile, half eager, half tolerant.

"You see, Mr. Palmer, I don't want you to be angry with me for being so rude." Her smile was penitent and feminine. The Elise of his ken had been a frightfully boyish creature. "I'll have to apologize for not recognizing you, but my memory is so poor now. I simply could not conjure up your name. You said that you went to school with me? Well, I can't remember anything that ever happened to me before last December, so that that meant nothing to me. I hope you will forgive me." John's heart wept within him as she spoke. It was he who had been rude in misjudging her.

He shook his head in sympathy. "Why Elise, what happened to you?" His tact had never developed to the point of indirect diplomacy.

"They say I was spending the Thanksgiving holidays off the coast of Florida on my roommate's yacht. Evidently, I slipped and fell, striking my head on the rail. It sounds rather ghastly, doesn't it?—All I can recall now is what has happened since I woke up in the sanitarium." She looked thoughtfully at the carpet and crushed her cigarette. John, too, was looking at the carpet. In several small pictures he saw this poor unfortunate as she was, and as she had been. First of all, he remembered a fat little girl whose black curls

kept falling over the back of her chair onto his desk until the day he had tied them to his inkwell. This same fat girl, some three years later, had led his graduating class, beating him to the honor by five milestones on the road to perfection and college entrance. A little more grown-up and unattractive than the school-girl was the debutante who talked of nothing but the tariff during the slow waltz. And now, next to him was this dazzling creation, hardly a year older, thinner and prettier,—really beautiful, John would say if asked his serious opinion,—but without the great store of knowledge that had been her justification.

"I suppose," she continued wistfully, "that it's foolish of me to be telling you all this, but I feel as though I should explain to the people I used to know. Otherwise, you know, I'll be getting an awful name for my rudeness. And I shouldn't like that, should you?" Of course not, John nodded, as he noticed that her ankles were slim as the stem of a lily. Had they really called her "Fat Props" at school?

"Mother took me over to St. Paul's the other day and introduced me to some of the people who used to be my teachers, in an effort, I suppose, to revive some of me. They were awfully nice, though, and took me all over the campus. It must have been great fun. I wish I could believe I'd ever been there, but it's all so strange—Have you ever seen the little out-door theatre near the fields? They told me I'd been in a play there once. Do you remember it?" Yes, John did. Thank heaven she had forgotten the insulting manner in which he had played opposite her; he would like very much to be her friend, now. In fact, his great pity for her misfortune was running away with him into more serious kingdoms. At Christmas time a report had gone around that Elise had become engaged to some self-sacrificing soul. With what shame he remembered the relief with which he had heard it. (Her mother had previously hinted his desirability as a son-in-law.) But now he wondered if she were still engaged, if she had forgotten her fiancé.

"It must have been rather bad for your family!" he ventured in an attempt ultimately to swing the conversation to her amours.

"Yes," she looked thoughtful, and searched her purse for another cigarette. He offered his case. "Oh, thank you—



Yes, it was hard for Mother. She seemed so set on my being a scholarly person or something learned. You see, when she was growing up she wanted to write, but she married Dad and had us.—Of course, it must be terrible to see your offspring develop as you want them to up to a certain point, and then to have all your hopes dashed by a little accident.—It seems that I used to be quite precocious, and I've been shown all sorts of medals and diplomas and things that I won at school.” John groaned to himself. He knew enough of her brightness. It had been very near to painful to him. But he had enough faith in the desirability of genius to realize that the loss of Elise's mind was a great loss to the welfare of humanity as a whole. However, one had to concede that her superior attraction to the opposite sex was an immediate gain.

“Mother takes it uncomplainingly enough, though, and has been very patient with me. And Father, I believe, likes me better this way. He wanted a frivolous person for a daughter, and now he can't do enough to make me over into a butterfly. Next to Mother it was hardest on the man they said I was engaged to.” John looked up in wonder at her having anticipated his thoughts. “He came out to see me after I had left the sanitarium and simply would not believe that I didn't know him. I felt dreadfully sorry for him, but you can't imagine how trying it was. And such a man! He talked of nothing but his science and our plans for research at Tübingen,—Father said we were going to study there after we were married. Such words as he used, my dear! I really couldn't understand him.—But I felt like a beast when I explained to him that we couldn't go on, because he was so cut up.”

“I know,” yearned John, “it would be terrible for a man to lose a woman like you so tragically.” But for all his effort, it would not sound sincere. His honest thought was selfish and soaring. She was free again.

“You shouldn't trifle like that, Mr. Palmer, I'm not used to compliments.” Something of mockery, something of coquetry danced through her voice. So she had mastered the art since her tragedy. He could picture her at a dance,—not the terror of the stag line as before, but its empress. She had that mysterious sadness in her face that the other debs



lacked. Beside her unique and romantic situation they seemed ordinary and dull.

"But tell me something else, John,—you don't mind if I call you that do you? Was I really such a frightful Ugly Duckling?" Had he been an upright young man he would have said "Yes" unhesitatingly, but he couldn't form the word. "No, Elise, you never were. You were always a little above us, but we admired you for it.—Perhaps I was a little afraid of you, but I want you to know that I'm awfully fond of you."

He sighed, and blew a ring of grey smoke into the fountain. "Are you really, John?—It's very kind of you to say that, but you shouldn't have." Silently she sent another grey ring to follow his, and then looked up brightly. An older man, thirty or so and distinguished in his bearing, was standing in front of them and bowing to her. She took his proffered arm and rose. As she turned to John she smiled a glittering smile at the older man.

"It looks as though I'd have to go, doesn't it? It's been so nice to talk to you here. You will call soon, won't you?" John promised with the music of her invitation tinkling a blithe tune through his head.

As Elise took her escort's arm, she laughed and said, "That, my dear, was my first love. You know, the Johnny Palmer I told you about. He's a funny child. If he weren't so blessedly credulous, he'd be a dreadful bore."

To John, as he watched the pair leave the lobby, her laugh was the sound of merry planets playing at their chimes across oblivion.

## In Autumn

MAXINE SILVER, '33

My love stepped forth into the Spring  
When the buds did bloom and small birds sing.  
And all the earth gave welcoming.

Her hair like little tendrils curled  
Around the heart of all the world.  
Her face was like a flower unfurled,

And her tall body as a reed,  
Upon her love my soul did feed.  
She was my faith, and she my creed.

But thus I loved my only dear:  
I did not stop to think or fear  
That Spring was but the early year.

## Half-Gods

MAXINE SILVER, '33

When Christ was born in the Holy East  
Between the angel and the beast,  
Some sailors off the shores of Crete  
Heard in the forest the sound of feet.  
They leaned on their oars while their loud hearts beat,  
There was no wind and there was no wave,  
Sudden the sea seemed still as a grave,  
A loud voice cried to them from the wood,  
Fear held them to the masts where they stood,  
The sails were heavy and hung like lead.  
The sorrowful voice thrice over said:  
"The Great God Pan is dead, is dead!"

# Murder in the New Book Room

CELIA DARLINGTON, '31

## CHARACTERS

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN (call him what you will: Ernest, Aldous, or Sacheverell)—The Spirit of Modern Literature

ANNE—Spirit of the Student Body

CRESEYDE—Spirit of Chaucerian verse

XENOCRATE—Spirit of the Elizabethan Drama

LUCY—Spirit of Romantic Poetry

MONA—Spirit of Art

XANTHIPPE (Mona's mother)—Spirit of Philosophy

CHORUS—Maidens in white dresses and black robes

SCENE: *A small room with a hall beyond, and beyond that another room. On the left of the near room are bookshelves, and, nearer, a door in the wall. Over the shelves is a sign: "New Books". On the right, in the foreground, is a long bench built against the wall, and in the background more bookshelves. In the centre of the stage is a round table, some chairs, and a statuette of Shakespeare. Looking across the hall one sees another table, and chairs, and more shelves. The stage is bare except for a girl sitting in one corner, writing continuously. She does not speak or look up during the whole of the action, except to thumb the dictionary open before her. The stillness is deadly, as the mysterious man shrouded in black (who has been whispering to Anne in the hall), glides stealthily to the door at the left, opens it, slips in, and closes it softly behind him. A bell is heard eerily ringing in the far distance. A moment later in rush all the characters, laughing and chattering girlishly—except for Xanthippe who, as a graduate student, is rather on her dignity. Creseyde flops down on a near bench, and opens a yellow-bound French novel. She is soon absorbed. Mona is softly descanting to Xanthippe, who looks bored, on the beauties of Shakespeare's statuette. Xenocrate stands moodily by the window gazing into far spaces, while Lucy sits down in the corner, and takes out her knitting.*

ANNE (*standing in the middle of the room*): Well, girls, how do you like the new quarters? Pretty snappy don't you think, Xen?

XENOCRATE (*nonchalantly lighting a cigarette*):

I fare not now as other Empresses:

My soul magnificent, my haughty pride,

Feel infinite scorn of all this little room.

ANNE (*guiltily*): Tut, Xen, be sensible. It is rather gloomy, I admit. There's a thunderstorm brewing. That's all. (*Seeing her cigarette*) Hey! ditch it.

XENOCRATE (*nonchalantly*): I am a Princess still, though long since dead.

ANNE: Have it your own way. Anyhow, we're not meant to be here together, you know. (*She points to a small sign, "No studying", on one of the shelves.*) But it won't happen again. That's certain. (*She chuckles to herself.*)

CHORUS: Οτοτοτο! οτοτοτο!

CRESEYDE (*shuddering*): I know not why, I am with fear y-shoke.

For love of God, lat preve it for the beste.

XENOCRATE: This melancholy nought befits our state.

ANNE: I'll say you're no cheerful company on a day like this.

LUCY: Never mind, my dears, I will sing you a ditty.

Though one of us in the Art Sem lives,

And none of us in Heaven,

Though some of us are dead as nails,

No matter, we are seven.

ANNE (*sneering*): Hey! Chuck it; don't be a Pollyanna. Life's bad enough around here without your making it worse.

LUCY (*doggedly*): Forget me if you will, or leave

Me wholly unforgiven;

Neglect us all and spurn us, yet

No matter, we are seven.

ANNE: All I can say to you is, stop trying to make everyone "true to the kindred points of Heaven and Home." It simply does not work . . . Mona! What's the matter?

(*Mona is sitting on the round table. She looks oddly rigid.*)



*There is a grim smile on her hard features. The archive door, on which her eyes are fixed, clicks softly shut.)*

ANNE: She must have seen a ghost. Mona, what is it?

*(Dead silence. Everyone moves uneasily. Even the girl who is writing looks up for an instant, sucking her pencil.)*

ANNE *(suddenly)*: It must be the Mysterious Man!

MONA: What?

XENOCRATE: Tamburl.

XANTHIPPE: Stop! Define your terms!

*(A silence.)*

CRESEYDE *(slowly)*: Yaf me to drink!

ANNE: Don't you know? The Stealthy Stackhunter, the Monster of the Magazine Room. Even *The Times* has a column on the Library Lunatic. Why he's been abroad for weeks, devastating the campus.

CHORUS: *οἱμοὶ οἱμοὶ σχῆμα καὶ ἄρσιν καὶ θέσιν . . . ὅν μὴ*

ANNE: He's a Lurking Terror to the Authorities. They hushed it up for a while, but some of his worst atrocities could not be kept quiet.

MONA *(eagerly)*: What were they?

LUCY *(covering her ears)*: Leave me my innocence, my child-like joy,  
My love of Nature.

ANNE *(in a whisper)*: They say yesterday he left a copy of Gertrude Stein in the Latin Seminary, and moved the whole series of the American Journal of Philology to Pembroke East.

XANTHIPPE: Oh horrible! What is justice? What is honor? Surely, never can we step into the same campus twice.

XENOCRATE *(in eery tones)*: Now have we but one bare hour to live.

XANTHIPPE *(to her daughter)*: She's in a trance; she prophesies. This proves the duality of form and substance.

MONA *(coldly)*: Tut. Art is an imitation of nature, but by no means an exact copy.

ANNE: And more. Last week *Transition* was mysteriously conveyed to the biology laboratories, and a dead rabbit was found in its place.

CHORUS: *Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεὰ οἴμοι οἴμοι*

ANNE: And today . . . and today . . . they  
expect him here! And he comes . . . for you.

ALL: Oh!

*(Anne, turning slowly, knocks thrice at the Door on the Left.  
It opens and the Mysterious Man stands there, his face  
muffled in his cloak.)*

XANTHIPPE: The Many and the One; a mere dumb show for  
the sake of a colorful illustration of an outstanding truth.  
*(The girl who is writing in the corner, looks up quickly,  
frowns, then shrugs her shoulders and sets to work again.  
All the rest are in various undignified positions, Lucy  
crouched in the corner, Mona on her hands and knees on  
the table (the tortion of her body is noticeable), Xenocrate  
holding the statuette of Shakespeare as a possible missile.  
Anne, however, is standing calmly by the door. Did she  
laugh? One cannot be sure.)*

THE MAN *(advancing ominously towards Lucy, who is muttering  
William . . . William . . . William . . .  
over and over.)*

Spirit of Romantic Poetry, prepare to die.

LUCY: The Moral Law and Human Love forbid  
This wanton devastation; even the dead  
Cry out against it; but the violet bends  
Her head in sorrow by the mossy stone.

*(She dies quietly, strangled by the Man. Her knitting falls  
to the floor. One can see it is a tiny sweater.)*

CRESEYDE: Ah pitie renneth sone in gentil hertes.

MAN: Chaucerian Verse, your turn has come.

CRESEYDE: Allas, forsoothe . . .

*(He stabs her, and lays her by Lucy.)*

ANNE *(darting forward eagerly)*: Cressy, are you dead at last?

CRESEYDE: Yis.

MAN: Type of Philosophy, you are next.

XANTHIPPE *(accepting the paper cup he gives her, and drinking  
it off at a gulp)*: Do not forget, daughter, to pay him the  
penny I owe for this cup.

MONA: A picture is more real than life. I'll give him a painted  
coin, and so I'll pay with interest.

XENOCRATE: Ah me! I die; grief has my heart outworn.  
Some music; and my fit would cease, I think.

CHORUS *(dolefully)* οἱ μοί.

XENOCRATE: Nay, let me die; it is better so.

*(She dies.)*

*(Mona is left. She stretches forth her arms to the Man.)*

MONA: Look at me. Am I not like young sunlight on driven snow?

MAN: I am cold as snow, and you are powerless as the dawn to melt me. *(Laying her on the bench, he smothers her with a cushion.)*

MONA *(panting)*: What is beauty?

*(She dies.)*

*(Anne and the Man run to the middle of the stage, and clasp hands eagerly.)*

ANNE: Done! Boy, I'm proud of you.

MAN: Now will you be my wife?

ANNE: Now I am free to live with you always.

MAN: You promise?

ANNE: I promise. With you I have found freedom at last.

MAN: So—it is done.

*(Suddenly he casts off his black cloak and stands forth in a garish clown's suit of red, yellow, green, purple, etc., in patches and stripes.)*

Now, see me for what I am.

ANNE: Oh! awful! Put it back! Oh! I made a mistake! I don't know you!

MAN *(solemnly)*: Call my name Stein . . . wine, fine  
wine . . . crown me with the vine . . . dine  
on wine . . . honey-bunch . . . love . . .  
dove . . . Heavens above . . . I love you  
. . . purple love . . . mauve gaiety . . .

ANNE: Oh! Stop! Stop! *(She runs for the door, the Spirit in close pursuit.)*

*(Curtain)*

## Force of Habit

MARY OAKFORD, '31

When next we meet in twenty years,  
You'll bend your head to see my tears,  
Not realizing this—that I  
But raised a hand to fix your tie.

---

## Retort

ANNE BURNETT, '32

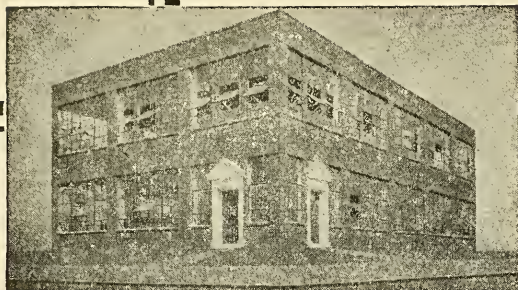
Spinsters, gentle sir, must bring  
Intellectual offering  
To lay on Vesta's altar fire.  
In vain I've waited, far too long,  
To hear from man a wooing song,  
So now my ardent thoughts aspire  
No more to love, but something higher.

---

## Dawn

VAUNG-TSIEN BANG, '30

Sleep of Spring knows no waking,  
But I hear the birds of dawn calling.  
Ah, the wind and rain of last night!  
How many leaves have been taken?  
How many flowers have been broken?



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# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

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No. 3

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# WHICH ONE IS YOU?



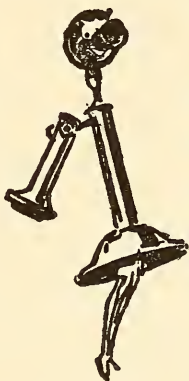
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## Evidence

ANNE BURNETT, '32

Susan, see the cherry tree  
Popcorn-pink beyond the brook!  
Susan, look!

Near that bunch of blossoms, see,  
The grackle contemplates a hymn,  
And on that limb,

Over the bush of bayberry,  
An oriole's about to sing.

.....  
Susan, it's spring!

# Reward

MARY ELLA BICKELL, '33

CHARACTERS: *Michael Moore*—a beggar  
*Sarah*—his wife  
*Ma*—his mother  
*Mrs. Schwab* }—neighbors  
*Oscar Schwab* }  
*Detective*  
*Policeman*

TIME: *The Present,*  
*An Evening in Autumn.*

## SCENE:

*A small dining-room in an apartment of a rickety New York tenement. A little light filters through a narrow window at the left and through a tattered gray-white lace curtain which hangs dejectedly at the window. There is a door, whose lower part is much the worse for frequent kicking, leading to the rest of the house; while at the right is the door to the outside hall. The walls are a drab gray-tan. The dingy furniture consists of a black hair sofa in the right rear corner, a small dining-table, right-center, and three battered chairs around it. Suprisingly enough there are flowers on the table. When the curtain rises, an old woman with a deeply lined face is sitting in a rocking chair looking intently out the window. She is very thin and frail and hugs her shawl about her narrow shoulders.*

*Enter Sarah from the left carrying a bowl. She is medium height, slender, fair-haired and neatly dressed.*

SARAH: You looking for Michael already, Ma?

MA (*without turning her head*): Yes. I've had a queer feelin' all day; keep worryin' about Michael for fear somethin's happened to him.

SARAH (*with bitterness*): Don't worry about him. (*Sits in chair on the left.*) He will be all right. Just a silly idea of yours. (*Pauses then turns to face her.*) You don't ever think of nothin' but Michael, Michael, always Michael and whatever he says or does seems perfect to you.

MA (*angrily*): Well, he's been a good son to me. And what's more a good husband to you. You may hate him for beggin' but you wasn't so well off when he married you, I notice.

SARAH (*wearily*): I know. I was sick and couldn't get work, but at least I was on the level. (*Standing up abruptly*). He's a cheat, I tell you. He stood up straight on his two legs and asked me to marry him. Only after we were married did I find out how he made his living. He cheats the law and he cheated me. I suppose you call that being a good husband? (*Goes over to window and pulls the shade down ferociously*.) It's your fault, too. If you brought him up better instead of spoilin' him maybe—

(*A knock on the door*.)

(*She stops and glancing quickly at the old woman goes to the door, patting her hair as she goes*.) Oh (*pause*), Mrs. Schwab!

(*Enter Mrs. Schwab, a fat jovial soul*): Hello! (*She bustles past Sarah and waddles over to Ma*): Vat ye tink! Guess vat I got here!

MA (*sullenly*): No (*after a pause*). What is it?

MRS. SCHWAB (*triumphantly extracting a string of pearls from her extensive bosom*): Poils! My Oscar gave them to me!

MA (*overcome*): Ain't they beautiful too. (*To Sarah who stands by trying to conceal her interest*): Ain't they lovely?

SARAH (*reluctantly*): Yes. (*Suspiciously*) Where did he get them?

MRS. SCHWAB (*with a wink*): Vere all goot things come from, my Sarah. My Oscar a very clefer man.

SARAH (*scornfully*): I thought so.

MRS. SCHWAB (*bridling*): Vell you needn't talk. You with your goodness. Yet you married with a beggar vat isn't a beggar and sits all day with his leg strapped under him. Dat's not so good.

MA (*sententiously*): We got to live, Sarah.

SARAH (*disgustedly*): If this is living, I don't think I want much more of it. (*Exits left banging door*.)

MRS. SCHWAB: Vell, I like dat. Poor Mrs. Moore to have such a daughter-in-law. But Michael is a nice boy.

My Oscar says he wants to talk to him about somethin' tonight. But now I go upstairs, Oscar and the kids is waitin' for their supper.

MA: I think the pearls are lovely. Your Oscar is a very smart man.

MRS. SCHWAB (*again all smiles*): Yas dat's so. Don't you forget to tell Michael Oscar says important business. Good-night, Mrs. Moore. (*Crosses right and exits.*)  
(*There is silence except for the suggestion of weeping from the next room.*)

MA (*muttering*): Drat her! Ungrateful I call it! Oh, why does Michael take so long?

(*Squeaking of wheels outside. Excitedly*):

Sarah, O Sarah. Quick open the door for Michael.

SARAH (*faintly*): All right Ma, just a minute. (*Enters left hurriedly, pauses and walks over to Ma.*) Please don't tell Michael, Ma, I'm sorry.

(*Ma looks at her intently but makes no sign.*)

SARAH (*turns and runs lightly to the door and opens it*): Hello, Michael.

(*Enter Michael shabbily dressed and sitting on a rolling platform with both legs strapped under him. His eyes are very blue and cold. He appears virile even in his infirmity.*)

What kept you so long?

SARAH: I'm sorry, Michael.

(*Michael ignores her apology and wheels over to his mother.*)

MA: I'm so glad you came at last, Michael, I've been uneasy about you all day. (*Bends down to kiss him.*)

MICHAEL (*makes no effort to return her kiss. Then laughs*): And well you might!

SARAH (*coming nearer*): What's the matter, Michael? Didn't you have a good day?

MICHAEL (*with a sneer*): It will probably be my last; it was just that good.

SARAH: Michael, whatever do you mean?

MA (*tragically*): I knew it, I knew something had happened.

SARAH: Oh don't be silly, Ma. Go on tell us, Michael.

MICHAEL: Damn! I don't want to talk about it or think about it.

SARAH: Please, Michael.



MICHAEL (*observing her anxiety*): Oh, it's nothing really, I'll tell you later maybe. How soon will dinner be ready?

SARAH: It's ready now. (*She starts towards the left and then turns back*): I almost forgot. Come here, Michael, and let me unstrap you, then you can wash.

MICHAEL (*savagely*): No. Go on and get dinner.

SARAH (*amazed*): Why, Michael. What's the matter? You surely don't mean you're going to eat dinner like that do you?

MICHAEL (*rudely*): Yes, I am and that's all there is to it. (*Goes right and picks up a newspaper from the sofa.*)

MA: Why shouldn't he if he wants to?

SARAH (*still puzzled but obviously afraid of them both*): Oh, all right. It's bad enough to have to see him that way at all, but I don't see why he has to come to dinner like that. (*Exits left.*)

MA (*rising painfully from the chair and tottering to chair at the left of the table*): Mrs. Schwab came down tonight with a grand string of pearls Oscar gave her.

MICHAEL (*looking up from newspaper*): She did? He did? Did Sarah see them?

MA: Yes.

MICHAEL: What did she say?

MA: Well, Michael, you know Sarah. All she could think about was that they were stolen.

MICHAEL (*half reflectively, half bitterly*): So not even pearls interested her. (*Irritably*) If only Sarah would just make up her mind to get used to it.

MA (*decidedly*): Yes, but she never will.

(*Michael again scans the paper with interest.*)

(*Enter Sarah with the meat which she places on the table.*)

SARAH: You shouldn't have walked all that way yourself Ma. Michael, your dinner is ready. (*He is so engrossed that he doesn't hear her.*) Michael!

MICHAEL: All right, but I want to look at the paper first. (*Throws it down wrathfully*). There's nothin' about it.

SARAH: About what, Michael?

MICHAEL: Nothin'.

SARAH (*impatiently*): Well then, come and eat your dinner.

MICHAEL: No, I've changed my mind, I don't want any dinner.

SARAH (*exasperated*): Michael, for goodness sakes, what is the matter?

MA: Don't nag at him, Sarah.

*(Sarah sits down, after assisting Ma to sit in the right-hand chair. She serves food for herself and Ma. There is taut silence and then—*

MICHAEL *(speaking rapidly)*: I was sittin' on my corner this afternoon; it was pretty cold and people were hurryin' along so fast I wasn't gettin' much money. I had been watchin' 'em pour coal down the hole of the restaurant, two big huskies were doin' it. When they got done, they went over to the truck a minute. An old gent, comes along, his head bent way down on his chest to keep out of the cold wind, and I saw him makin' straight for the coal hole—

SARAH: Oh, Michael.

MICHAEL *(not heeding her interruption)*: Well, I couldn't see a man go down a hole like that, and I couldn't help myself, so I reached out and grabbed him in my arms.

SARAH *(with tears in her eyes)*: Oh, Michael how wonderful!

MICHAEL *(bitterly)*: Wonderful nothin'. Listen, my leg came unstrapped and hold on now *(as Ma utters a little cry)*: I think maybe the cop saw it.

MA *(terrified)*: Good Lord, Michael.

MICHAEL *(going right on)*: But I managed to keep my leg under me and then the crowd began to gather round. And did the money come in. Lot of good it will do me if the cop saw.

SARAH *(looking both worried and happy)*: Michael, dear, that was wonderful, honest it was. O Michael, I said some mean things about you today *(kneeling and kissing him)* I take them all back.

MICHAEL *(incredulously)*: Gee Sarah, you ain't done that for . . .

MA *(jealous of this scene)*: But Michael supposin' the cop did see you, what would happen to you and to us?

MICHAEL *(his irritation reappearing)*: I would go to jail and you would starve. Just like that!

SARAH *(standing up)*: I don't think he saw it, Michael. You were probably just worried and imagined it.

MICHAEL: Damn! I wish I knew for sure.

SARAH: I'll go and warm up the meat a bit for you. You

must be pretty hungry after sittin' all day in the cold.  
(*She exits left.*)

MA (*in a stage whisper*): Michael! Come here a minute!

MICHAEL (*wheels closer*): What is it, Ma?

MA (*with a scheming, cunning look in her eyes*): Listen, now. Maybe it ain't safe to go back there tomorrow. Michael, I told you Mrs. Schwab came down before supper. Well, she said that Oscar had some plan he wanted to talk with you about. You know he has wanted you to come in with him for a long time. (*Noticing Michael's quick apprehensive look towards the kitchen door.*) No, she didn't hear what Mrs. Schwab said.

MICHAEL (*not relishing the idea particularly*): Well, Ma, I'll see. I don't like workin' partners you know.

SARAH (*entering with meat*): Oh, Michael, I've been thinkin' if you think you were seen, why maybe you could go and get a job somewheres and I'd go back in the restaurant and we could sorta start over again.

MICHAEL (*looking from one to the other with a laugh*): Don't you two women worry about me. I'll take care of myself.

SARAH (*accusingly*): Ma, what have you been sayin' to him?

MA (*sharply*): None of your business.

SARAH: Oh, isn't it? (*Checking herself*) Come on please, let's eat. I've had dinner ready for hours.

(*All sit down to dinner in silence.*)

SARAH (*after a considerable pause*): Michael, what did the old man say to you? Did he thank you?

MICHAEL: For Lord's sake don't keep talkin' about it. I should never have told you.

(*More silence—then a loud laugh outside.*)

SARAH: Wonder who that is?

MA: It's the Schwabs. Mrs. said they was comin' down to-night.

SARAH: Oh. (*After a pause*) Mrs. Schwab was just here, what she comin' back for. She knows I hate her and her Oscar.

MA: You aren't the only person in the house. They're comin' to see Michael, anyhow.

(*Knock.*)

MA: Go open the door, Sarah.

(*Enter Schwabs. Oscar is very tall and thin with dark glit-*

tering eyes. *He appears smooth and suave in the crude surroundings.*)

OSCAR: Good-evening, folks. *(Shakes Sarah's inert hand most politely):* Hope we haven't broken up your dinner.

MA *(with suprising pleasantness.)* Why no, Mr. Schwab, we was just finishin'.

MICHAEL *(not too heartily):* Hello, Oscar. How de do, Mrs. Schwab.

*(Mrs. Schwab sits down in Sarah's vacated chair and begins to talk gossipingly with Ma. Sarah remains ominously silent.)*

OSCAR *(having drawn Michael into a corner to the left):* I say Michael, I've got a chance now for somethin' big. It's a hard job and needs brain work, but you could do it easy—*(Breaks off as he finds Sarah who has quietly crossed the room, looking at them.)*

SARAH *(with passionate intensity):* Oscar Schwab! Don't you dare talk to my husband about your filthy tricks! He won't listen. He's not your kind, do you hear! Now go on, get out of my house and stay out!

MICHAEL *(amazed at his wife's outburst):* Sarah!

SARAH: Go on out and you too! *(To Mrs. Schwab who has risen and is standing in stupid astonishment.)*

OSCAR *(taking his wife by the elbow and leading her towards the door with unruffled calm and poise):* Good-evenin' folks. *(Exeunt Schwabs to right.)*

MA *(screaming):* Sarah!

*(Sarah exits left without a word.)*

MICHAEL: It's all right, Ma, if she doesn't like them.

MA: But Michael—

MICHAEL: No buts. *(He puts his head in his hands and there is silence in the room. Then the door opens and Sarah reappears wearing a hat, carrying a suitcase and her coat over her arm.)*

MICHAEL *(looking up):* Sarah! Where are you going?

SARAH *(quietly):* I'm goin' for good, Michael. We're not suited to each other.

MICHAEL *(in the tone of a man who has taken two of the first real blows of his life in one day):* Sarah, I—you—

SARAH: Good-bye. I did love you till I found out what you were and I still love you underneath, but I can't live this way, that's all.

*(There is a good deal of shouting and confusion outside.)*

MA *(anxiously)*: What's that?

*(Noise grows considerably louder and nearer.)*

SARAH *(hesitates a minute and then runs to the window and pulls up the shade)*: Michael, the police!

MA: They are after you, Michael. Quick hide him, Sarah, hide underneath the—

SARAH *(irresolute and frightened)*: What shall I do, Michael? You're still strapped, you'll have to bluff it.

*(A loud imperative knock on the door):*

*(Michael sits transfixed.)*

MA: Don't you dare open it, Sarah.

MICHAEL *(slowly and bitterly)*: Well, Sarah, my game's up. I guess you're glad.

SARAH *(intensely)*: I am not.

MICHAEL *(with a derisive laugh)*: God, how funny. All my life I've gotten away with crimes and now I'm going to be punished for my one good act.

MA *(tottering over to him)*: Hide under—  
*(Another knock.)*

MICHAEL *(gently to Sarah)*: Come here, Sarah, and unstrap me.

SARAH *(in a scarcely audible whisper)*: Michael!

MICHAEL: Unstrap me, Sarah *(she obeys, dazed)*.

MICHAEL *(standing on two feet, and looking at her squarely in the eye)*: Good-bye Sarah.  
*(Knock and more noise from outside the door.)*

SARAH *(throwing her arms around him)*: No, Michael, don't go.  
*(Someone rattles the knob.)*

MICHAEL: Good-bye!

SARAH: Michael, not good-bye. I'll stay, I'll wait for you, my brave Michael.

*(Michael kisses her and walks over and opens the door disclosing a detective and a policeman and a mingled crowd of men and women and children pressing close behind.)*

DETECTIVE *(to policeman)*: Is this your man?

POLICEMAN: Yes, sir.

DETECTIVE: I have a warrant for your arrest.

MA AND SARAH: Michael!

*Michael walks towards the policeman holding out his hands for the handcuffs as the*

*Curtain Falls.*



## Death Scene

MAXINE SILVER, '33

HE WAS filled with exuberance and triumph. For it was he who, yesterday, had discovered this quiet pool out of the way of the current, in the mountain cataract. He was the first to strip off his clothes and plunge full length into the icy stream. He struck out but he could make no headway. "Why, what—what—I've gotten into the current!" he thought. "I can't get anywhere. My God, what a fool I am." He pushed against the water with all his strength and for a moment he remained stationary, but then the current mastered him and struggle as he might, he was whirled down towards the rapids.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How funny, I'm not at all afraid," he thought, "but I can't be going down the falls. That's impossible. Things like that never happen to me. I'm almost there. I wonder what it will be like. How silly this is. Why don't I seem afraid? There are Rich and Andy with their clothes almost off, and Teedy's just gone in. I can't see them any more. I'm going over. What a fool, what a fool I was, not to have remembered that the current would be swollen with the rains last night! Oh, damn that slippery stuff on the rocks! I can't grab anything! I'm going over!" The merciless rush of water dragged his hands from the mossy stones; his head was ducked under and bashed against the rocks, and his chest and stomach were sickeningly scraped. He fought tooth and nail against the current. "But I won't die," he thought, "this can't be the end of me. If I drown I'll float all the way down to Woodstock, I guess, and some dirty old farmer will find me all naked. But I won't drown. I can't. Things like this don't happen to me." He was breathless and exhausted, but he was over the first falls and now he was being swept under the bridge with terrific speed. For a fraction of a second he caught a glimpse of John leaning over the bridge, watching the others.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wouldn't he be frantic if he saw me now! But he wouldn't

be able to do a damn thing.—God, I've *got* to catch hold of something before I go down the big falls and into the whirlpool! I *can't*, I *can't* drown! God, this is silly. Oh, damn, damn, I can't get hold of anything. I've *got* to do something quickly!"

With both hands he caught hold of a large jagged rock around which the water seethed in a green-white foam. For a moment he had it; then he was snatched from it by a rush of water, and dragged over it, so that his stomach was all lacerated and bleeding.

"Now, for the second one. It's all up with me," he thought. He was faint and sick. His numbed body was hardly conscious of the cruel blows of the water and the jagged edges of the rocks as he was dragged down the falls and sucked into the whirlpool. He was pulled down, down, down, and around in its dizzy vortex and then vomited up again. His body floated there, pale and bruised, in the black pool among the rocks.

---

## Gothic

ELIZABETH ZALESKY, '30

You were not happy, you who carved the stone  
And made your pillars slendered. The toil  
Of sculpturing was only to atone  
Sins done,—but not by children of the soil  
Who felt the sensible wonder, the delight  
Of grass cool in the shadows of the trees,  
Or warmed with sun and stillness, till the light  
Splintered away with fragments of the breeze.

You were not happy, for the transient glow  
Of innocence had dimmed, and in your eyes  
There was a question—for you were not wise,  
And worked on something not quite perfected.  
You were not happy, but we shall not know—  
This is your monument, but you are hid.

# The Ghost Gives Up

## A FARCE IN ONE ACT

M. E. COSS, '32

### THE CHARACTERS

JONATHAN, 50 years old

DAVID, 40 years old—(*An Arch Enemy*)

ALASTAIR, 30 years old

DAPHNE, 20 years old—(*Jonathan's Daughter*)

*The action takes place in the library of Jonathan's house. The three men, David, Jonathan and Alastair are sitting over their coffee in silence. Daphne runs in, carrying an empty tumbler, and a can of condensed milk. She arranges herself comfortably on the sofa at the far side of the room and begins mixing the condensed milk with some water which stands in a carafe on the table at her left. She is unnoticed by the trio. After a silence of about two minutes David speaks.*

DAVID: Well? (*Jonathan jumps up.*)

JONATHAN: Gentlemen, at last—triumph! Think of it! Ten years of mathematical calculations as precise and severe, and yet, friends, as abstract (infinity and all that sort of thing, you know) as you would not believe. I have watched myself grow into an old man, and I have said, "Good my Jonathan, you are growing into an old man." Often have I wondered whether it was all worth the effort, and I have asked myself, "Is it all worth the effort?" And then I would look at my signs and numbers and say, "Yes, by Zeus, it *is* worth the effort." Then one morning, there was the formula! (*His eyes fill.*) The x's and y's were arranged in a fashion ever so, ever so curious, and looking closely I saw that  $x^2yx(9-15)^8-9-23$ . (*He looks around for approbation*) which, as you can imagine, pleased me no end, and made me rather afraid of my own power. All along, my trouble had been, of course, that I thought the 9 the *least* bit superficial, and on that account, lost the significance of the  $-9$ , you see. In short, I have a formula by which—

DAPHNE: Papa! You don't mind if I drink my Bedtime drink in here with you and the men, do you?

JONATHAN: Quite all right, my dear . . . I can make the dead happy. If my equation is recited by one about to die, he is given the power to transport himself back amongst his friends, to haunt his favorite ravine or hillside or to frequent his most cherished "pub". He has all the human advantages, and no human discomforts. Superb, gentlemen, superb!

ALASTAIR: But my dear fellow, if the life of a formularized ghost is as pleasant as you paint it, we shall be a race of dead men within the year and then where will we be?

JONATHAN: But couldn't one control that somehow? The State could levy a *Suicide Tax*, or make us an exorbitant fee for a *Conscious-Self-Destruction License* or—

DAVID: *Rot!* Alastair, you goop, why do you humour this idiot. You admitted openly that *Immortality, Its Cause and Cure* was conclusive proof of the "ashes to ashes" theory, and that ghosts and the like were existent only in the minds of weak men. If you don't fancy reasonable and rational argument (*grinding out the r's between his teeth*) be good enough to return the first edition which I autographed for you. *There are others* who are more appreciative of favors.

DAPHNE: Deary me, my work basket. Let me think,—Oh yes, the hall table, I do believe. Excuse me, I'll run and fetch it. (*No one pays any attention to her. She darts out.*)

JONATHAN: Aren't you being a *tiny* bit petty, David? Ten years, you know. Careful figures, I think. Concentrate on it for a while. I always say "Haste makes waste," as it is so aptly put in the old adage.

DAVID (*growling*): "Time and tide wait for no man"—fool (*he mutters in substitution*).

DAPHNE (*helpfully, hopefully, from the door*): "Truth crushed to earth will rise again?"

ALASTAIR (*conclusively*): "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

DAVID (*fussily*): "The more the merrier."

(*There is a moment of silence.*)

JONATHAN (with emphasis): You know, I would stake my—life—on—the accuracy of my equation and the success of its outcome as an experiment. (*Sighs*) I wish we had a mental case who would be willing,—nay, rather, eager to die for *A CAUSE*.

ALASTAIR (*jumping up and pounding his chest excitedly*):  
I'm your man. Suicide is a thing I've been trying to commit for weeks. It was only the ignominy of it that stayed my hand; I am a man as near dead as man can be, so often have I held the dagger to my heart. But, friends, the lust for life has died in me. I had thought it pulsing, vibrant, a dancing ball of gold and blue and red, bitter red, and May mornings and a daisy. It was cinders and faded velveteen, and then I knew desire was dead. But there (*he smiled wearily*), life has spared me much. And I always have Fido (*he wipes his eyes*). You'll explain and say good-bye—to him?

DAVID: You *will* do it then?

ALASTAIR: Like a shot!

JONATHAN: How awfully, awfully kind of you. Really, it's *too* thoughtful. The revolver is in the cupboard, and I'll write down the equation for you. It's quite simple. (*He writes*) Here—just say it aloud before you shoot. Oh!—and sorry we haven't a dagger.

ALASTAIR: Righto. Well—good-bye.

JONATHAN: Oh not good-bye, good my man, we'll be seeing you in a few minutes, you remember.

DAVID (*firmly*): Good-bye. Ho—no! Wait! We must have some sort of wager on this. What about your daughter, Daphne? (*He leers cunningly*.)

JONATHAN: The *very* thing. The fact that I am willing to expose my daughter to your gaze, and exhibit her for your appraisal must show you how terribly in earnest I am. She is the thing I cherish most in the world.

DAVID (*with scorn*): Excepting your pride in the accuracy of the formula, I suppose?

JONATHAN (*unwittingly*): Yes—I mean—No— mean—obviously . . . well . . . Daphne, my sweet, if Mr. Alastair comes back into this room after he has left it, you may go on with your pretty sewing; if he does not, in due time, return, you will go to live with Mr. David, who will become your husband, and you automatically and naturally enough, will become his wife. Do you understand, my duck?

DAPHNE: Clearly, Daddy.



*(She smiles shyly at David who ogles her in a kindly way. In her delight and nervousness at being suddenly the cynosure of all eyes, she breaks her thread and drops her needle. After an unsuccessful search for it, she finally contents herself with weaving the most intricate patterns with her fingers. Affairs being settled, Alastair makes his way towards the door.)*

DAVID (*good-naturedly*): Be sure to shoot yourself through the heart, old chap!

ALASTAIR (*making his exit*): Quite.

JONATHAN (*vaguely*): It's on the left side, isn't it? Rather towards the middle. Odd organ, the heart, you know. It fascinates me more than I can say. Noisy little machine (*thoughtfully*), but *so* efficient, you know. (*There is the sound of a voice murmuring something, followed by a loud report.*)

DAPHNE: Poor Mr. Alastair. (*She blows her nose on her needlework.*)

*(David, seated, with his arms folded, is smiling confidentially. Jonathan is standing up beside his daughter clasping and unclasping his hands, and patting her on the head, saying, "There, there," to reassure himself. A minute or two passes and Alastair appears in the open doorway. His tuxedo has turned completely white, and is spattered with blood, which has dripped from a heart beneath his left lapel. His wings which are not more than 15 inches long, and are attached to his shoulder blades, are new and fluffy, and as white as the proverbial driven snow. He is extremely self-conscious about them, and it is clear that he does not know how to use them. He advances towards the others, who do not appear to see him. He thinks carefully before he speaks—then loudly and clearly.)*

ALASTAIR: I am a dead man.

*(There is a silence during which the three humans continue to look through Alastair and stare at the door, evidently waiting for someone to come in.)*

ALASTAIR (*loudly*): Jonathan was right. I have come back, and I wish to—

*(David breaks in noisily.)*

DAVID: Surely you'll admit defeat now, old man. He has been gone ten minutes already. Dead as a doornail. that's what he is.

ALASTAIR: I am *not*. I am here! A really legitimate ghost.  
Here I am (*he seizes on a new idea*) *Voilà! je suis ici!*  
*Voilà!*

JONATHAN: What can have happened? Oh, Alastair, Alastair!  
(*He goes to the doorway and looks from side to side.*)

ALASTAIR: *Hier bin ich* (no answer). Ah—I have it (screams).  
Pliny's pet ghost—*ad sum*. Dear, oh dear, there must  
be some key language. (*Daphne and David have in no  
time become like two kittens in their zealous attempts to  
attract one another's attention. Daphne is rolling her  
eyes round and round in front of the mirror, and pirouetting  
with her image. She finds a pose which pleases her, and  
walks stiff-legged over to David to show it to him.*)

JONATHAN: He gave his word. You don't think that he would  
dare—but no, I cannot believe . . .

DAVID: Don't put too much faith in the man. His word is  
worthless.

ALASTAIR: Beast! Beast! I challenge you. Short swords!  
Behind the Gettysburg at two o'clock! Heaven—heaven,  
he doesn't hear me. Would God I had a key to help  
cross this boundless chasm. Perhaps—perhaps—(*his  
face brightens*) Hamlet! (*Drawing himself up to his full  
height.*)

“Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.”

Let me see, oh yes. (*He moves towards Jonathan and  
shouts into his ear.*)

“I find thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be than the  
fat weed.”

(*There is no response. He sits down on the floor and begins  
to cry softly.*)

DAVID: We're off. Daphne!

(*He pulls her through the door and they are gone, but not  
before Daphne has flitted back to kiss her father behind the  
ear.*)

DAPHNE: Daddykins, wasn't it *too, too* charming of that  
darling Mr. Alastair not to come back?

(*Alastair makes an ugly face and so far forgets his honour  
as a gentleman that he attempts to trip her up—of course  
in vain. She exits successfully.*)

JONATHAN (*who has been pacing the floor, advances towards the audience. He lifts his head. His eyes are wounded*): My best friend (*he points to the door through which he last saw Alastair leaving to kill himself*)—my severest critic—(*he indicates the door through which David has just disappeared. Wildly*). My formula! My daughter! (*He swoons.*)

(*Alastair steps to the front of the stage and stands looking sadly into space.*)

ALASTAIR (*feverishly*): Life! green, fragrant, intoxicating, ripe and mature, with deep purple waves. Thickness—to plunge into—to bury one's face in—oh, to drown oneself in the quicksilver depths of them. Ah, the heat the warmth that was once of me, in me, about me, its waves quivering and embracing and devouring and now—(*He stops to arrange his wing feathers and dusts them carefully.*)

What to do?

(*Curtain*)

## Two German Scenes

EVELYN WAPLES, '31

### I

JOHANNA was often taken to visit Lotta, who was a friendless child stranded with her mother and father in the United States at the time of the Great War. When the German girl came to their house Christian used to make fun of her because she wore a dusty black dress and because her heavily embroidered petticoat showed beneath it, and Dorothea always teased her to talk in German. Only Johanna knew the rich, foreign interior of Lotta's home. It was dirtier and more wonderful than any place Johanna could have imagined. The smell of meat cooking, of sun-warmed grapes, and of chrysanthemums and beer filled every room. There was a polished, black piano, so large that you could walk around under it without stooping, and a musical monkey in the dining-room, carved out of dark, smooth wood, with a long tail which Lotta held when she wound it, and a feather bed in the nursery, so high that it seemed impossible to climb up to it. Once Lotta showed her how, standing rigid and straight on the footboard and letting herself fall forward. She sank down in the middle of it, the mattress billowed up all around her and loose feathers flew and whirled in the air. There was a rocking horse in the nursery too, but the wonderful thing about the house was that every room was a playroom for Lotta. Everywhere, on the stairs, on the porch, under the piano, and on the floor of the wide, comfortable kitchen Lotta's jointed, pale dolls, her dolls' caps and sweaters and beds, and dolls' bureaus stuffed with grimy little German clothes were scattered. It was a storehouse of toys made to appeal to a child's heart, toys which were alive and non-educational. Indeed everything in the house had an odor or sound of its own, so that Johanna felt the sentiment there and played silently, drained of her own personality, and with all her senses alert.

## II

One day in the early spring, Johanna went with her mother to the German house to say good-bye to Lotta. That there was something unusual about the house Johanna noticed as soon as they unlatched the iron gate and walked up the narrow pavement. No one answered when her mother rang, so they opened the door and walked in. The narrow hall was swept and bare, and when they went in the parlor they found the piano covered with a red woolen case and the chairs pushed back against the wall. Johanna wandered out into the hall again and peeped into the dining-room; she saw that the musical monkey had been taken down and that there was a faded place on the wall paper where he had hung. Feeling very subdued, she walked slowly over to the window and stared through the colored panes at the tangle of grapevines in the back garden. She heard Lotta's mother come down stairs behind her and go into the parlor and then she heard her mother talking in excited and halting German. At last her mother called her and she went and stood in the doorway. Both ladies were crying and Lotta was sitting on a footstool in the corner. Johanna said good-bye gravely, feeling miserably self-conscious.

When the two women went upstairs Johanna followed, not knowing what else to do. She suddenly had a passionate desire to see if Lotta's feather bed was still there. They went along the hall but the nursery door was half shut, and she couldn't quite see on the way back either. She was sure that she should never ask about it and that she should never see it again. It was a foolish thing to worry about.

She was aware of the smell of varnish and cleaning-fluid as they went down stairs, and then Lotta said good-bye in her deep, young voice; for the first time Johanna thought that the husky German accent was unmusical and that her friend's face was the queerest and the loneliest that she had ever seen. She kept turning around all the way home to see if Lotta would run after her but she did not see her again.



## The Shepherd

ANNE CHANNING, '33

Flat on his back and looking to the sky  
He lay awake that night; lay all alone  
In restful vigilance as shepherds lie.  
The close horizon of the grass blew dim  
Around his head, until the wind was gone.  
The night was filled with space and darkness to the brim.

There lay the stars, all scattered, here and there,  
A flock that slept, or, grazing silently,  
Moved in white patterns over the deep air;  
And once he heard a cry, as of a lamb  
Frosting with his warm breath the immensity  
When it had wandered far and farther from its dam.

He lay there still, in silence and the cold  
Guarding the stars that wandered in the cloud  
Late weaned from chaos, wild and young, and old,—  
The sheep, the flock that he could not forsake.  
His wakeful thought alone could be the fold  
Where fleece by fleece could shine in a warm crowd  
Shepherd of depth and dark, and he alone awake.

# The Triangle

DORIS RANSOHOFF, '33

*(At the rise of the curtain, the Author is discovered seated downstage right at a large table-desk. Behind him is another curtain, screening the stage from the audience. He looks exactly as an Author should look—fine aesthetic face and a great deal of hair; his shirt is open at the neck, and the sleeves are rolled to the elbow. The desk is bare except for a sheaf of white paper and innumerable pencils. From the pile before him, the Author draws a sheet of paper, takes a pencil, clears his throat and writes aloud:)*

AUTHOR: *Dramatis Personae: Evelyn.*

*Evelyn enters from the right wing, walks before the desk and through the curtains to the stage. She is a tall and slim Anglo-Saxon, with cold immobile features and an upward lift to her chin. The lack of emotion frightens the Author, who would recall the character he has created. He half-rises from his chair in an effort to send her back, but it is too late, for she has disappeared behind the curtain. He subsides into his seat and writes.)*

AUTHOR: *Michael.*

*(Michael enters as did Evelyn. He is worthless but attractive. A self-confident, careless step, handsome face with full lips and dark eyes, and long lazy hands proclaim him a sybarite. The Author seems well pleased with Michael and follows him with an appraising glance, as he, too, steps behind the curtain.)*

AUTHOR *(thinking hard)*: *Celeste.*

*(Celeste walks briskly from the wing, a clever cocotte, chic and fully aware of her charms. We know from the jauntiness of her walk that Celeste is to be the evil force.)*

AUTHOR *(glibly and without much thought)*: *Ida.*

*(Ida must have flat feet, for her step is more of a shuffle. She is plump and clean and carries a dustcloth. Ida is evidently cook or maid and consequently must be about to furnish exposition. She, too, follows the others behind the curtain.)*

AUTHOR *(having relieved himself of the problem of finding characters, heaves a vast sigh, pulls his chair closer to the desk, for concentration, and writes determinedly)*: MARRIED LIFE.

*A sweeping gesture upstage from the Author and*

*The curtain rises, disclosing the living room of a small apartment, simply, almost austerely, furnished in dark red with touches of relieving yellow in the lamp-shades and cushions. Upstage, left and right, are two long windows between which a bookcase reaches from floor to ceiling. Doors open left and right upstage to bedroom and hall, respectively. Downstage right a door leads into the kitchen. In right upstage corner stands a morris chair with a reading lamp. Armchair in opposite corner. Downstage right is a sofa, half-facing the audience with a lamp at its foot. Opposite stands another armchair, beside which is a table with small lamp and breakfast tray.*

*Evelyn is sitting in this chair, finishing breakfast and reading the newspaper. She is dressed in a dark tailored suit and hat.*

EVELYN (*putting down the newspaper and lighting a cigarette*):

Ida, will you hurry a little (*looking at her watch*). It's almost eight-thirty.

IDA (*answering from kitchen*): Yes, Ma'am, coming fast as I can.

EVELYN (*picking up the newspaper again and glancing over it idly*): Mr. Michael will want his breakfast in a few minutes.

IDA (*coming in from the kitchen*): Well, Ma'am, I suppose you want to order dinner?

(*She wears a gingham dress and a large bungalow apron, on which she is wiping her hands.*)

EVELYN (*rising, and taking her gloves and pocketbook from the table*): No, I'll leave it to you. Only see that we don't have that heavy chocolate pudding again. (*Irritably, anticipating Ida's interruption*) Yes, I know Mr. Michael ordered it, but he is not the one from whom you take your orders. What have you in the house?

(*Walks to bedroom door, looks in and closes it quietly, as Ida is speaking.*)

IDA (*pulling a small pad and pencil from her pocket and reading from the list*): We need butter, eggs, bread, sugar, and coffee. I'm sure I don't know what's happened to everything (*Belligerently*): You know I'm a careful cook and never waste anything.

EVELYN (*obviously bored*): Of course, Ida, of course. But I've

got no time now for discussion. Go to the market around the corner and get what you need. Here's some money. *(She gives Ida a few dollars from her pocketbook. During the entire preceding scene, Ida displays the usual cook's tendency to have the utmost contempt for her mistress. In fact she is quite disappointed not to have been reprimanded for waste. The pursed corners of her mouth plainly say: "This is no way to run a house.")*

EVELYN *(opening the bedroom door)*: Oh, you're awake, dear? Don't hurry, I have to go to the office right away, I'm later every morning. Shall be home this evening—same time as usual *(and this next a bit sarcastically)*: Don't work too hard.

MICHAEL *(in a muffled voice. He is probably still buried under the bed clothes)*: Just a minute. Don't run away.

EVELYN: Sorry, but I must. Ida will look after you.

*(Ida, who has been clearing the breakfast tray and arranging the newspaper, grunts assent and carries the tray triumphantly to the kitchen.)*

EVELYN: Good-bye. See you at dinner.

*(Crosses the stage and goes out hall door.)*

MICHAEL *(calling querulously from the bedroom)*: Ida! Damn it, Ida, where are my slippers? *(There is a sound of scuffling from his room.)* Never mind, I've found them, under the bed as always.

*(He comes out of the room dressed in a dark silk dressing gown, pajamas, and leather slippers. Tousled hair and sleepy eyes proclaim that he has just got out of bed. He stretches and yawns. Goes over and throws himself on the sofa.)*

IDA *(coming in from the kitchen with the tray)*: Here's your breakfast, Mr. Michael.

*(She looks at him admiringly, and well she might, for Michael is a most attractive young man, even at this hour of the morning.)*

MICHAEL *(inspecting his breakfast carefully and sitting down in the armchair)*: Mm, Ida, you do know what I like for breakfast.

*(Begins to eat rapidly, as Ida goes over the furniture lightly with a dustcloth.)*

IDA *(snapping her words almost brusquely)*: The missus is gone,

and she ain't ordered dinner, I'm to fix what I like  
(*deprecatingly*).

MICHAEL: Well, I don't see what I'm to do about it (*picks up the paper and begins to read leisurely*). How about some chocolate pudding?

IDA (*spitefully*): She don't seem to like it so well.

MICHAEL (*helpfully*): How about custard then, Ida?

IDA (*knowing that she is being teased and enjoying it thoroughly*): Come now, Mr. Michael, that would never do.

MICHAEL: Any mail?

IDA: No sir, nothing but the electric bill.

(*She disappears into the bedroom.*)

MICHAEL: And no telephone calls?

IDA: Not yet this morning. There was a young lady called last night when you was out.

MICHAEL (*he is evidently perturbed by the news*): Did she leave her name?

IDA: Yes, sir, some funny name that I couldn't get.

MICHAEL (*getting nervous and trying unsuccessfully to conceal it. Lights a cigarette and walks over to the window*): Well, well, who could it have been? She didn't leave a message?

IDA: Yes. Said she'd call this morning.

MICHAEL: Oh. (*Goes over to paper again. Starts to read. Throws it down disgustedly. Ida is humming in the next room. The doorbell rings, starts to go but changes his mind*): Ida! Better see who's at the door.

IDA: Just a minute.

(*Comes out of bedroom and crosses to hall. Opens outside door. After an unintelligible conversation comes out angrily and goes directly downstage to speak to Author*): She's here (*in a stage whisper*): She was to telephone.

AUTHOR (*annoyed at the interruption*): Element of surprise. (*He looks at her kindly, and she shrugs her shoulders, and goes back to admit Celeste.*)

CELESTE: Good-morning, Am I disturbing you?

MICHAEL (*now unable to control his agitation. Puffs furiously at cigarette*): No, no not at all. Please excuse my attire. What can I do for you, Madame (*very formal*).

IDA (*to Celeste*): Your coat?

CELESTE (*startled by the cook's equanimity*): What? Oh, yes, my coat, of course.



*(Ida disappears with coat into hall, returns and goes into kitchen, closing the door.)*

CELESTE (*impetuously*): My darling!

MICHAEL (*irritated*): Be careful—Ida. Why did you come at this hour of the morning?

CELESTE (*shrugging her shoulders and looking in the Author's direction*): Ask him!

*(Author says nothing but looks haughtily at Celeste and goes on writing).*

MICHAEL (*unnecessarily loudly*): Well, I'm rather hard up now and I'm afraid your Charities will have to do without my help. The idea interests me, though. Would you care to tell me more about it? *(He motions Celeste to the sofa and walks over to the armchair. Ida enters with a market basket under her arm, goes through to the hall and out, slamming the door.)*

MICHAEL: My darling! *(They are in each other's arms)*. Celeste, it's so wonderful having you here.

CELESTE (*petulantly*): My new dress, Michael *(disengaging herself from his embrace)*.

MICHAEL (*enthusiastically*): I do love you so!

AUTHOR (*rising threateningly*): No, no, not yet.

MICHAEL (*surprised*): But how long do I have to wait? I do love her.

AUTHOR: It's too soon, I say. You're still dazed, still sleepy *(returns to his writing)*.

MICHAEL (*controlling his resentment—ecstatically to Celeste*): We have all day together, darling. It's been so long.

CELESTE (*sitting on the arm of his chair and lighting a cigarette*): Yes, it has been long—night before last. Michael dear, you look charming in the morning.

MICHAEL (*a bit startled but pleased*): Soon it will be every morning *(puts his arm around her)*.

CELESTE (*almost abruptly*): But those pajamas, Michael. Where did you pick them up?

MICHAEL (*complacently*): Evelyn.

CELESTE: Very poor taste, I must say.

MICHAEL: Well, darling, soon you shall buy my pajamas for me.

CELESTE (*changing the subject*): When will Evelyn be back?

MICHAEL: Not until evening *(pause)*.

CELESTE (*wheeling*): You don't love your wife the least bit, Michael?

MICHAEL: Not the least bit.

CELESTE (*rising and walking to window*): That's too bad. You're an expert lover and I've heard that your wife is a fine woman.

AUTHOR (*jumping up, and pointing accusingly*): Who told you to say that? You've no right to. You're in love with him, do you understand?

CELESTE: But can I help feeling this way?

AUTHOR: Who's writing this play? You or I?

CELESTE: Well, who made me as I am? You!

AUTHOR (*relenting but still angry*): All right. I'll let it go this time, but see that it doesn't happen again (*sits down again and writes*).

MICHAEL (*going over to Celeste*): Don't you love me, Celeste? You're so strange this morning.

CELESTE: Of course I love you, Michael. It's the coffee I had for breakfast that put me in a bad temper.

MICHAEL (*his favorite topic*): Wait until we're married. (*He rubs his hands ecstatically and goes over to the sofa. Celeste stays at the window, half-facing the audience*): Ida is a marvel at cooking—breakfast with hot coffee, eggs, bacon, toast. (*He does not see Celeste's involuntary shudder.*) And her chocolate pudding! Wonderful, wonderful.

CELESTE (*again changing the subject*): Michael dear, I think you'd better get dressed.

MICHAEL: Yes, you're right. We must be going. Shall it be a trip up the river this time?

CELESTE: Lovely. Wear your dark blue suit; it makes your eyes so blue, and do hurry. This apartment makes me nervous.

MICHAEL: Just once?

(*He goes over to kiss her. Celeste objects, but finally relents and they kiss fervently as Ida enters, back from market with her basket full.*)

IDA (*looks alarmed and slightly embarrassed, but quickly recovers her poise*): Back from market. Here's some change, Mr. Michael. (*Puts the money on the table, while the startled couple separate and look at her in amazement.*)

IDA (*chuckles, muttering as she departs for the kitchen*): Humph. Serves her right. Don't like my pudding. Heavy (*chuckles again and is going out when*

AUTHOR: Ida, come back at once. This will never do. Are you going crazy?

(*He is getting excited. Throws down his pencil and strides half-way across the stage where he stands defiantly, facing the actors.*)

IDA: Well, what's the matter now?

AUTHOR (*serious, speaking with carefully picked words*): Don't you realize Ida, that you are ruining my play? You are not important, nothing but a cook taken out of stock. Please go to the telephone at once. Warn Evelyn that her husband is unfaithful (*speaking very distinctly*): Do you understand now?

IDA: Say (*walks up to him*). You're gonna get fooled this time. I'm not important, am I? Well, I am not gonna phone the missus (*mimicing his accent*). Do you get that? I don't like her and she don't like me, and what's more I can't bother talking to you no more. The dishes is still to be washed. (*Chuckles with delight, winks at the couple who have been standing aghast at the proceedings, and walks out to the kitchen, closing the door carefully.*)

AUTHOR (*fuming with impotent rage*): A cook—to ruin my play—smash my career—because of what? Chocolate pudding!

MICHAEL (*comfortingly*): Come, come, don't let that worry you.

CELESTE (*rebukingly*): Sh, let him concentrate.

(*Both sit on the sofa, rather awkwardly waiting for something to happen.*)

(*Author triumphantly begins to write . . .*)

MICHAEL: I'll get dressed now, dear. Be with you in a minute. (*Blows her a kiss and goes to bedroom.*)

CELESTE: Don't forget, the blue suit. (*Walks up and down impatiently.*) You are so very beautiful, Michael. I think that's mainly why I love you.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (*worried*): But not the only reason, is it? My mind, Celeste, my mind? (*Pause*) But you're beautiful, too.

CELESTE: It's a glorious day (*going to window*). Sunshine on

the river. How exceedingly romantic (*laughs lightly*).

MICHAEL: Please don't be flippant. You know how I hate it.

CELESTE: Are you almost ready? (*Sighs wearily and stretches*)

Do you want any help?

MICHAEL (*sternly*): Celeste!

(*Celeste laughs again provokingly and picks up the paper, which she has just started to read when the hall door opens and Evelyn enters.*)

CELESTE (*jumping up*): Oh, good-morning. This is Evelyn, I believe? I am Celeste.

EVELYN (*completely unperturbed*): Good-morning (*shakes hands with her*). I don't believe I've had the pleasure before?

AUTHOR (*indignantly*): Of course you haven't. This woman is in love with your husband. Why do you say that?

EVELYN: Politeness.

CELESTE: I am not . . .

(*Author is again forced to subside.*)

MICHAEL: To whom are you speaking, Celeste darling? I shall be right out. Will you tie my tie for me?

EVELYN (*amused by the situation*): Michael, be sure not to wear the one Mother gave you for Christmas. It's horrible.

MICHAEL (*coming out of bedroom in his shirt sleeves*): My God, Evelyn!

AUTHOR (*nodding approbation*): Good.

MICHAEL: How did you get here?

EVELYN: What does it matter how? Here I am.

(*Michael and Celeste glare at Author. But it is his turn to chuckle now, and he does so.*)

EVELYN (*pulling off her gloves and lighting a cigarette*): Well, when do you two want to be married. I'll evaporate if you like. Please consider your wishes mine.

AUTHOR: You, too, turning against me? (*Springs to his feet.*) Doesn't it worry you at all that your husband is unfaithful? Have you no heart? What a fool I was to trust you. This is the climax of my play, do you hear? The climax. There's got to be a scene. There is in every climax. Sob, weep, shriek, do something, anything to make a scene. (*His volley is unanswered. He faces them stupidly, unable to understand.*) Well?

EVELYN: I'm sorry but I really can't make a scene to order, even for you. I don't love him, you see (*Michael coughs slightly, a bit taken aback by this confession*).

AUTHOR (*vehemently*): I knew it the minute I saw you. Your heart's as cold as your face.

EVELYN: Whose fault is it?

AUTHOR: I give up (*throws his hands up in despair*). You got yourselves into this mess. Now get yourselves out (*goes to desk and sits, head buried in arms*).

EVELYN: As I was saying, when do you intend to get married? I'm due at the office soon; so please hurry.

MICHAEL (*nervously*): Well, I—we don't know exactly. We hadn't quite decided. What do you think, Celeste?

CELESTE: I didn't realize that you were serious about that, Michael. I'm not sure that I want to marry you.

EVELYN: Take my advice, Celeste. He's a good lover but a provoking husband. Frankly, I'm glad to be rid of him.

MICHAEL: Why, Evelyn, what makes you say that? Haven't I always been—

EVELYN (*interrupting*): Did you order chocolate pudding for dinner again, dear?

MICHAEL: No, custard. But what has that to do with it?

EVELYN (*simply but firmly*): Everything in the world, Michael.

CELESTE (*she has come to a decision*): You are very beautiful, Michael, as I have said. But unfortunately, I'm afraid I don't want marriage. You see, I am that way—flippant, as you say. It's a shame, though, that this had to happen on such an ideal day. It's been charming, Michael, but it is time for me to make a graceful exit.

EVELYN: For me, too. But don't worry. Ida will take care of you.

MICHAEL: *You're* not leaving me, are you?

EVELYN (*the inevitable and unanswerable question*): We don't love each other?

(*Pause*)

MICHAEL: It's all his fault (*pointing to Author, who starts and turns around savagely*).

CELESTE: Good-bye, dear, I shall send you a new pair of pajamas—blue.

EVELYN: Good-bye, Michael. Please don't overeat.



*(They go out through the hall door together.)*

*Michael stands perplexed, then clenches his fists, walks over to the Author's desk, picks up the sheaf of papers, now covered with writing, tears them carefully in half, disregarding the Author's supplicating looks, drops the torn halves on the desk and walks off the stage right, as he had come, as*

*The Curtain Falls*

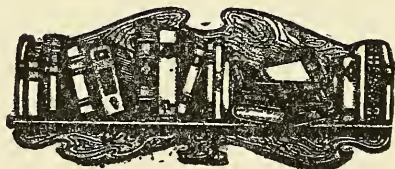
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## The Secret of Leadership

CELIA DARLINGTON, '31

MAN has often been compared to a sheep, and has as often denied the relationship with a sheeplike prejudice, never realizing that it is sometimes harder to follow than to lead. My own difficulty has always been concerned with following the amateur annotators of textbooks. Of course I never led; but frequently I could not follow. As long as the enthusiast confined herself to underlining all was well. I am in my element taking recommended notes; even if I try to forbear I cannot. There is something too compelling in the physical emphasis, something which gives a new air of importance to the intellectual content. And it is pleasant to have one's opinions verified beforehand. But when the great Leader, the bell-wether of the student herd, took me into the morasses of comparison, contrast, and classical reference, then I decided that it was easier to lead than follow. If, beside a particularly abstruse line, I saw "cf. Vergil", or possibly "viz. Thomas Aquinas," I found myself at a loss where to begin; I could not take the time to read all of Vergil, even in translation, I did not know what part to refer to, and if I did see it, should probably not recognize the significance unless it had been underlined (the leader apparently knew her classics too well to need to mark it herself). With Thomas Aquinas it was worse. I was not sure who he was, and yet I felt that a college student should be able to detect the spiritual bonds of one great artist with

another. I was worried, haunted by the thought of my ignorance and the futility of investigation. If the leader had only left that page blank how much happier my life would have been. And so I suffered, till one day release came through a great idea. I went down to the stacks, took out a book at random, opened it with my eyes shut, and wrote in the margin "cf. Thomas Aquinas." Since that day I have been able to follow without a feeling of inferiority and to lead almost without effort.



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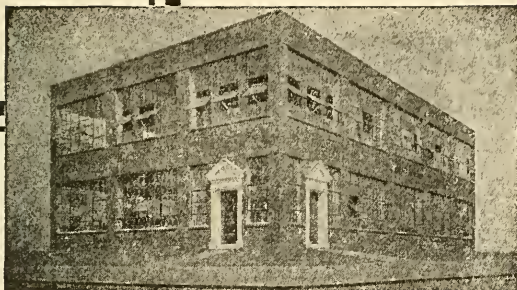
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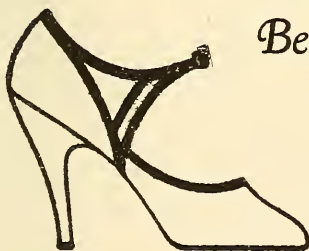
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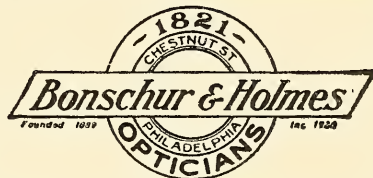
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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

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VOL. X

JUNE, 1930

No. 4

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## Listen !

CAROLYN E. LOMBARDY, '32

Listen. The rain is moving on the roof;  
The rain is in the garden and the street.  
There is no place too hidden for its hands,  
No path too broken for its swift, grey feet.

Even our little room its ghost invades  
And falls between us two invisibly.  
What can I say to you across the rain?  
What can you say to me?

For the year passes and the flushed hour fades;  
Slowly, irrevocably, the year runs through.  
What can you say to me across the rain,  
What can I say to you?

# Thieves' Honor

ELEANOR YEAKEL, '33

Carados, Nevada

May 5, 1930.

WE HAD stood for the manoeuverings of the Carlotti gang long enough. They had put the police on to us several times. In a big robbery we planned last month the police had been tipped off, and one of us—Tony Roy—was caught. After that our chief said, "Get Carlotti," and we got him. One night the fool went to the theatre with only two men for a bodyguard, and didn't come back from his smoke in the lobby. He made his exit quietly by a fire door, held up by two of us—his two friends who were so worried over their pal's sudden attack of sickness. Yes, he had heart attacks often, as we told one officious ass who wanted to help us.

That was his last heart attack. Jay and I took him to the car and bolstered him up in the front seat between us. Jay drove to our house in Lang Street (which is known as a quite respectable club house, you know). The rest of the bunch was waiting for us. Jay and I brought Carlotti in, and when the Old Man saw him he was pleased. Jay and I got fifty dollars each for that little trick.

Next day there was an awful row. Carlotti's disappearance was announced in the papers—"Mr. Carlotti, the eminent citizen of Carados," they called him; no one knew old Carlotti was a gang leader except us and his own men. Well, Jay and I had a hunch that Carlotti's gang wouldn't take long to fasten the trick on us, and then they'd be out for blood. Something had to happen. Sure enough, the Old Man called a meeting early that evening at the Lang Street house. He looked swell, sitting in the armchair in his evening clothes—he's another of our "eminent citizens," too—chewing his cigar under his white moustache.

"Boys," he said, and the Old Man looked serious, "Something's got to be done. Carlotti's gang will wipe us all out if they find for sure that we've got Carlotti. Of course," he added grimly, "some of them will eat dust too, in the meantime, but the point is that we don't want wholesale

slaughter. With Carlotti out of the way, his gang will break up, or else get a new chief who will leave us alone, I think; it was Carlotti, I'm pretty sure, who was trying to run us down."

I had heard about Carlotti's feud with the Old Man, started a year ago over some purely personal matter. It was quite on the cards that Carlotti would try to get revenge.

"We might as well let sleeping dogs lie," the chief continued, looking meditatively at the end of his well-kept fingers. "If we can bluff the Carlottis so they'll not be sure how or why their chief disappeared, then they won't be out for us. They might very well suspect some of the poor fools Carlotti had been blackmailing around here. If the body's found, the goose is up," he finished abruptly. "Now, how do we work it?" and he leaned back and looked from one of us to the other.

One spoke up, "Throw him in the river."

"Don't be—" began the chief irritably, but checked himself and resumed smoothly, "We don't want to take any chances on the body's being found. The police are dragging the river, naturally. Any means we take like that are too damned risky. I tell you, the body must *not* be found."

Someone said, half-heartedly, "Throw it into quicklime," but no one heeded him. We all kept silent, for we knew the Old Man had something up his sleeve. He always did.

The chief settled in his chair and lighted another cigar. "This is what I propose. Bury him."

"What?" we all exclaimed.

"Yes—do it in a regular way. Get a death certificate and bury him—quietly, of course, but regularly. While the police dredge the Rio Grande and search greasers' huts, Carlotti's bones will be resting in the old Fransiscan graveyard outside the town, damn his soul."

No one spoke. This plan of the chief's involved too much chance for our liking. He was always doing wild things like that. Yet, I had to admit to myself reluctantly that it was usually just such wild schemes of his which worked out the best. Their very audacity carried them through. None the less, the plan failed to appeal to me. I spoke first, and voiced what seemed to me the greatest difficulty: "How will you get the certificate?"



The chief leaned back, and a slight smile crept to his lips. So he had thought that out, too, already. Well, he was an ingenious devil.

"We'll get old Doc Brady to do it."

Doc Brady! Jim Brady! Memories crowded upon me. Brady had been a Senior in college when I entered as a Freshmen. He was the most brilliant in his class—had been all through school. He had carried off all the honors. I saw him in my mind—a tall, well-built fellow with a keen, intelligent face. But that was how many years ago? He must have aged since then. Even though he lived here in Carados I had not seen him since my hasty exit from the Alma Mater. Everyone was sure that Brady would make a success as a doctor, but he had not. The world he found not so ready to acclaim him. He had to struggle, and had not stood the gaff. Drinking had driven off his few respectable patients, and his subsequent customers were of a doubtful status. Yes, he could be approached. I saw the chief's idea.

The quicklime advocate spoke up. "Will he do it?"

"Sure he will," with a half laugh the chief answered, in the positive way he had of asserting his ideas as facts. He seemed about to go on, but paused as if waiting for further questions. None were forthcoming. We all sat uneasily. I glanced at Jay, and saw that his troubled look mirrored the faces of the others. The chief regarded his last interrogator inquiringly, who sat chewing his lip but said nothing. I felt that the plan was a poor one, but I could put my finger on no particular weak link. Moreover, I was sure that the Old Man would sweep aside any of our objections. This pause to allow us to voice our opinions was a matter of form.

The chief spoke. "Jay, go get the doctor, and take someone else with you. Now."

Jay looked startled, but rose and beckoned to me. Together we left the room, and in silence climbed into the car at the curb. Jay knew the road to the doctor's. On the way he spoke once, and said, "Damn it all, this is crazy," to which I answered, "Rotten mess," and we both subsided into silence.

The doctor lived in a very poor section of the town. As the car drew to a stand I made out in the faded moonlight a frame house with front stoop. Jay and I mounted

the stairs, and with difficulty found the doorbell, which we rang. The faint yellow light trickling through the glass above the door suddenly grew brighter, and the door was opened a little way. A woman's head peered out at us.

"Is Dr. Brady in?" Jay began, first taking the precaution to thrust his foot into the doorway.

"Yeah," croaked the head.

"Well, we'd like to see him."

The woman considered a moment, and then said, "Come in."

We entered the dingy little vestibule, and the old woman disappeared to fetch the doctor. After a short interval he appeared. As I caught sight of him I could not restrain a start. This Jimmy Brady? The man before me was a stooped, fattish, untidy looking fellow, with partly bald head, drooping moustache, and squinting eyes. His baggy clothes were mussed and soiled. He looked sloppy. This the smart Jimmy Brady!

Jay was speaking in a serious, confidential tone. "Dr. Brady? We'd like you to come with us on a very important trip, to see a patient. Will you come immediately?" Jay gave an impression of suppressed anxiety which brought about the desired result. Brady turned and took a shabby coat from a stand in the hall. We hurried out and into the car. There Brady was disposed to talk. "What is the nature of this case?" he asked, but Jay only replied, "You'll see."

As we sped through the streets my thoughts were busy with the future. Would the chief's plan work out? More immediately, would Brady consent to write the death certificate? Every member of our gang knew of Brady's shady reputation. . . . What had made the fellow sink to his present state? Now the poorest and most pitiful cases were his—sad-eyed girls came to his back door with their mothers under cover of night; wrecks of men and women, with palsied hands and loose, twitching mouths turned from him with new vigor. Fool, to undertake such risky business!

The car drew to the curb. We hurried Brady to the front door. It was opened, and we escorted him up the stairs to our club room above. As we entered, I saw that the room's arrangement was different. On the divan before the fire, covered with a blanket, lay a still form. The men were grouped about the room, but the chief still sat in his armchair

by the fire, facing the divan and the door. I looked at Brady. He was evidently puzzled, and stood irresolutely on the threshold. The Old Man spoke:

"Dr. Brady, I presume?" Brady nodded. "This unfortunate man here"—indicating the form on the couch—"died recently of cancer. I have procured a death certificate, and we all should be very greatly obliged to you, sir, if you would consent to fill it out." Here the chief rose and drew from his pocket a folded piece of paper, which he handed to the doctor.

Brady took the document, but before opening it, glanced sharply around the room. His look told plainly *that he considered something wrong*. God knows it was a fishy atmosphere. The strained silence of the groups of men standing around the room looking on was strange enough to rouse any man's suspicions. Slowly he opened the paper and looked at it. "'Ferguson, Harold,'" he read to himself. "And you say he died of cancer?"

"Yes," the Old Man answered pleasantly. "And won't you fill out the certificate properly."

"Well, before I'll sign this, I'll examine the body."

I saw the Old Man stiffen. This evidently was not his idea of what Brady would do. The doctor was to have signed without demur, and received his reward. As Brady started for the body, the chief called, "Just a minute," and stood irresolutely in the middle of the floor, his brows knit and his hands clenched. For a moment he stood so, while Brady watched him carefully, and the rest of us waited for the chief to reach a decision. Then he spoke. "Yes, go ahead. Ah—you recall—he died of *cancer*."

Brady said nothing, but removed the blanket from Carlotti's body. We stood motionless. The chief softly moved around so that he was in back of the doctor.

I fastened my eyes on Brady. As he had pulled down the covering I thought I saw a slight change in his facial expression, and I interpreted it to mean that he recognized Carlotti. This may have been my heightened imagination.

Taking one look at Carlotti's face, Brady drew out his fountain pen and began to write on the certificate. The Old Man looked over his shoulder, and I could see that he was satisfied by whatever the doctor was writing. Then he

put the paper on the table behind the divan, and I caught a glimpse of it. He had described the condition of Carlotti's body at death—not his real state, but what I suppose were the symptoms of a man dying of cancer.

For a moment Brady looked at Carlotti, and then started to turn him over on his back. As he grasped the body by the arms, I saw the chief quietly draw his automatic from a hip pocket and hold it, muzzle forward, in his large side pocket. I thought Brady saw him, for he paused a second, but I'm not sure.

It needed no doctor to interpret the jagged slash under Carlotti's left shoulder blade. Brady laid the body down again, and turned to face the chief. There was a quiet look in his eyes that puzzled me. This was no dope peddler, no illicit surgeon. My eyes sought the Old Man's. He was looking Brady square in the face, and his own expression changed not a whit. The bulge in his pocket remained. Calmly Brady looked at it, and then away reflectively. After a moment he silently took the death certificate and wrote on it. At the bottom he signed his name with a firm flourish and turned to hand the paper to the chief. The Old Man took it, in his left hand, glanced at it, nodded; and Brady crumpled up on the floor. The Maxim silencer dulled the sound of the shot. \* \* \* \*

The police lieutenant here took a folded document and showed it to the prisoner. "Is this the certificate?"

The man took the paper. "Yes, this is it." He looked at it curiously. "So Brady wrote the name of the disease and then his signature? Hm. 'Quiprimis aboris.' I took an arts course at school—my Latin is lacking sadly. The scientific name for cancer, I suppose?"

The lieutenant smiled grimly. "No. You'll find the phrase in Virgil, I think. It was nothing to do at all with medicine or diseases. Other than for it, the certificate is quite correct and in order; but when the coroner saw *that* for the name of cancer, we investigated immediately. That's how we got your gang before you had scattered. We've got the goods on you now, all right, all right. You were wise to turn state's evidence. Your gang will swing for this, probably. And you say your friend Jay did the actual stabbing of Carlotti?"



# Queen's Truth

CATHERINE GALLATEN GAY, '33

## CHARACTERS

THE QUEEN

FIRST COURTIER

THE BOY

SECOND COURTIER

THREE SLAVES

THIRD COURTIER

SCENE: *Palace in early Egypt. A room used only by the queen. Ivory couch in left foreground, and great double doors at right.*

TIME: *Eleventh century B. C. Middle afternoon in summer.*

*(As the curtain rises the queen, looking very bored, is reclining on a slim ivory couch. A slave is waving a sandalwood fan, carved on the end of a long silver stick. A courtier is sitting on the floor beside the queen and facing her.)*

THE QUEEN: Say something to me. Am I not beautiful?

THE COURTIER: My Queen, your breath is sweeter than the breath of the great sandalwood fan. Your skin is fairer than its silver stem. Your eyes—

THE QUEEN: I've heard that. *(There is silence except for the swish of the fan. The courtier looks crushed.)*

THE QUEEN: I believe I am tired of myself. Tell me of something else.

THE COURTIER: Most High Lady, there is a mare in your stables, black as the Nile at night. She has the speed of the deer and—

THE QUEEN: It is too hot. Speak of something calm.

THE COURTIER: In the North, Lady, there is a land—

THE QUEEN: I have a mind to be generous. What do you want most?

THE COURTIER: My Queen, there is a mare—

THE QUEEN: Oh, Isis, send me a man who will see me as I am, and speak of me as I am, a lover who will not see my beauty for the sake of a mare!

*(A silence ensues which seems to embarrass the Courtier. He shifts his position and appears extremely interested in the fastening of his shoe.)*



THE QUEEN: Go, and send me someone else.

*(Exit first courtier. Enter second courtier.)*

SECOND COURTIER: Most potent and beautiful Daughter of the Pharaohs!

THE QUEEN: I must be amused. *(The queen inclines her head toward the spot left by the first courtier. The second courtier sits.)*

SECOND COURTIER: Noble Queen, the honor of beholding your beauty—

THE QUEEN: Am I beautiful?

SECOND COURTIER: High Lady, you are more beautiful than Isis, more powerful than Osiris, more graceful than the palms, more kind than the rain. There's a glory in your eyes like the moon on the Nile. There's a smoothness in your skin like the sheen of a pearl. Greatest One of Egypt, you are perfect!

*(The queen looks a little less bored. In fact she is looking rather pleased.)*

THE QUEEN: Man, that is pleasing. Is there anything you want?

SECOND COURTIER: Oh Lady, there is a grey-hound, slender as the new moon and as swift as the tongue of a snake—

THE QUEEN: Oh, Isis, am I beautiful for a mare and for a hound? If one would but come and tell me there are some more beautiful. Go, and send me someone else.

*(Exit second courtier. Enter third courtier.)*

THE COURTIER: Great Queen of Egypt and of all men's hearts, I obey and come. *(The queen indicates the place by her side. The third courtier sits.)*

THE QUEEN: I need amusement. I am bored.

THIRD COURTIER: Shall I tell of the great king of the North, who wears wool, dyed with murex stain against the cold?

THE QUEEN: No.

THIRD COURTIER: Shall I tell of the jungle with vines like rooted snakes, where drums beat all day and night?

THE QUEEN *(without much interest)*: Yes.

THIRD COURTIER: There are snakes like vines, long and drooping from the trees. There are great apes like men, but bigger—

THE QUEEN: I am not interested. Speak of something else.

THE COURTIER: Shall I tell of the land in the sea?

THE QUEEN: Yes.

THE COURTIER: There they found the purple in the murex shells. There it is never hot and never cold. There is rain there and mist. There—

THE QUEEN: I am tired of myself, but I am more tired of other things. Speak of me.

THE COURTIER: Great Queen, your beauty would unloose the tongues of mutes to praise you, and would shine through the dark lids of the blind. The gleam in your hair outrivals the stars and the glow of your skin is a shame to the moon, glorious Lady of Egypt!

THE QUEEN: You have spoken more easily of me than of those mysterious lands.

THE COURTIER: A noble subject, High Lady.

THE QUEEN: You speak truly, and I've a mind for a reward. What would you?

THE COURTIER: But to be by you, my Queen.

*(The queen looks very pleased, and the courtier looks very satisfied with himself.)*

THE QUEEN: Nicely answered. It shall be granted for a while. Come nearer.

*(Third courtier moves nearer with flattering eagerness.)*

THE QUEEN: Speak more of me.

THE COURTIER: Queen, words can say but little of a beauty so rare.

THE QUEEN: True. Do you love me?

THE COURTIER: My soul is weary with the weight of love, vain love of the earth's moon. *(The queen touches his hair lightly.)*

THE QUEEN: Your hair is soft. I would give you something. What would you?

THE COURTIER: My sweet Lady, there is a ruby—

THE QUEEN: Oh, once again. A mare, a hound, and a ruby. Go, and send me one whom I have never seen, one who sees the truth.

*(Exit third courtier looking rather bewildered. The queen claps her hands. A slave-girl appears.)*

THE QUEEN: My mirror.

*(The girl hands her a mirror. The queen looks at herself carefully.)*

THE QUEEN: Girl, am I beautiful?

THE GIRL: Oh, Lady, most beautiful!

THE QUEEN: Strange,—a horse, a hound, and a ruby.

*(Enter the Boy, handsome and richly dressed.)*

THE QUEEN: You see the truth and you tell the truth? You want no horse, nor a hound, nor a ruby?

THE BOY: Queen of Egypt, I have my horse, I have my hound; and rubies I like not. I have what I want. I need nothing more.

THE QUEEN: Excellent Boy. Sit there.

*(The boy draws a cushion to the spot indicated and sits upon it.)*

THE QUEEN: Now I would hear some truth.

THE BOY: Oh, Queen, there was a maiden—

THE QUEEN: I?

THE BOY: No, my Queen. She is the maiden I love.

THE QUEEN: What of me?

THE BOY: You are beautiful, my Queen. But there is a maiden whose hair is longer, whose skin is fairer, whose grace is more slender and supple.

THE QUEEN: I care not what others are. What of me?

THE BOY: You are impatient, my Queen. The dearest maiden is in the North. Her hands are long. Her arms are slim. Her mouth is so sweetly curved—

THE QUEEN: Boy—

THE BOY: Queen, I am telling you the truth I know.

THE QUEEN: What of *my* eyes, *my* mouth?

THE BOY: You have a mirror, Queen. You know your eyes and mouth better than I.

THE QUEEN: Boy, speak of them.

THE BOY: Your eyes are bright and your lips well curved and nicely red, but those of the maiden in the North are to your eyes as diamonds are to crystal.

*(The queen is very annoyed and is showing it rather plainly.)*

THE BOY: This is truth, my queen.

THE QUEEN: By the head of Osiris, I—Boy, you are pretty. What of my face? Look full, and you will forget your maiden in the North.

THE BOY: My maiden is to you as the sun is to the moon. Queen, you are beautiful. She is the envy of Isis. *(The queen suddenly sits upright and claps her hands. A great black eunuch appears.)*

THE QUEEN: Take him and make him suffer. (*Exit eunuch and the boy. The queen claps her hands again and the slave-girl comes.*)

THE QUEEN: Bring the three Lords.

(*Exit the girl. The queen arranges her robe and considers herself again in the mirror. Enter the three courtiers.*)

FIRST COURTIER: Most High Lady of Egypt.

SECOND COURTIER: Beautiful Daughter of the Pharaohs.

THIRD COURTIER: Great Queen of All Men.

(*The queen bends her head slightly and they arrange themselves near her on the floor.*)

THE QUEEN: Speak of me.

FIRST COURTIER: My queen, your breath is as the breath of the sandal-wood fan, and your skin as its silver stem.

SECOND COURTIER: High Lady, there's a glory in your eyes like the moon on the Nile. There's a smoothness in your skin like the sheen of a pearl.

THIRD COURTIER: The gleam in your hair outrivals the stars and the glow of your skin is a shame to the moon, Glorious Lady of Egypt.

(*The queen, during these remarks, is looking slightly bored, but satisfied, looking lazily into the mirror in her lap.*)

(*Curtain*)

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## SONG

MAXINE SILVER, '33

Light are the words that from my lips are spoken,  
Slender are my vows, and as easily broken.

Ask not for my heart,—I never had any.

Grieve not long. I am but one of many.

## The Guardsman

BARBARA KIRK, '31

Night after night,  
He marches through the pass,  
His hand upon the jeweled handle of his sword,  
Night after night.  
He blazes scornful glances left and right,  
At the cold dragons glittering mass;  
Waiting: dare they attack,  
A swordsman so far famed!

Night follows night,  
He wonders  
How long his eye will hold their jaws at bay,  
How long before they guess how light a scabbard,  
Hangs at his side; and how long before they  
Find the sharp blade that matches this bright hilt,  
Rusting a mile back in a fallen tree.

Night after night  
The dragons shifting coils to cover  
A sword blade hidden under their dry wings,  
Wonder how long before he shall discover.  
Their admiration for him, that he can so cloak  
Defenselessness with such fair swaggerings.



# The Unhappy Medium

CATHERINE PIER, '33

WHEN I contemplate that summer afternoon from which I date my life, I am amazed at the passive condition my mind was in. I could have reached no conclusion by rational means—my consciousness merely stood open, for any passing idea to enter. As I reclined in my shady corner on the terrace, impressions came to me.

It is strange that the droning of insects should make the atmosphere so alive and yet so peaceful. What is it moving the air around me? There is no breeze, and yet the heavy scents from the garden below seem to roll toward me in surging waves. Perhaps the heat does it. The rich tones of the piano reach me in the same way, billowing out the window, now swelling, now fading to an echo. How beautifully Alinda plays. She loves her music so, gets so much pleasure out of it, and gives so much. Genius runs in the family; in fact, most of my relatives are excellent musicians. It is a remarkable thing, that I, alone, can do nothing well, really well. No, I am a very middling kind of a person.

This reflection, that I had no peculiar gift, lingered in my mind. Was there not something in which I excelled? I vaguely reviewed my past life for signs of talent. My school work had usually averaged between seventy-five and eighty. In my music lessons I had never progressed further than a humdrum interpretation of Beethoven's less advanced works. I used to sing, but, though I had a good enough ear to hold a tenor part, my voice lacked any volume or quality. I had never even held office in any of the student organizations at school. I could draw pretty well, so I fancied, but I missed being an artist by a considerable lot. There seemed to be practically nothing I could not do a little, but absolutely nothing I could do superlatively. What a miserable state to be in!

I sat for a long time, appalled by the idea. What is the use of living, I thought, if I can't do something worth while? A mediocre person does the world no good at all. But still, there must be a great many of them. Since they have no

special line, I wonder what they do all the time. Maybe they sit and dream, as I am doing. Can they all be as unhappy as I am?

A moth fluttered past my eyes and then back again. Perhaps it knows the truth about medium people; it is such a medium insect, not very beautiful, or very swift, or very clever. I put out my hand to catch it but it slipped through my fingers. I really must find out about those other people like myself; I must get that moth and ask it. There it is, still quite near me. I'll get it in another minute. I followed the moth down, down the terrace, beyond the flower beds. Just one more step and I would be able to catch the moth, and all my perplexity would be at an end. I took that step, and another, and others. I was running now, faster and faster till I forgot to touch the ground with my feet. Skimming along, with my quarry always just ahead, I passed through the pasture out behind the garden, and caught a glimpse of the mill pond at the foot of the hill. The other side was nowhere in sight but that was of no importance because there was a boat waiting at the dock to take me across. As I sped nearer and nearer the shore I heard voices shouting "Hurry, hurry, it's time to start!" Did they mean me, I asked myself? In answer, the moth, who now looked more like a Western Union Telegraph messenger-boy, looked back at me over his shoulder and said "That's all right, sir. Take your time. They'll have to wait because I have the key." This remark soothed me and I flew on endeavoring, as best I could, to keep up with my guide. I began to wonder how on earth I was ever going to stop, I was going at such a rate.

"Put on your brakes and throw out your clutch," called the messenger-boy in reply to my unasked question. "But first be sure your landing-gear is in order."

With a supreme effort I followed these lucid directions, throwing my whole weight back and pulling my legs up towards my chin. No one, who has not tried this in mid-air, knows quite how difficult it is. However, it seemed to have the desired effect, for, to my great relief, my speed slackened immediately, and I felt myself gradually descending toward the beach. As I glided gently downward, I had time to reflect a little. All the depression I had felt, on realizing my un-

happy state of mediocrity, flooded my mind again. I wondered if anyone could be as wretched as I. Again it occurred to me that there was no use in continuing to live. A consideration of the possibilities of suicide, however, reminded me that I was at that moment falling through the air. I looked down and saw a number of people gathered on the beach gazing up at me like people craning their necks to see an airplane. Following my messenger-boy's lead, I landed in the midst of the crowd. A cheer went up as they took hold of me and carried me toward the ship. I could not quite make out whether I was being welcomed or captured. I did not care very much either way. I felt oppressed and gloomy. These people as I looked at them, seemed light-hearted and gay. They set me down in the boat and immediately began bustling around with the ropes mooring it to the dock.

I was rather puzzled as to why all these strange people should have been so anxiously awaiting me, when I knew nothing of them, and also as to where we were going in this queer little boat. Seeing, at the tiller, an elderly fisherman who looked rather like the Saint Peter of medieval paintings, I decided to ask him a few questions.

"Excuse me, sir," I ventured, timidly.

"My name is Peter" he said, interrupting helpfully.

"Saint Peter?"

"No," he replied with a little laugh, "no saint! But what did you want to know just now?"

"Oh, yes. Would you mind telling me who these people are, and how they know me, and where we are going in this boat?"

He looked at me pityingly. "My friend, you really ought to know these things without asking. Since you do not seem to, I had better tell you. This congregation here present is the company of Happy Mediums, and you are a trial member. We have had our eye on you for quite a while, but we couldn't claim you until you had realized, of your own accord, that you were only a middling person. Then we sent John to fetch you, and you have arrived just in time to accompany us on our journey. We have all been driven out of our country by the increasing number of geniuses and morons, and so we are embarking on a glorious voyage

to find a new land where we can all live and be ordinary in peace."

I thanked him for his information, but was not particularly thrilled at being reminded that I was ordinary. I sat down in the stern behind Peter, and watched the others climbing into the boat and shoving it off from the dock. Their number was indeterminate while they were on the shore, but once in the boat they seemed to thin down to about twenty, some women but mostly men. All huddled morosely in my corner, they all started singing, laughing and chattering in a care-free manner. Our craft seemed to progress of its own accord and soon I noticed that we were out of sight of land.

A young woman not far from me, noticed my silence and said pleasantly,

"Why don't you sing with us?"

"I can't sing very well," I answered, somewhat embarrassed.

"Oh, that doesn't matter, neither can we. Come on!"

I was overcome with self-consciousness. "No, really, I can't."

"Oh well . . . ." She dismissed the matter, and, turning away from me, she joined her companions.

"You'll soon get used to our ways," remarked Peter who was standing near me at the helm, gazing intently at the horizon as if he expected to see his destination at any moment, although we had just set off. "They don't sing for the effect they produce, but for the enjoyment of singing."

"But I don't enjoy doing things I don't do well," I muttered, and to myself I added "and since I do nothing well, I enjoy nothing in life."

This thought was predominant in my mind throughout the voyage, and though my ship-mates always offered to include me in their various occupations, I held back and preferred to observe. Eventually they paid little active attention to me and all were inclined to leave me alone except Peter and his daughter, Mary, the girl who had asked me to sing, the first day. These two continued trying to arouse me from my bored and dejected mood. To a certain extent they succeeded. I do not know how or when it hap-



pened, but one day I realized that somehow I had fallen in love with Mary.

I was sitting, as usual, in the stern when she joined me, urging me to come and eat my supper with the rest.

"They are beginning to dislike you, you are so aloof. Show them that you are not really so disagreeable," she pleaded.

"Why do you care what they think of me?" I asked, wondering why she should show so much interest in me.

She only sighed.

I turned and looked at her as she gazed thoughtfully into the water—she was not very beautiful, or very clever, or very good, or very anything. I groped about in my mind for the reason why I was so strangely comforted by her presence. Acting on a sudden impulse, I asked her to marry me. She raised her head and a troubled expression came over her happy face.

"John has already asked me. How am I to know which of you to choose? I think I will have to wait and study you both, before I commit myself."

John, John! Why John? He was such a commonplace fellow. But then, alas,—so was I! Great heavens, I thought, why must I be continually tortured by the memory of the fact! I despised my fellow-creatures, and since I saw I was like them, I despised myself too. I sank back into my despondency and soon Mary departed to have supper with her friends. I could hear them merrily talking and laughing as they ate. None seemed to have a care in the world. They were making the most of life, but I could not bring myself to follow their example.

Unreckoned time passed, and life on the boat continued in very much the same way. We ate and slept. I meditated and observed while my comrades fished, smoked, swam, sewed and joked about everything. I became so bored that I was barely conscious of what was going on. I sank, as it were, into a stupor.

Then, like a flash in the dark, came the cry, "Land ho!" Peter shoved the helm over, and headed for a tiny break in the severe sky-line. Everyone talked at once and bustled excitedly in preparation for landing. Now and then someone



would start a tune and everybody would burst in on the chorus:

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile! Come on and smile you old thundercloud," shouted John cheerfully, as he noticed my dismal countenance. But, although I could not help rejoicing that the long voyage was over, my joy was inward and left no traces on my face. It was impossible for me to join their hilarious manifestations.

With a slight jar and a muffled swash, our keel ran against the sandy beach of the island. It was a beautiful island, we thought, as we surveyed it—green meadows sloped gently up from the shore and ended indefinitely among the trees of the primeval forest beyond. In the distance rose a mountain, craggy and snow-capped. I was there already, in imagination, leaping from rock to rock and plunging into the icy torrent dashing down its side. My soaring mind was brought down to earth by Peter's light tap on my arm. He and John would like a word with me. Peter began.

"I deeply regret my unpleasant message, but it is the vote of the people and I am only their spokesman." He paused as if embarrassed. I was puzzled by his formidable opening, but was soon enlightened as he continued: "Our people have but one commandment, that they love life and one another. To remain with us nothing more is required of you. We feel, however, that there is some alien element in your character which will not permit you to harmonize with the rest of the Mediums."

"The difference being," broke in John, "that we are Happy Mediums and you are an Unhappy one. I'm afraid you may have a drop or two of genius blood in you; not enough to make you in any way out of the ordinary, but just enough to put you slightly off center."

"Yes, that's it," agreed Peter. "You're just not quite in tune with us. Therefore the people have voted that we part company with you immediately."

I must go away, alone? My soul was filled with horror at the idea. What! not have these delightful people to watch and analyze! That was my only pastime. How could I do without it?

They remained firm, however, and placing me forcibly in the boat again, they sent me shooting out into the water.

My last glimpse was of Mary walking over to John and quietly slipping her arm through his. So she had judged, and chosen him! The island receded till it was again but a dot on the horizon. Something brushed past my nose. Another moth perhaps. They were terrible this season. I put up my hand to catch it, but it fluttered away. I followed it with my eyes, but, to my astonishment, where I expected to see an expanse of water, I beheld only a field, my own garden. I started and looked down. The boat was nothing more than my chair. How absurd! A dream, all a dream. But an interesting one. I mused over it a while. Why, if it was only a dream, did it affect me so. It had touched upon a fibre of reality which was still tingling. I must get it out of my system. It depresses me. Perhaps if I write it down—

Suddenly I had an irresistible urge to preserve this dream by putting it on paper; so I wrote it, as I remembered it, a tale about average people, their thoughts, sensations, and actions. But I do not doubt that what I have written is likewise mediocre.

# Two Minutes for Life

## A PLAY IN ONE ACT

ALICE THORNE, '33

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

SYBIL LANIER

MICHAEL DURHAM—*Her husband*

GORDON HAMILTON

MARGARET

CALL BOY

*The action takes place at the Empire Theatre in New York City.*

SCENE—*Sybil Lanier's dressing room. It is an unusually luxurious room, even for a star, and it indicates the tremendous popularity of the actress. Down left center is a chaise longue beside which is a small table loaded down with yellow roses. On the other side of the stage are two armchairs. Directly upstage, in the center of the back wall, is a door through which all exits and entrances are made. To the right of the door is a make-up table with its mirror encircled by lights. On the left of the door is a bookcase. On the same side, farther downstage, is a window hung with pale green curtains. A dark green carpet covers most of the floor.*

TIME—*Between the second and last acts of the play in which Sybil is starring. When the curtain rises, Gordon Hamilton is seated alone in one of the armchairs, smoking meditatively. He is a well built, distinguished-looking man of about forty-five. He is dressed in evening clothes. The door opens, and Gordon starts up hopefully but relaxes sheepishly as Margaret enters. She is a woman of ample proportions, with a kindly face and a competent manner.*

MARGARET: Miss Lanier won't be long now, Mr. Hamilton, sir. I've been in the wings, and the act's almost over.

GORDON: You seem to be a bit anxious about her tonight, Margaret, though I can't understand why. She has been in the highest spirits all evening.

MARGARET (*worriedly*): That's just it, sir. You know she lives on her nerves all the time, and I'm afraid of what may happen to them tonight.

GORDON (*anxiously*): Why, Margaret, what do you mean?

MARGARET (*crossing over to him with determination*): Mr. Hamilton, I hope you won't think I'm making too free, but I've been with Miss Lanier going on eleven years now, and, (*hesitantly*), well, you are a pretty good friend of hers.

GORDON (*gravely*): You know I am. Go on, Margaret.

MARGARET: Well sir, Mr. Durham, Miss Lanier's husband, got back from Europe today, and he's coming around to see her tonight.

GORDON (*thoughtfully*): So that's why Sybil is so gay tonight.

MARGARET (*troubled*): Yes, sir, and surely you realize what he's going to say to her.

GORDON (*rising deliberately and facing her*): See here, Margaret, if we're going to get anywhere, we have got to be frank with each other. Do you think Durham's going to ask her for a divorce?

MARGARET (*positively*): I'm sure of it, sir. That French hussy has come back with him.

GORDON: Does Miss Lanier know this, Margaret?

MARGARET: Oh no, sir. That's the pity of it. She's the only one who doesn't know what's been going on. She is so in love with him, sir, she doesn't see a thing. When I think how she's been looking forward to his return! (*Wipes her eyes*) Oh, it's a shame!

GORDON: It seems odd that with so many good friends one of them hasn't felt it her duty to tell her.

MARGARET: They wouldn't dare, sir. Miss Sybil would defend him like a tiger.

GORDON: That's very true.

*(The door opens, and Sybil Lanier enters. She is tall, very beautiful in her evening dress, and tonight, radiant with happiness. At her entrance, Gordon starts up gladly and crosses over to the chaise longue where he sits down beside her. Margaret leaves the room.)*

SYBIL: A cigarette, Gordon, and perhaps a match, and then we'll be all set. (*Gordon gives her a cigarette and lights it for her.*) Thanks. My dear, I've never had such an audience! They took me up on every single scene. Why, I got a laugh on lines that I myself never knew were funny.

GORDON: It's not the audience, my dear. It's you.

SYBIL (*smiling at him affectionately*): Nice man! You always pick up your cue so neatly. (*Laughing*) It's part of your charm.

GORDON (*in mock reproach*): Sybil, you're laughing at me again. Sometimes I think you use the thought of me to get you started in a comedy.

SYBIL (*gaily*): That would be better than using you for the death-bed scene. (*Rising impulsively and crossing to make-up table*) Oh, I'm so glad I'm playing a comedy tonight. I think if I were doing "Camille" I should die laughing, instead of gracefully passing out with consumption.

GORDON: Come here, my child, and sit down. It is impossible to cope with you in this mood.

SYBIL (*coming over and smiling down at him whimsically*): Your tone smacks of the ominous, my friend. (*Sits down again.*) Tell me, what's on your mind?

GORDON (*suddenly serious*): You, Sybil.

SYBIL: Let me be on your own head, then. I'm not mad really, Gordon. I'm just happy. Perhaps it's the same thing.

GORDON: Why do you say that, Sybil?

SYBIL: Oh I don't know. Just an impression here and there.

GORDON (*drawing a long breath*): Is it because your husband has returned that you're so happy?

SYBIL (*teasingly*): Naturally. I'm really a very dutiful wife. Oh Gordon, I've wanted Michael so. Life has been just an interlude these past months.

GORDON: Listen, dear, if life ever went wrong, you would let me help put it right again, wouldn't you?

SYBIL: Why, Gordon, how could it ever go wrong now?

GORDON (*bitterly*): How indeed!

SYBIL: I'll admit life has had its moments of, shall we say, uncertainty; but now everything is rosy, as we often say.

GORDON (*persistently serious*): Still, if it ever is a bit mauve, you will count on me, won't you? I'd do anything for you, Sybil.

SYBIL (*touched at last*): I will remember, Gordon.

GORDON: I know it doesn't matter much to you.

SYBIL: It means a great deal to me, Gordon. Thank you.



(*Changing suddenly*) Now, perhaps, you'll explain why you found it necessary to say all this just now.

GORDON (*confused*): Oh no reason really—I—(*He is interrupted by a knock on the door. Margaret enters.*)

MARGARET: Mr. Durham is here, Miss Sybil. (*Sybil rises joyfully, Gordon reluctantly as Michael Durham enters. He is a tall man of about forty, handsome in a dark way. He too is in evening clothes. He holds out his hands to Sybil who runs to him and kisses him.*)

SYBIL: My dear—how long it's been! I couldn't have waited another day! Do come and sit down and tell me about yourself.

MICHAEL: You are looking marvelous, Sybil. How have you been?

SYBIL (*feeling that something is wrong*): Fine. Oh, you remember Gordon, don't you?

GORDON: How are you, Mr. Durham? I believe we met just before you sailed.

MICHAEL: That's true, we did. Glad to see you again.

GORDON (*politely incurious*): I expect you'll be home for some time now, after having been away so long.

MICHAEL: I'm awfully keen about travelling.

GORDON: So it would seem. Still I quite agree with you. It is fascinating to make a study of all different types of people.

MICHAEL: Er—precisely.

SYBIL (*who has not taken her eyes off of Michael*): I wish you would study your types nearer home, in the future. What is the good of my having a husband, if I never see him?

GORDON (*ironically*): What indeed!

MICHAEL: Well you don't look as if you had suffered from lack of companionship, Sybil.

SYBIL: Oh I haven't, I assure you. Gordon has done his duty heroically. (*Suddenly mischievous*) In fact, it's a shame he has to leave so early tonight. Still you will phone me in the morning as usual, won't you, Gordon?

GORDON: Eh-ah-quite! Good-night, my dear. Good-night, Mr. Durham.

MICHAEL: Good-bye, Mr. Hamilton.

*(Gordon goes out. Margaret too, after a significant look from Sybil, leaves shutting the door behind her.)*

SYBIL *(sitting down on the chaise longue and patting the place beside her)*: Come and sit down, Michael, and tell me that you love me.

MICHAEL *(remains standing and speaks with difficulty)*: That's just what I want to talk to you about, Sybil. It is rather difficult to begin.

SYBIL *(trying to be flippant)*: Anything I can do to help?

MICHAEL: It would help awfully, Sybil, if you would not mind my being frank.

SYBIL: I'd mind like anything, but go ahead and be frank if you must.

MICHAEL *(avoiding her eyes)*: Sybil, I've just realized that I'm no fit husband for you. You are an artist, and you need a man of sufficient capacity to justify your love. I know I'm not that man. That's all.

SYBIL: That's not all. Surely you haven't got all worked up just to tell me you're a half-wit. Come, Michael, tell me the truth. What's the matter?

MICHAEL *(with a furtive glance at her)*: I'm in love, Sybil. I'm desperate. I've never known anything like it before. *(Sybil turns her head away slowly.)* Oh I know I'm being a beast all around, but I've got to marry her!

SYBIL *(who has regained her poise after the first shock)*: Who is she, Michael?

MICHAEL *(enthusiastic in spite of himself)*: She is a Frenchwoman, a dancer. She is fascinating, Sybil. I'm sure you'd like her.

SYBIL: Undoubtedly. We seem to have several things in common.

MICHAEL *(miserably)*: Oh I know I shouldn't say such things to you, Sybil, but you are the only person I could talk to about her.

SYBIL *(apparently perfectly calm and even a bit amused)*: Quite right, my dear. One should always confine such topics to one's immediate family.

MICHAEL: Then it's all right with you, Sybil?

SYBIL: Perfectly. If you would be happier with her, you must divorce me and marry her.

MICHAEL: Sybil, you're a saint! I'm a brute though to let you make such a sacrifice. . . .

SYBIL: You flatter yourself, my dear Michael. Mine is no heroic gesture. I have to admit that the freedom of these last months has been very sweet. You need never lie awake nights thinking that by divorcing me, you have wrecked my life.

MICHAEL (*quickly*): But you will be divorcing me, of course I'm afraid I've given you grounds enough all ready.

SYBIL (*flatly*): Oh well we needn't go into that now.

MICHAEL (*rising*): You needn't ever be bothered by any of that part of it, Sybil. I'll arrange all that.

SYBIL: Dear Michael, always so considerate.

MICHAEL: Thank God, it's all settled then. You're sure, Sybil, you won't be unhappy?

SYBIL (*smiling steadily*): Not a bit.

MICHAEL (*taking her hand*): Good-bye then, Sybil, and thank you for understanding.

SYBIL: Good-bye, Michael.

*(Michael goes out, shutting the door. Sybil remains seated on the couch, her smile slowly fading. At the sound of the door closing she shudders convulsively and puts her hands up to her face in which terror and despair are mingled. A moment later there is a knock on the door, and the Call Boy's voice is heard.)*

CALL BOY: Two minutes to your cue, Miss Lanier.

*(Sybil rises wearily and walks slowly to the door. Opening it, she hesitates for a moment, looking back around the room with a slight smile. Then turning swiftly, she goes out, closing the door behind her.)*

*(Curtain)*

## Three Poems

ROBIN KREUTZBERG, '31

### PALE

Face,  
Bloodless, fugitive,  
An unnatural mask,  
Caught in the act of weakness!

---

### SEA-FOAM

A pattern of fine lace,  
The purest magic thread,  
On green, strange silk,  
Woven by windy hands.

---

### SALT WIND PUSHING DOWN SAND

The salt wind blowing  
My hair over the ground,  
Pushes the green grass close to me,  
And last year's flowers on my face.

# Nightmare

HELEN RIESER, '33

## SCENE CONSTRUCTION

*(On the right of the stage, there is a room, that you yourself seem to have lived in sometime. It is almost a living room, or perhaps a dining room, but still with something of the nursery about it and something of the kitchen: in fact not one room at all, but a whole house.)*

*On the left of the stage there is a cavern, terribly black, with yawning recesses, like an inky splotch on the carpet. You know that you have only to put your head inside to drop down the long, sickening descent that is the awakening from a dream. From the cave rises a cliff of huge stones piled loosely together, and beyond the cliff on the left can be seen blue sky.*

*A little to the right of center the stones jut into the walls of the room which are the same height as the cliff. The room furniture seems toy-like in proportion to the walls. In the exact middle of the stage is a tree without any bark, white and slippery, and gnarled—a good tree to climb.)*

## Curtain

*(The stage is completely dark. Off-stage right someone is climbing stairs slowly. The footsteps grow louder and then stop. A voice speaks, from somewhere quite near.)*

THE VOICE: This isn't the place—It's still the same house.

*(As the voice stops speaking, the room side of the stage is suddenly illumined with a dim light. A boy is standing in the center of the lighted room.)*

BOY: It's the same house but a different room.

THE VOICE: Well it's not here anyway.

BOY: Somebody else is then.

*(When he has finished speaking, a narrow spot of light from above picks out a very little girl in the darkness on the left of the stage. There is a pause.)*

BOY: Why don't you come here?

GIRL: I can't.

BOY: How do you know you can't?

GIRL: I can't get over it. It's right in front of me.

BOY: Anybody could—I could.



*(Spotlight goes out. The girl appears just inside the lighted room.)*

BOY: I told you so. How did you get here?

GIRL *(looking around her)*: You're to have a step-mother.

BOY: Yes—but she's going to be a nice one.

GIRL: Oh, no, she isn't! How could she be?

BOY *(defiantly)*: Well she will be. My father says so.—Do you know her?

GIRL: Yes, but—I couldn't climb that tree.

BOY: I'll climb it for you.

*(While they have been speaking, the light has spread to show a tree in the center of the stage.)*

GIRL: All right let's see you. *(She turns round to the tree as if it had been there all the time, and moves to the very edge of the circle of light. The boy goes to the tree and starts to climb it, slipping as he does.)*

BOY: There isn't any bark on it. *(He tries again and slips. The girl is heard to laugh. She has disappeared. The laughter continues, changing, getting higher, almost mocking. The light in the room has faded out leaving the stage dark, except for the flood-light on the tree.)*

BOY *(one leg in the cleft of the tree)*: Come look at me. *(A tall girl appears.)*

GIRL *(emphatically)*: We're going to see her. She wants to see you. You'll like her.

BOY: Why, that's just what my father said.

GIRL: Come along. I've got something to show you—No you wait here. I'll bring it to you. *(She disappears into the darkness, left.)*

BOY: Hurry up. It's getting dark.

VOICE: *She's coming.*

BOY: No. The girl's bringing me a surprise.

VOICE: She's coming with the girl. You'll see.

BOY *(frightened, almost crying)*: No, she's not, my father won't let her—

*(The girl enters. The left side of the stage—the cave—is growing dimly visible.)*

GIRL: Come on; it's over here.

BOY: No, I don't want to. I'm not coming!

*(She begins to drag him with her, pulling him steadily*

*toward the cave which is now quite visible. He stares wide-eyed at the cave, struggling.)*

BOY: Let me go. I'm not going and where's my father? Father, Father! Please! FATHER!! *(His voice rises to a shriek. A man who looks just like the father you think he should be, appears in the lighted portion from the right. A pause. You're not sure he acts like the father you think he should be. He's not far away, but he can't seem to get any nearer. He rushes forward with great strides, but can hardly be said to get anywhere. Suddenly the girl's hold on the little boy's hand slips. Just as suddenly she disappears into the cave. The father stops hurrying and moves directly to the boy.)*

FATHER *(whose voice is strangely like the girl's)*: We're going to see her. She wants to see you. You'll like her.

BOY: Please let's wait. Let's not do it today because it's getting dark. *(The light on the tree has completely faded. The cave and the cliff are fairly clear.)*

FATHER: She's waiting for us—in the house.

BOY: That's not a house; it's a cave—and—she—*she's an ogress.*

FATHER: No. You'll like her. *(Taking the boy firmly by the hand and turning deliberately toward the cave. After this he pays no more attention to the boy.)*

BOY *(pleading)*: Father! Father!! *(They walk faster: they are very near the cave. The darkened portions of the stage are gradually becoming visible, and the room is once more lighted. The boy struggles vainly but the father succeeds in pulling him as far as the girl did. They are on the very threshold of the cave when the father's hold slips. He too vanishes into the cave. The boy runs frantically to the room, stumbling at every step.)*

VOICE: Hurry up, she's almost here. *(The boy runs to a small table with thin legs and a narrow top. He hides under it.)*

BOY *(with a desperate show of relief)*: This is a wonderful place. She'll never find me here. *(He crouches on the floor. The shadow of someone coming out of the cave is thrown on the cliff, upstage right. It gets larger, spreading slowly along the cliff, until it has almost reached the wall of the room. The boy's eyes grow wide as he sees it coming nearer and nearer.)*

BOY: She'll never find me here.

VOICE: She's coming right there.

BOY: No she won't. She can't see me, and besides she's not allowed to cross that line.

VOICE: She will. You'll see.

BOY (*shrieking. He points to a place on the floor which is in line with the juncture of the cliff and the wall*): She can't come across that line!

(*The shadow continues growing larger, and finally reaches across the line. The lights go out.*)

---

## Egypt

CAROLYN E. LOMBARDY, '32

Ageless and beautiful, perilous and bare,  
The bright sands of Egypt stretch away  
Under the brazen sandals of the day,  
Or somber feet of night who, tall and fair,  
Moves proudly through the star-tumultuous air.  
The tarnished ghosts of Pharaohs hold at bay.  
Life and its eager searching; only they  
Remain, all else is futile, Death sleeps there.

Kin to this old unshaken mystery,  
My mind presents a deep and voiceless mood  
Inscrutable as all antiquity,  
Like the bronze shadows that, sun-laden, brood  
On some forgotten sphinx, sardonically  
Crouched at the shining feet of solitude.

## A Rainy Morning

MAXINE SILVER, '33

IT WAS raining. It was raining, the gray, inevitable rain of Paris. Her pointed shoes with the very high, curved heels skirted the puddles carefully. She never got even the tiniest splash on her thin silk legs. She walked very fast, nervously, as if she were late for an appointment. And she always had that look on her face, as if she were saying, "Ten minutes past already. I *must* get there." But really there was nothing she was in a hurry for. She walked through the rue Croix-des-petits-champs towards the Théâtre Français. She would get tickets for tonight, she thought, because she hadn't been there for a long time, she couldn't remember when. It was different from every other place she had been to lately. It had come over her that morning while she was dressing. Suddenly she had felt very old. She had taken great care of her face, but this morning when she suddenly saw it facing her in the mirror it sickened her. It was always the same, with the bright darting eyes that were never at rest, and the thin, pressed mouth. Only this morning there were more tiny lines than ever under the eyes and around the mouth. Yes, she looked old in the morning, terribly old before she got her make-up on. It was funny how careful you had to be about putting on lipstick. She used very bright lipstick. She traced the lines slowly, pressing hard upon her upper lip, and then very lightly toward the edges. If you made one little quirk it changed the whole expression. And the effect was everything. It was a rainy day, and she was going nowhere in particular, but she put on her jauntiest hat. You mustn't let yourself get down like that. How gray the buildings looked, and the big yellow and red lion advertising the Magasins du Louvre was gray too because of the rain. Depressing. Oh well. She looked very smart in that hat, however, and she had small feet, and the bright lipstick she affected became her. But it was always the same here, always the same people and the same things to say and the same places to go to. It would be nice to rent a little chateau in the country. Near Villequiers, perhaps, or—Oh, don't. Don't let yourself vegetate and grow

old. Don't let yourself be gotten down that way. There was still time. Only she must hurry. She didn't know for what it was that she must hurry. Only she knew she must. She must go harder and faster and faster and harder all the time or she would start thinking. It was not good to think about things. That black antelope bag in the Pavillon d'Anton had been made exactly for the new gown from Premet. But 1200 francs! Still she could not get her mind off it. You hated to see things you knew had been made for you, that were just right for you, perfect things like that antelope with the tiny bit of marquessite, going to some other woman.

She walked out of the rue Croix-des-petits-champs and across the square. Suddenly her heart missed a beat. Just getting up from a table at the café de Rohan *he* was. She felt like someone looking on at a dream. She felt that her mind was a thousand miles away from her body and that she had no control over what she would do or say. Her body was numbed as if it had nothing to do with her, that he was standing there. Of course it was he. All that had been so long ago, but she could not be mistaken. There he was, as natural, as like himself as if—as if—. Yes, yes, everything about him could belong to no other person. He had broad shoulders. Even from here she could see how well-dressed and polite and hurtlingly young he looked. He had gotten up now, and turned the corner. She would have to hurry if she meant to catch up with him. She had almost lost sight of him now. No, there he was, head and shoulders above the people about him. He had a light gray coat on and the same kind of hat that he used to wear. She was excited and afraid to see his face. He had such lovely blue eyes, and she had told him always to wear a tie that matched his eyes, but he would not do it. It was such a different face from all the faces she knew. It would break her heart if it was changed, but it might break her heart all the more if it were the same. She would have to hurry very fast if she wanted to catch up with him. Her skirt was tight and she was not careful about the puddles. He was just ahead of her now. She would have to hurry if she meant to catch up with him.

She came up behind him quickly and took hold of his



heavy gray sleeve. He was very tall. She was panting and she knew that her face was full of tiny lines, and she had very white powder on and rouge high up on her cheekbones, and she felt old and in a dream. His face was just the same, young and stern. He walked with long strides and she had to run with an absurd little trot to keep up with him. He looked at her in stony surprise.

"John—John—John," she panted, "don't you—remember me? Isn't this *too* amusing, meeting you like—John, John, listen, it's *Nina*. . . ."

He raised his hat slightly. He wore faun-colored gloves. "I beg your pardon," he said.

But she still grasped his arm. "No, no, John, it's *Nina*. You don't understand, John, you don't understand. *Nina*. Listen, John, can't we go somewhere and—*John*,—you can't—go away like—this. Listen John, you couldn't forget. It's *Nina*, John."

He shook his arm free without looking at her and walked faster. "I beg your pardon," he said. She was still running after him, reaching toward him, gasping.

"But—you—don't—understand, John. *Nina*. It's *Nina*. Listen, John. You—can't—go—John, *Nina!*" Then suddenly she stopped. He was quite gone. Well, what could you expect, after all? She had never thought she would see him again, anyway. Only he had been so young and dear, and they had used to have such nice times together, before—until—oh, well. She was walking down the rue St. Honoré now. Twelve hundred francs was a great deal to pay for a black antelope bag. She would stop at Pinet's and get some shoes to match it. She had never seen eyes as blue as his, and she had tried to get him to wear ties to match them, but he never would.

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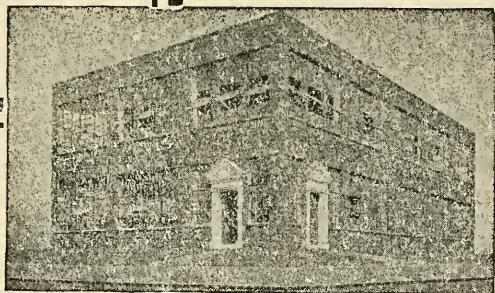
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